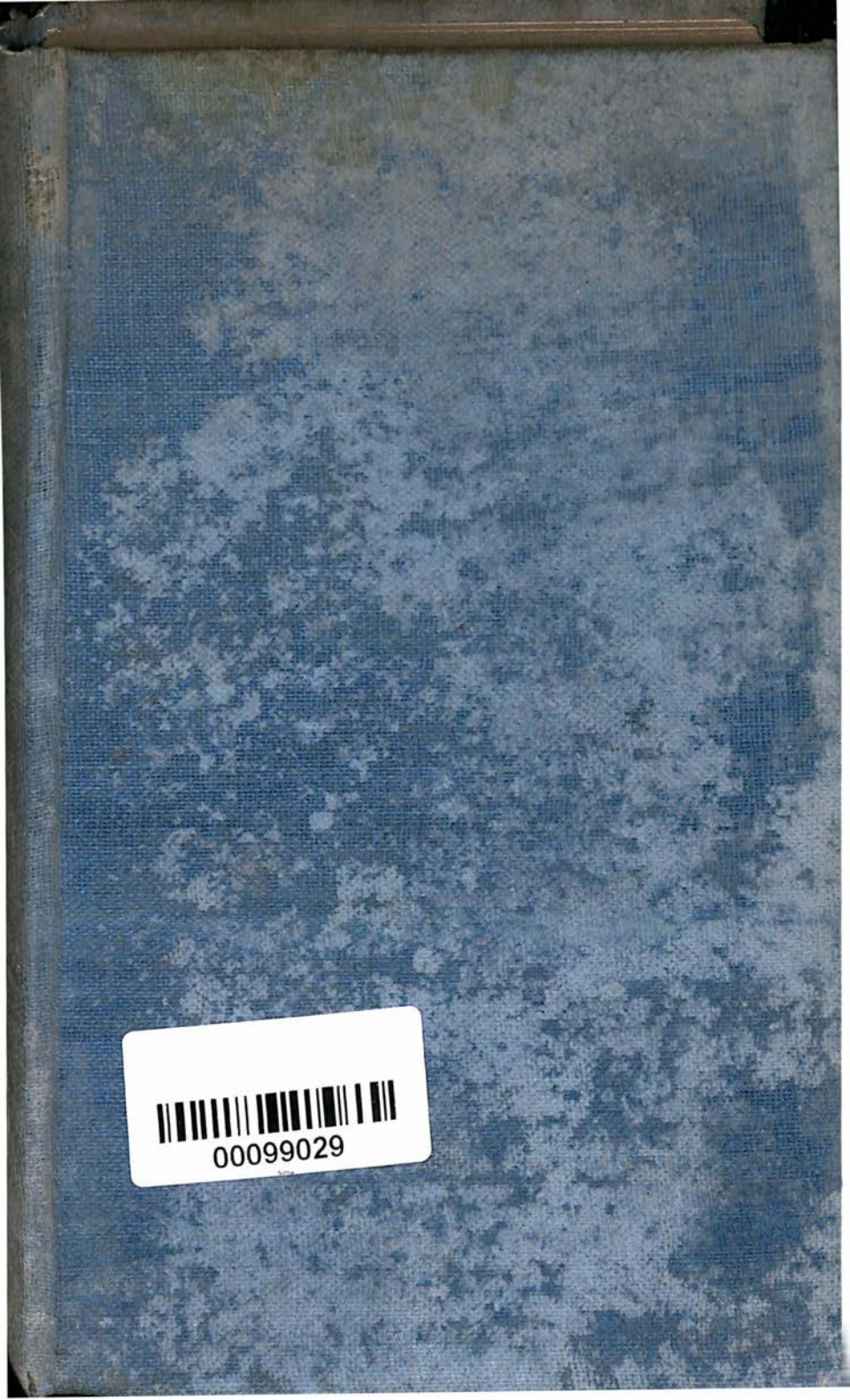
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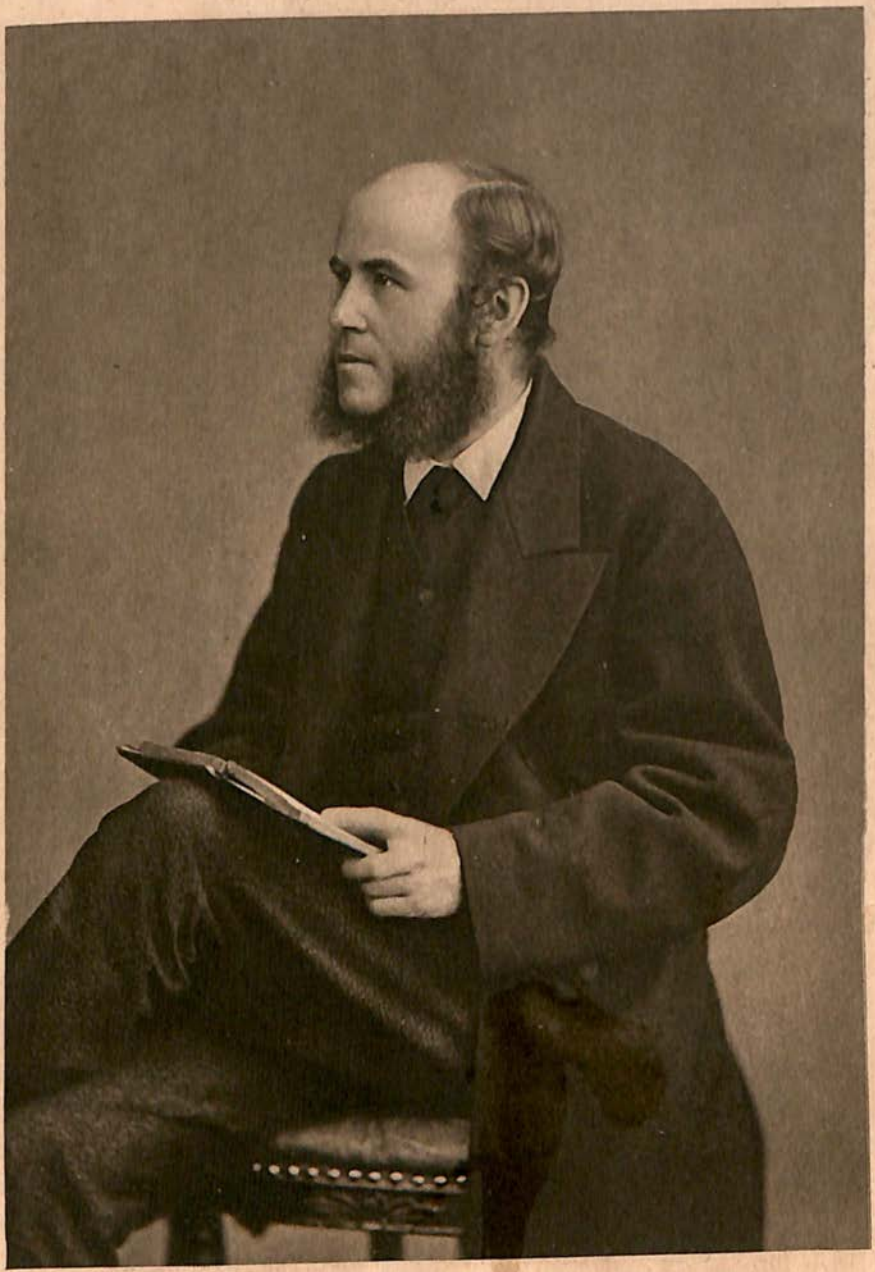
LETTERS

OF

JOHN RICHARD GREEN



Letters

of

John Richard Green

99029

EDITED BY

LESLIE STEPHEN

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PREFACE

I MUST ask readers of these letters to take for granted that there have been sufficient reasons for the long delay in their appearance. A few words will explain my own share in the present publication. When Mrs. Green asked me to act as editor I replied that I thought myself disqualified by the slightness of my acquaintance with the writer. When, however, Mrs. Green, after considering this and other objections, came to the conclusion that under all the circumstances the proposed arrangement would be the most satisfactory to her I could no longer hesitate. I accepted the position, and have tried to do the work to the best of my ability. I was encouraged by one obvious reflection. Any editor, however well qualified for the task must have accepted in the main the restriction which in my own case was imperative; namely, that wherever it was possible the story should be told in Green's own words and the editor remain in the background. I have not been able, however, to confine myself entirely to annotations. The full significance of the letters can only be appreciated by readers who bear in mind the circumstances under which they were written. I have therefore found it necessary to write introductory

narratives in explanation of Green's position during successive periods of his life. These are chiefly founded upon information given by Mrs. Green. She took down some autobiographical reminiscences from her husband's lips; she is in possession of various note-books containing a fragmentary diary, and other jottings which illustrate his position; and she collected information from his friends and family. The last part of my narrative embodies, as will be seen, information which she alone could have given. She has, moreover, supervised the whole work, and made many invaluable suggestions and corrections. Although therefore I am responsible for all that I have said it will, I hope, be clearly understood that any gratitude which may be due for the help afforded towards an appreciation of the letters is due mainly to her. I have also been helped in my task by articles contributed by Mr. Bryce to *Macmillan's Magazine* of May 1883; by Mr. Philip Lyttelton Gell to the *Fortnightly Review* of May 1883; by the late H. R. Haweis to the *Contemporary Review* of May 1883; by E. A. Freeman to the *British Quarterly* of July 1883; by the Rev. W. J. Loftie to the *New Princeton Review* of November 1888; and by Mrs. Humphry Ward to the *Associate* (published for the "Passmore Edwards Settlement") of October 1898. Mr. Humphry Ward and Professor Boyd Dawkins have kindly entrusted me with manuscript reminiscences; and I have especially to thank Professor Boyd Dawkins for other help of various kinds.

Most of the early letters are addressed to Professor

Boyd Dawkins, and of the later to E. A. Freeman. Grateful acknowledgment for other letters is due to Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Creighton, Miss von Glehn, the Rev. Canon Taylor, Mrs. à Court, Mrs. W. H. Wright (formerly Mrs. Churchill Babington), and Miss Kate Norgate. Many letters written to other correspondents have unfortunately disappeared; and readers must remember that a fragmentary collection cannot give a complete, though, as far as it goes, it may give a very vivid picture of a surprisingly many-sided character and intellect.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

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PART I

EARLY LIFE

JOHN RICHARD GREEN was born at Oxford on December 12, 1837. The place of his birth had, as Freeman used to assert, an effect upon his sympathies. In the eighth century Oxford had been annexed by Offa to the kingdom of Mercia. Green therefore considered himself to hold a "hereditary brief" for the Mercian leaders. Had he been born in Abingdon he would have been a Wessex man and taken a different view. How this may be I know not, but believers in race would find it hard to trace any of Green's characteristics to the ancient possessors of his birthplace. Though no one was more thoroughly English in his sympathies, no one had less of the quality connoted by the "Anglo Saxon" of ordinary discourse. Neither can he be taken as a clear instance of the inheritance of genius from less remote ancestors. If indeed any previous Greens possessed genius, the position of the family was not favourable to its manifestation. His father, Richard Green, was son of a tailor, and is described as a "registrar and maker of silk gowns for Fellows." His mother's maiden name was Hurdis, and she was probably related to the Hurdis who was professor of poetry at Oxford at the end of the eighteenth century, and echoed Cowper in long-forgotten strains. Green always spoke of her as a woman of considerable

ability, and believed himself to have inherited something from her. The only member of the family who had literary tastes was his father's brother, John. He is said to have lent books, including *Pilgrim's Progress*, to his nephew. John, however, was suspected of "atheism," and the father forbade a continuance of loans which might have included authors of more dangerous tendency. A quarrel was produced by this interference. John dropped his family, refused to speak to his nephew, and left his money to a stranger. The Richard Greens had no special cultivation, except that a strong love of music was common to them all. John Richard had a sister, Adelaide, older than himself, who lived with an aunt, married to a Mr. Castle, a hatter in the High Street. A brother, Richard, and a sister, Annie, were his juniors by two and eight years respectively. The father was a man of great tenderness and simplicity. John was constantly asking him questions, to which the ordinary reply was, "I do not know, but I will try to find out." Though not prosperous, he was determined to do everything in his power to secure a good education for his children. The elder boy was sent, when a little over eight, to Magdalen College School. The father died of consumption in November 1852; and the eldest daughter, to whom Green was passionately attached, was at the same time on her death-bed. The family was broken up. The mother had inherited a small income, and retired to a small village in Hertfordshire where she had to live in the strictest economy. The little money left by the father was made over to the Castles, to be spent upon the education of the children, whom they undertook to provide with board and lodging. The Castles appear to have been sensible and substantially kind; but not given to any warm demonstrations of affection.

Meanwhile, though little favoured by outward circumstances, Green had already given proof of a remarkable intellectual development. I can, fortunately, give the most authentic record of the impressions made during his early life from a letter written by himself in 1873.

4 Beaumont Street, London, W.,
November 4, 1873.

It is strange how much I know of your life, and how little you know of mine! I see you now in your girlhood as I saw you first, not indeed clearly as I see M., but still with a wonderful distinctness; but what would *you* recognise of the pale-faced, grave-looking boy of eighteen which my first photograph recalls to me, or of the impulsive, sickly little fellow who figures in my school-boy memories?

They are my first memories. I recall little or nothing of childhood beyond a morbid shyness, a love of books, a habit of singing about the house, a sense of being weaker and smaller than other boys. Our home was not a happy one—the only gleam of light in it was my father's love for and pride in me. He was always very gentle and considerate; he brought me up by love and not by fear, and always hated to hear of punishment and blows. I was fourteen when he died, but I recall little of him save this vague tenderness; a walk when he encouraged me to question him "about everything"; his love of my voice—a clear, weak, musical child's voice—and of my musical ear and faculty for catching tunes; and his pride in my quickness and the mass of odd things which I knew. Looking back on the traits of his character which I recall, I see that he was a weak rather than a strong man, save in the strength of his love; but I can never honour him too much, for his whole thought was of his children, and above all of me. We were poor, but he was resolved that I should have a good education; and if I have done anything in the world since, it is to that resolve of his that I owe

it. I recall not a single harsh word or look—his temper indeed was sweet and sunny save when it was overcast by the troubles of his life; but I recall dimly instance after instance when he encouraged me in my love of books, or shielded me from the harsh rebukes of people who could not understand my absent, shy, unboyish ways.

Books were my passion. I can recall now my first discovery of Don Quixote, and the delight with which I hoarded a stray volume of Hume which wandered into the children's room, and contained his character of Elizabeth. When I was writing my own character of her the other day I wondered whether in the days to come some shy, absent boy would find in it the delight I found in Hume's. I cared nothing for poetry in childhood; the only imaginative element which found its way to me through books were the allegories of the High Church writers of the day, and I don't remember caring very much for them. But a child's life needs no poetry from books, for life is all mystery to it; and one of the few scenes which stand out vividly from the dim background of those childish fears is my first sight of a funeral,—the boom of the bell from the church tower; the group gathered at its base amidst the rank grass and the big dock-leaves; the broken, fitful phases of the parson's voice as it floated up to me; the mound of red earth; the thud of the clod upon the coffin. I see them still, the little group breaking slowly up, the sexton filling in the grave and then going away, and then the empty churchyard, and the strange questionings in my own child-mind about death. Bells had their poetry for me from the first, as they still have, and the Oxford peals would always fill me with a strange sense of delight. And music in any shape was the pleasure of pleasures. One of my bitterest bursts of tears was when a nurse punished me for some childish freak by forbidding me to join in the hymns at church. I remember now the stair where I and my wee brother Dick used to sit and sing the chants we caught up on a Sunday, I extempor-

ising a child's "second," with all the gravity in the world. And then there was the awe of listening to one of the college choirs and hearing the great organ at New College or Magdalen!

But all distinct memory, as I said, begins with my Magdalen schooldays. When I entered the Grammar School, which was then in a small room within the precincts of the college, I must have been a little over eight years old, and I remained there till I was nearly fifteen. Magdalen was like a new world to me. At first my shyness made me feel dazed among so many strange faces and rough boy-ways; but I was soon happy enough, and the new fun of games, small and weak as I was, carried all shyness away. I was never worth much at hockey or football, and at cricket I was all but useless for my short-sightedness, but I liked the rush and excitement of the playground; and I didn't shirk, because I was too proud to shirk, the kicks and the "scrimmage." All that innerness of life, that utter blindness to outer things which leaves my childhood such a blank to me, disappeared with Magdalen. The college was a poem in itself; its dim cloisters, its noble chapel, its smooth lawns, its park with the deer browsing beneath venerable elms, its "walks" with "Addison's walk" in the midst of them, but where we boys thought less of Addison than of wasps' nests and craw-fishing. Of all the Oxford colleges it was the stateliest and the most secluded from the outer world, and though I can laugh now at the indolence and uselessness of the collegiate life of my boy-days, my boyish imagination was overpowered by the solemn services, the white-robed choir, the long train of divines and fellows, and the president—moving like some mysterious dream of the past among the punier creatures of the present. He was a wonderfully old man,—over ninety, indeed he died on the very verge of a hundred,—the last man in Oxford who ever wore a wig. He had seen Dr. Johnson going up the steps of University, and standing astride over the kennel which then ran down the High Street, lost in

thought.[1] We boys used to stand overawed as the old man passed by, the keen eyes looking out of the white, drawn face, and feel as if we were looking on some one from another world. Once, when I won a prize he gave, the old man shook me by the hand and told me I was a clever boy. His voice was full and imposing—but it is odd to think now that I ever shook hands with a man who had seen Dr. Johnson.

May morning, too, was a burst of poetry every year of my boyhood. Before the Reformation it had been customary to sing a mass at the moment of sunrise on the 1st of May, and some time in Elizabeth's reign this mass was exchanged for a hymn to the Trinity. At first we used to spring out of bed and gather in the gray of dawn on the top of the college tower, where choristers and singing-men were already grouped in their surplices. Beneath us, all wrapt in the dim mists of a spring morning, lay the city, the silent reaches of Cherwell, the great commons of Cowley marsh and Bullingdon now covered with houses, but then a desolate waste. There was a long hush of waiting just before five, and then the first bright point of sunlight gleamed out over the horizon; below, at the base of the tower, a mist of discordant noises from the tin horns of the town boys greeted its appearance, and above, in the stillness, rose the soft, pathetic air of the hymn "Te Deum Patrem colimus." As it closed, the sun was fully up, surplices were thrown off, and with a burst of gay laughter the choristers rushed down the little tower-stair, and flung themselves on the bell-ropes, "jangling" the bells in rough mediæval fashion till the tower shook from side to side. And then, as they were tired, came the ringers; and the "jangle" died into one of those "peals," change after change, which used to cast such a spell over my boyhood.

All was not fun or poetry in these early schooldays. The old brutal flogging was still in favour, and the old

[1] Green often told this story about Routh (1755-1854), and added his words, "None of us dared to interrupt the meditations of the great lexicographer."

stupid system of forcing boys to learn by rote. I was set to learn Latin grammar from a grammar in Latin! and a flogging every week did little to help me. I was simply stupefied,—for my father had never struck me, and at first the cane hurt me like a blow,—but the "stupid stage" soon came, and I used to fling away my grammar into old churchyards, and go up for my "spinning" as doggedly as the rest. Everything had to be learned by memory, and by memory then, as now, I could learn nothing. How I picked up Latin Heaven knows; but somehow I did pick it up, and when we got to books where head went for something, I began to rise fast among my fellow-schoolboys. But I really hated my work, and my mind gained what it gained not from my grammars and construing, but from an old school library which opened to me pleasures I had never dreamed of. "Travels" were the fairyland of this time of my life, and I used to forget all my "spinnings" in the [company] of Bruce or Marco Polo. Now, too, burst on me for the first time the charm of fiction—and hour after hour passed away as I sate buried in the glories of *Ivanhoe* or trembling over the gloomy mysteries of *Sir Sintram*.

Forgive all this loitering over the long years of my boyhood. I was but ten as yet; but the two years from eight to ten are as distinct as all before them is dim, and in recalling them there is to me, at least, the pleasure of one who at last discovers *himself*.

The following is from another letter:—

In this, as in all the other memories of my childhood, I find myself alone. I had no playmates, none at least that I can recall. My sisters were seldom at home, my brother but a cherry-cheeked infant. Play indeed had little charm for me. I was soon tired by a run, and too weak and pettish for the rougher horse-jokes of stronger boys. A strange mania for reading devoured me—I say strange, for the home-store of books was a very tiny one and chiefly religious, and the

Pilgrim's Progress and a ponderous Life of Christ were only varied by a few stray numbers, left by some pedlar, of *Don Quixote*. But a stroke of good fortune had opened up for me an inexhaustible treasure.

I may fill up a few details from memoranda preserved by his family and some notes made by himself. Green was hardly expected to survive infancy, and was from the first fragile and excitable. The delicacy was increased by a mistaken attempt to apply a "hardening" system. His temper was quick, and he sometimes startled his companions by fits of passion which, however, always passed off without degenerating into sulkiness. Various anecdotes indicate his absorption in books. He came back from school book in hand, and "knocking his head against the lamp-posts." He found a quiet corner under the roof of his father's house to which he could retire to read. Once he took his little sister there and forgot her in his studies. She crawled into a dangerous position on the parapet, and was rescued by her father, who fainted from the excitement and forbade the further use of the retreat. Green was sometimes exiled to a garret in which there were some books. He found ample consolation in reading; and tried to entice his brother to the same source of comfort by painting the pictures in Hume's history. He would also keep his brother awake by long stories continued from night to night. His brother was sent to another school and did not share his tastes, and as his elder sister lived elsewhere he was in an isolated position at home. From the first, however, he was a great talker when he had a chance, delighting in giving out as well as in absorbing information. Much of his early knowledge, he used to say, was derived from the Penny Journal, books being a scarcity in the house. The head-master of his school

was attracted by the studious lad, and appointed him librarian of a collection of books above the school porch. At a very early age Green's reflective powers were developed as well as his assimilative. He was brought up in a High Church atmosphere, and is said to have been especially influenced by a lady who was the widow of one of Newman's disciples. When just thirteen, he read in a shop window Lord John Russell's once famous Durham letter (November 1850) upon the "Papal Aggression." He saw the absurdity of the agitation, and condemned the abortive persecution of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act so vigorously as to incur the wrath of his uncle. The uncle forbade the house to him, and was only reconciled on condition of future silence upon the irritating topic. Green shared, too, in the interest excited by Layard's account of the Nestorians in the Euphrates Valley. Some one had talked to the schoolboys upon the subject, and Green went off to Dr. Millard for further information. The orthodox mind of Oxford was much exercised by the problem whether it could be right to show kindness to Monophysites. Dr. Millard, therefore, took the opportunity of lecturing his pupil upon the dangers of heresy. Green's curiosity was aroused, and he became interested in the history of early sects. Some years later, having to attend a college examination upon Bible history, of which he knew little, he seized an opportunity of displaying a wide, though irrelevant knowledge of heresies. He was "deeply humiliated" by the examiner's comment, "I should advise you to add to your theological learning a knowledge of some of the commonest facts of Biblical history." Green's studies, however, had been of permanent service to him, as he notes, by stimulating his sense of the importance of the religious element in history. Mean-

while, his Anglican surroundings had awakened his æsthetic sensibilities. He was led to the study of church architecture. He would hoard up his pence till he could accumulate sixpence to pay a sexton for admission to a church. "It must," he says, "have been an odd sight to see the very little boy spending all his Saints' Days not in play, but in hunting up churches where he might shut himself up to rub brasses or to take notes of architecture. I knew a great deal about architecture at thirteen. My first knowledge of Freeman was when he used to carry 'little Johnny,' then thirteen years old, on his shoulder round Millard's library, because I was so well up in mouldings."

The evils of poverty, Green said, were first impressed upon him by a visit of the whole family to London to see the Exhibition of 1851. The Greens had to put up at a little public-house, and to walk because omnibuses were too dear. The landlady, however, was attracted by his talk and treated him kindly; and besides the Kohinoor (which he thought a "humbug") and the machinery, which delighted him, he was impressed by the iron shutters on Apsley House, a monument to the wickedness of the mob, as his father pointed out; and he even saw the back of the great Duke himself.

The floggings mentioned in the letter were sometimes severe enough. Green discovered that the cane would be inflicted for three bad marks in a week. He determined to economise punishment by getting two every week. Dr. Millard, discovering this device, made an excuse for a third bad mark, and, says Green, "What a flogging he gave me, to be sure! I deserved it," he adds magnanimously. His greatest triumph at school, he declares, was beguiling a very

silent master into "incessant conversation." The master was a lover of Spenser, and Green drew him out upon this favourite topic. A desire to gain information by asking questions was a characteristic quality, and was encouraged by his father's constant kindness in talking over his school work and discussing every interesting topic without affectation of knowledge. Arithmetic seems to have been his great trouble at school, and he was "always getting thrashed about it."

A curious incident shows another side of Green's mental history, and was connected with an important change in his life. He was brought up in a Tory circle, and was decorated with a dark-blue rosette on election days; but he inclined to political liberalism from early years. He could not himself attribute this to any external influence except that of his father, who was of the "Peelite" persuasion. Now liberalism, as he remarks, goes better with Ritualism than with the old-fashioned Anglicanism. The Anglican was for a church establishment, and took Charles I. and Laud for representatives of the cause. A prize having been offered for a school essay upon Charles I., Green read Hume and such books as he could lay hands upon and came to the conclusion that the royal martyr was on the wrong side. The examiner, Canon Mozley, awarded the prize to Green over the heads of older boys, but took occasion to express his disapproval of the opinions expressed in the essay. Green, he hoped, would change his views as he became older. The headmaster was more indignant at such a revolt from orthodoxy, so indignant indeed, as Green declares, that from this time he resolved to get rid of his pupil. He had already been shocked by symptoms of levity. He had shown Green a picture of Noah in the Ark,

and the boy had audaciously remarked that the patriarch looked like a "Jack-in-the-Box." Green had now risen to be head of the school, and Dr. Millard declared that he must be sent to a private tutor. The ways of school-masters are sometimes mysterious, but one may be permitted to hope that Dr. Millard had other reasons besides a horror of premature heresy. It was obviously important that the boy should obtain a scholarship, and he might be better prepared at a private tutor's than in the company of less-advanced schoolfellows.

The decision must have been made just before his father's death. Green was sent to Mr. Ridgway at Kirkham in Lancashire. He was there left pretty much to himself, and the neglect was fortunate. He did "all his growing" at this time, and shot up from a diminutive size to his full height, which was still much below the average. He "wandered about the fields thinking," and his thoughts took a remarkable turn. He held, as indeed he held through life, to his political liberalism, but the alternative to Laudian Anglicanism seemed to be, not Puritanism or Rationalism, but Catholicism. In his last journey to Lancashire (apparently in 1853) he fell in with a Catholic priest, and announced his intention of joining the Church of Rome as soon as his brother Anglicans should be ready to accompany him. The priest pointed out the danger of delaying till that indefinite period, and Green was so much impressed that he informed his uncle of his intention of being reconciled to the Catholic Church. Exactly a century earlier (1753) Gibbon (b. 1737) had taken the same step at the same age. Green's uncle treated the case more coolly than Gibbon's father. It would be unpleasant for him, he suggested, to be considered responsible for his ward's conversion. Green

might put off the decisive step till he was of age. The boy finally consented to risk his soul a little longer, and before the period arrived, his mind had taken a different turn.

Green appears to have kept up friendly relations with Mr. Ridgway, but in the autumn of 1853 he was transferred to the care of Charles Duke Yonge (1812-1891), afterwards professor at Belfast, and then residing at Leamington. Yonge was the author of many educational manuals, and at a later time of several historical works. He set Green vigorously to work, gave him a taste for classical literature, and, finding him ignorant of history, put Gibbon into his hands. Green read the book from beginning to end. "What a new world that was!" he exclaims. The first initiation into historical studies roused an enthusiasm which was presently to undergo a temporary eclipse. Meanwhile he was happy at Leamington, where he had opportunities for talking, for hearing music, and even for juvenile love-making. In 1854 his tutor sent him up to compete for an open scholarship at Jesus College, Oxford. The intention was merely to give him practice in the art of examination. Green unexpectedly won the scholarship. He was too young to go into residence for a year, but at his uncle's desire he decided to accept his election, and apparently remained at Oxford in the interval. He was matriculated December 7, 1855.

Green's intellectual brightness was already conspicuous, and it might have been expected that with his equally remarkable gifts for social intercourse he would have become familiar with his most promising contemporaries. There was certainly no lack of brilliant young men in the Oxford of those days, and intercourse with clever lads of the same age is often the best part of

university education. Green, however, remained in a position of comparative isolation. He formed a valuable friendship with Mr., now Professor Boyd Dawkins, who entered Jesus College in 1857, but he had not a large circle of friends. The college at the time was almost entirely filled by Welshmen, who saw little of out-college men; and its members were not distinguished in the schools. Green certainly retained a very painful impression of his undergraduate career, and, though in later years he could recognise some of the charm of the Oxford atmosphere, did not change his opinion of the college circle of his own day. Professor Dawkins indeed says that Green had some acquaintances outside of his own college, but adds that his merits were nowhere fully appreciated. His conversation was already brilliant, and he had a far wider and more varied knowledge than most undergraduates. His interests, however, lay outside the regular field of university study, and he took a dislike to the dry and narrow system then dominant at Oxford. History, in which he might have distinguished himself, was associated with law, which he regarded with aversion. A deeper reason for disgust with the system impressed itself upon him. When selected fragments of different books were prescribed by his tutors, he refused to submit; feeling that the study of history was degraded when the student was forced to confine himself to the fragments of knowledge which would "pay" in the schools, instead of pursuing wider inquiries for their own sake. When he was about to take his degree, however, the college tutor put his name down for modern history. He at once withdrew it, and substituted physical science. He got up the necessary scientific knowledge in the short interval before the examination. He could pass without trouble in classical subjects; and only just succeeded

in October 1859 in escaping of malice prepense the compliment of an "honorary fourth."[1]

Green's position in the college was affected by another significant circumstance. He joined a small club which discussed literary topics. A satire called the "Gentiad," printed in 1857, was produced by this body. It echoes the "Dunciad," and begins by an invocation of Pope's muse.

> Mute is the lyre that moved of old the rage
> And scourged the rampant follies of the age ;
> Hushed is the voice whose one satiric word
> Pierced ten times deeper than the keenest sword ;
> And, see ! e'er yet its echoes faint are hushed
> Start into life the vices it had crushed.
> Oh wake once more, satiric harp ; too long
> Have ninnies gloried in thy silenced song !

The bard proceeds to apply his lash to members of Jesus College. The efficiency of the satire could not be estimated without an explanation of allusions now much in need of a learned commentator. The sharpest personal attacks were inserted by other members of the club; but Green was taken to be the author of the whole, and was too proud to disavow the responsibility. Ingenuous youth shrinks from familiarity with a man possessed of so dangerous a talent, and Green was more or less excluded from the college society. The tutors, meanwhile, thought him an able but idle man who, from some inscrutable reason, was too wayward to accept the prescribed course of study. Though indifferent to academical distinctions, Green's intellect was anything but idle. He was reading as his fancy led, and at this time was especially interested in the English literature from the time of his model Pope.

[1] Green's rooms were upon the "first staircase on the right, entering the second quadrangle—next the Principal's house in the corner, and on the second floor on the left (right as one ascends the stairs)."

Among his favourites were Addison, Steele, Gibbon, and Macaulay. For Lamb and Thackeray he professed a sentiment of personal affection; and, as may be inferred from the lines just quoted, he was able to adopt the style which he admired. Meanwhile the early enthusiasm for historical reading was more or less in abeyance, though incidentally it would seem his literary studies led him to pick up a good deal of historical anecdote.

One incident of this time had an important influence in rousing Green to a more hopeful state of mind. During his university career Arthur Penrhyn Stanley was professor of ecclesiastical history. Green, during his last term, went accidentally into the lecture-room where Stanley was discoursing upon the Wesleys. The lecture fascinated him, and he never missed another. In one lecture, Stanley concluded with the phrase, "*Magna est veritas et prævalebit*, words so great that I could almost prefer them to the motto of our own university, *Dominus Illuminatio mea*." As Stanley left the room Green, who had been deeply interested, exclaimed, "*Magna est veritas et prævalebit* is the motto of the town!" Stanley was much pleased, invited his young admirer to walk home with him, and asked him to dinner. The day appointed was early in November (1859), and the "town and gown" riots of the period made the passage through the streets rather hazardous. "How could you come at all?" asked Stanley. "Sir," replied Green in the words of Johnson, "it is a great thing to dine with the Canons of Christ Church." A canonry of Christ Church was annexed to Stanley's professorship. A warm friendship sprang up, and the effect produced upon Green may be best given from a letter written a little later. In December 1863 Stanley was about to marry Lady Augusta Bruce, and to become

But it has helped me most of all in my realisation of the church, that church of all men and all things, "working together for good," drawn on through error and ignorance by and to Him who is wisdom and truth.

I have said much more than I purposed, and yet much less than I might say.

Of course there were other influences—Carlyle helped me to work—above all, Montaigne helped me to fairness. But the personal impression of a living man must always be greater and more vivid than those of books.

I only pray that in your new sphere you may be to others what in your old you were to me.—Believe me, dear Dr. Stanley, faithfully yours, J. R. GREEN.

In his last year of residence (1859) Green's historical powers were shown by a very remarkable performance. The proprietors of the *Oxford Chronicle* had published a series of articles upon "Oxford in the Last Century." They complain[1] that they could not obtain access to the city archives. The consequence was that the series threatened to "degenerate into a mere dull summary of petty and uninteresting events." It does not seem to be obvious that the dulness—which is undeniable—would have been remedied by use of city archives. Anyhow they changed the scheme, and resolved to "depict in as lively a manner as possible the life of times which were so fast passing away from us." The execution of this task was fortunately entrusted to Green. The plan may probably have been suggested by him. A country newspaper was singularly fortunate in gaining so efficient a contributor. If his intellect had not reached full maturity, he gives unmistakable proofs of the power afterwards revealed. His descrip-

[1] I quote from a preface to the two series which were issued together in 1859. They are anonymous, but Green's authorship of the second is unmistakable. The papers are about to be republished.

tions of the old Oxford with its Jacobite dons, its solid and corrupt aldermen, its wild undergraduates, and its circumambient highwaymen, show his characteristic gifts. Probably the scheme of a lively picture may have been suggested by the famous chapter in Macaulay's second volume, which every one was then reading. Green in any case shows the first indication of his keen appreciation of the importance of the history of towns. Incidentally he also displays wide reading not only of Oxford antiquaries and of such local literature as Amhurst's *Terræ Filius*, but of the great English authors of the period. It is strange, though it is doubtless true, that some boys brought up at Oxford do not acquire a taste for history. Oxford had at last a native citizen thoroughly susceptible to the influences of his environment. Whatever his views may have been as to the Mercians, he was profoundly fascinated by the traditions of the ancient city. Green was planning further papers, but was discouraged at the time by finding that the editor of the paper wanted no more work of the kind. In September he had made a flying visit to Ireland. He saw something of the religious "revival" at Belfast, which was then interesting the religious world, and wrote a careful account of his impressions, which was returned with thanks by a magazine. He threw it aside with bitter disappointment. Years afterwards he looked at it again and found that it had never been opened.

Green was now choosing a profession. His uncle, says Professor Dawkins, would have been willing to send him to the Bar. For that profession he had no doubt some decided qualifications, though the weakness of his health would have been against it. He was, it seems, prejudiced rather against than in favour of the proposal, by its coming with authority. He

had begun the study but found it repulsive, and literature seemed to be hopeless as a support. A diary kept at this time illustrates his state of mind. Besides little incidents of the day, remarks upon his acquaintances and references to his reading (he speaks of Rabelais, Montaigne, Burton, Dante, and *Sartor Resartus*), he considers his position and prospects. In spite of his pass degree he declares—"though he is probably the only one to think so"—that his career has been a successful one. "These four years have been the Medea's kettle from whence I came out renewed. Oh! how I laugh at myself as I came up,—that little restless animal in black, covetous of applause, of society, of ambition, and only hesitating whether my choice should make me a Pitt or a Fox; prating of Love with the self-conscious air of an expert; sharp, sarcastic, bustling, pressing to the front,—and now!" Now, he has learnt to know himself,—the limits of his powers and the secret of his own character. He thinks that he can "bear good fortune without pride, and ill-luck without bitterness." The practical application appears to be that he will choose a life that will let him "hide in his study," and yet "gain a quiet name." As a clergyman he may gain an income sufficient for independence, and be able to write what he pleases without being "driven to toadyism or hackwork." He had already made a plan for a history of the Church of England, into which, as he notes in his diary, a previous plan for writing the lives of the Archbishops had developed. At this time, too, he was being attracted by the teaching of F. D. Maurice, and at last, in what he calls "a fit of religious enthusiasm," he decided to take orders. The "fit," it must be added, seems to have been very genuine and lasting. Meanwhile he had some time to pass before reaching the canonical age for ordina-

tion. Part of the time in the winter of 1859-60 was spent at Theale, a village in Somersetshire. His friend Dawkins took lodgings there in the parsonage, where Green with two or three of his companions joined him. They appear to have had a very good time. Green acted partly as "coach" to Dawkins, who was preparing for his degree. Dawkins repaid this service by rousing Green's interest in geology. Dawkins had already begun to explore Wookey Hole, not far from Theale, and to unearth relics of prehistoric man whose existence had recently been made known by similar discoveries on the Continent. Green joined in these explorations. He was also then persuaded by Dawkins to attend Professor Phillips's lectures on geology. He read Lyell, Murchison, Hugh Miller, and Buckland; and he was profoundly interested by the early Darwinian controversies. Green's interest in these matters was connected with an interest in physical geography. His singular power, in spite of his shortsightedness, of taking in the main features of scenery and tracing their effect upon the historical development of races and nations, was strengthened by his geological observations. Meanwhile the little party at Theale had other interests. Green took part in the work of the parish especially in training the village choir, and saw something of the natives. There was even a temporary marriage engagement, which fortunately came to an end on the speedy discovery of a want of any really deep congeniality. An incident of Green's examination for orders at the end of this period is characteristic both of him and of Stanley. He flatly refused to read Paley's *Evidences*, even at the cost of rejection, because, he said, the argument was out of date. The Bishop of London (Tait) had expressly mentioned Paley in his letter to Stanley, the examining chaplain. Stanley ingeniously remarked

that as the *Evidences* was not expressly mentioned, Green might take up the *Horæ Paulinæ*. On the final examination this produced a difficulty, and an appeal had to be made to the bishop. Green was summoned to an interview and told the whole story. "Oh Stanley, Stanley!" cried the bishop, and sent Green back. He never read the *Evidences* nor Pearson on *The Creed*, to which he had also objected. Green stayed at Fulham Palace for a time, and notes in his diary that the bishop "has been hospitality itself—unpretentious, full of honest fun, but always open and sincere. His charge embodied all my feelings on charity towards others in the Church and without it. They were noble words—not soon, by God's grace, to be forgotten."

I now give some early letters which may be sufficiently understood by reference to these statements. One remark may be premised. Green preserved copies of some letters from which I make extracts. It is plain that they are not simply intended for his correspondence, but were also exercises in composition. He is thinking of Addison and Charles Lamb, and indulging in literary airs and graces with the ambition of a youthful aspirant to authorship. Allowance must, therefore, be made for a certain artificiality which was soon to be replaced by the thoroughly spontaneous character of his later correspondence.

To the Rev. J. Ridgway

August 1858.

[Green describes himself as "sitting over Charles Lamb or Dryden in his study," or "wandering down to Tenby to pick up gelatinous sea-anemones, jolt over the sand in bathing-machines, or philosophise on the manners and customs of an English coffee-room."]

For I must confess that as modern ideas go I am but an indifferent traveller. I have a greater love for Addison than for Ruskin, and take a far greater interest in a character than in a landscape. Nowadays, I believe, were a tourist to stray down to the Coverley estate, he would stroll, guide-book in hand, through the haunted grove and would scarce spare a nod for Sir Roger. I fell into talk with an intelligent and gentlemanly Yankee I met by chance a few days back, and after listening to his rapturous descriptions of the lakes and mountains of Wales, I asked him what he thought of its people. "People! eh! oh! very curious, very; their women wear hats." For my part, nothing struck me more in the Celtic race, especially in the southern part of Wales, than its Ishmaelitish character. Every man's hand is against his fellow, and his fellow's against him. They recall the Europe of the Middle Ages; their normal condition is that of war, however interrupted by occasional truces. They are impulsively generous and quarrelsome; they take but an hour to become warm friends, and but a moment to change to implacable foes. Ever thirsty for excitement, they rush from the conventicle to the beer-shop, and from the beer-shop back to the conventicle. Their pulpit-orators roar sinners into repentance and women into convulsions. The only time they do not live in is the present —they cling with a passionate tenacity to the language and traditions of the past—they grasp with an equally passionate energy at the railroads and mines that are to make up the greatness of their future.

To T. O.

1858.

I have long had a standing quarrel with proverbs. They are the half-truths that Pedantry, that utterer of base coin, would pass on the world for universal verities. Stuff! Universal truth is as unattainable as an universal language. "Bah!" means the most different thing in

the world in a man and in a sheep. "Early to bed and early to rise," is to J. B. the sagest of maxims; to me the most shameless of lies. But of all trenchant, impudent, non-verities commend me to your "No news is good news." There is something astounding in the very recklessness of its assumption. It is as if correspondence were a communion solely of misery and woe, —as if we had only recourse to a friend as to a money-lender when we were going to the dogs,—as if we were selfish of our happiness and generous of our misfortunes, —as if the Post Office were a house of mourning and our letters delivered in black-edged envelopes by undertakers instead of postmen. It is as though every man ran prating to all the world of his mishaps,—as if our Agamemnons had no mantle to hide their faces in, but must blubber out their woes on double-prest notepaper, —as if he knew nothing of that divine gift of silence,— as if all were parrots with an everlasting "Poor Poll." I am sure this proverb was minted by a doctor or a nurse. There is something of the "it might have been worse" philosophy in it. It has an indefinable smack of Mrs. Gamp. 'Tis an ill end to the friendship of Pylades and Orestes—this slap in the face from Orestes.

And, pray, how am I? I am reading for fun, that is, not for the class list, dread Moloch of Oxford innocents; scribbling alternately love-letters, satires, and romances[1]; flirting at fishing-parties, raking at fairs, sentimentalising no matter where; seeing the salmon leap out of the Wye, and the children sand-digging at Tenby; going mad beneath the howling of gospel-preachers in South Wales, and saved from insanity by a glance at K. J.

To M. M.

1858.

[He has accepted an invitation to a fishing-party in order that he may "fling himself into the thick of the fun."]

[1] In his notebooks at this time, amidst various historical references, are sketches of two stories.

Now a fishing-party has always seemed the chiefest of bores; angling may have its charms, its quietude of contemplation and repose of mind; romping may have its allurements, its riotous movement and joyous girl-giggles, but the combination of the two is like the mixture of oil and water, shake them as you will, 'tis impossible to unite them.

Once disembarked from our dogcart, I stole quietly to the slow oily stream, beneath whose willows lurked scores of fat, podgy perch, and long hungry pike. But my anticipations were soon fulfilled. A gentle "bob," a slight quiver of the float; he's certainly nibbling methought. When "Please," cries a laughing voice at my elbow, "can you put on a bait for me?" To do this, one must turn and look in the suppliant's face, which assumes so rueful and penitent an expression, that anger is impossible. You bait the hook and adjust the line which is long enough to form an electric cable along the muddy river bottom, when, oh gratitude! oh sober contemplation of angling! your straw is suddenly snatched from your head, and the fair penitent is scudding across the meadows with her *spolia opima*. Fishing is over for the day, there are the servants drawing up the set lines and filling their baskets with their finny captives; but your float may bob away till doomsday unperceived, while its owner is chasing coy fugitives along the grassy meadow, perchance to win hat and kiss at once, perchance to see the exulting robber look saucy defiance from that impregnable stronghold of propriety, where the mothers and aunts sit chatting under the big elmshade. Really, I found myself enjoying this "chiefest of bores." I began to think that the "accursed regimen of women," as John Knox loved to style it, might not be so very accursed after all. "You'll dance to-night of course," laughs a hoyden of eighteen, as I sat lazily apart. "I never dance;" and off she whirls in a pet. "You dance to-night of course," titters a damsel of twenty summers. "I'm afraid I'm quite ignorant of the art." The man

that hesitates is lost. A dozen instructors are instantly at hand, and in another minute I am in the thick of quadrilles and waltzes. "Two," saw the dance reluctantly cease, and all drove home through the elms of Kiddlington, dark, looming through the thick night. I owned to myself that I had not spent so happy or so unphilosophical an evening for years. I had not the conscience to return home at such an hour, so spent my night at a friend's house just out of Oxford. I awoke determined to have as thoughtless and happy a day as I had just enjoyed. Not to weary you, I accomplished my purpose by trotting about with my friend after birds all the morning, and petting his little children till night. I was by turns their horse, hen-house builder, and their drawing-master, though in the latter capacity my lessons went no further than the human face divine, which is conveyed by a circle surrounding two dots for the eyes, a smudge for the nose, and a line for the mouth.

From the end of the letter it appears that the appearance of Miss J., probably the K. J., a glance at whom saved him from madness, reminds him of a picture of Gretchen in *Faust*. It is not her beauty, though she is beautiful, but "the inexpressible purity and delicacy of her expression. There was a dove-like, guileless repose about her, whose religious tone singularly harmonised with the time and place in which I first saw her. It was with that charmed yet passionless fancy with which one would gaze at a saint or a Madonna, that I gazed on Miss J."

To B.

1859.

I was excessively glad to hear from D. on his return that he had found you in possession of my old rooms. I am not one of those who have strong local attach-

ments: who "strike root downwards" (which perhaps accounts for my not "bearing fruit upwards"); but still as one parts from a place one becomes conscious that one leaves a part of the ego behind one, and does not wish even this shadowy remnant of oneself to be insulted by the invasion of a cad. There are some sunny memories, too, connected with those old rooms of mine, which such an inroad would trample on; hours of poring over musty old chronicles while the clocks chimed the hours after midnight; of lounges all the long summer afternoons on the old sofa over *Ariosto* or *Rape of the Lock;* of pacings round and round the room, Pope's *Homer* in hand, chanting out the lines which, criticise them as you will, have got a ring of old Homer in them. Eheu! I would rather burn my old suit than have it worn by a Welshman *pur et simple.*

"I hate all the world," said Swift, "but I love Jack, Tom, and Harry." My feelings towards Welshmen are something like Swift's towards mankind; but I, too, have my Jack, Tom, and Harry exceptions from the general Sodom and Gomorrah doom. And I know no Elisha on whom I would rather have my mantle fall than on yourself. *En passant*, I am glad, my dear Elisha, that you have as little as possible to do with the Baal worshippers; that you hold yourself "like a star apart" from the Vulgus of the two Quads. I wish I had been as wise or as fortunate (for who can tell how much luck there is in wisdom or what difference exists between wisdom and luck?) I fought the *οἱ πολλοί* and got befooled in the encounter as I deserved. Always "hit a man your own size," B. You honour a man, I think, by condescending to an encounter, even though you trounce him, not that it is so certain that the best man should come off victor in these engagements. The Vulgus, whether Welshman or Polynesian, always reminds me of Coleridge's description of Frenchmen. "They are like gunpowder, each grain by itself is contemptible, but mass them and they are terrible indeed."

Pardon my egotism. Were I ever so great a traveller, I should find the ego a world large enough to be all my life travelling and exploring.

To W. B. Dawkins

13 High Street, Oxford,
Friday, July 25, 1859.

[This letter refers to the papers contributed to the *Oxford Chronicle*.]

I am so fagged with work, my dear Dawkins, that I am going to fling myself upon this paper (and upon your mercies) just as one flings oneself down on a grassy lawn and counts the clouds sailing past along the blue—in short, I am going to divert myself in as fantastic a manner as I please, and if you look for order, sobriety, regularity, arrangement, then—burn this letter.

But what am I so fagged about? Not about Aristotle, ethics, logic, metaphysics. Trust me, their dust has been undisturbed till this morning when, counting on my love of slumber, one of our maids has been making a razzia in my study, and stirred up every atom that would have settled down as undisturbed as the ashes that entomb Pompeii into a very noxious activity—not these, stone-cracker mine—but work that I like and enjoy and revel in, work that tempts me to show myself that Samson's locks are not yet quite shorn, that the power of fag has not yet quite gone out of me, work, Anecdotico—Historico—Antiquarian. These are my titles in future, I doubt which will look the nobler, Dr. Dawkins, F.R.S., F.G.S. or J. R. Green, Esq., A.H.A. Pshaw! it looks provokingly ridiculous—Oh, D., I wish you could see my extemporised study; the reading-table standing like the peak of Teneriffe out of the midst of a very sea of books, papers, notes, extracts, memorandums, pens in all stages of crushableness, paper in all degrees of rumble-ification;

but Teneriffe itself being surmounted by a pyramid of antiquarianism, Anthony à Wood, Gutch, Aubrey, Peshall—a pyramid with a hole in its side just big enough for a clean sheet and a busy pen that goes merrily "scratch, scratch" through the livelong day. Each paper consists of four sheets, and I hope by the end of the week to have finished about ten, and to be master of my earnings, "earnings" (doesn't the word ring again?) to the extent of as many guineas. And then the stores of miscellaneous information I am gathering into that olla-podrida of a brain of mine, the numberless little facts that will all coin down into money, fresh new sovereigns with a golden chink—for as to fame I begin to despise that with the class list. No—a fig for fame—a cosy vicarage, a heap of books, a good pen and a deluge of paper, and I could be as happy as a king. I have been asked twenty times in as many days, "John, John, when will you be serious?" Never. I have thrown my last chance away; I had an invitation the other day which I could hardly refuse, to join in a water picnic-party with some whom I knew to be "serious people." I went and found some fifty, forty of whom were in the same predicament as your humble servant,—they knew the hostess but they knew not one another. It was thought too "serious a matter" to introduce such a number, and they were themselves too serious to shake down into acquaintance. I went up to one who looked the least serious, and was bored for an hour with the rifle-corps and the designs of l'Empereur. I was seized on by another who gave me the whole detail of paper-making, *apropos* of a paper mill which we passed, till I stumped him on a question which I had got up among my odds and ends—the paper duties—drawbacks, and the like. I fled to the ladies and secured such a serious companion that I was forced, in self-defence, to get rid of her by declaring (horrible dictu) my love for the stage. What marvel that a young ensign who accompanied us was driven to drink and inebriation; what wonder that I, the most

Dean of Westminster. Green, then a London clergyman, wrote to congratulate him.

To A. P. Stanley

2 VICTORIA GARDENS, LADBROKE ROAD,
NOTTING HILL, W.,
December 1863.

MY DEAR Dr. STANLEY—I have only now learnt from Oakley your direction, or I should have ventured before to offer my congratulations on your marriage. No one can wish you more happiness than I, to whom you have been the cause of so much.

'I have often longed, in the midst of my work, historical or clerical, to tell you how wholly that work and the happiness that comes of it, is owing to you. I am glad I delayed till now, till the close of your Oxford teaching, that you may at least know what your teaching has done for one Oxford man out of the many that you taught.

I came up to Oxford a hard reader and a passionate High Churchman—two years of residence left me idle and irreligious. Partly from ill-health, partly from disgust at my college, I had cut myself off from society within or without it. I rebelled doggedly against the systems around me. I would not work, because work was the Oxford virtue. I tore myself from history which I loved, and plunged into the trifles of archæology, because they had no place in the university course.

I remember, that in the absolute need I felt of some reading, and my resolve to read nothing that could possibly bring me in contact with what Oxford valued, I spent a year over the literature of the eighteenth century, and especially the vexed questions in the life of Pope!

Of course, all this seems now absurd as a sick man's dream; but absurd as it was, it was the life I had deliberately chosen, and was doggedly carrying out, when accident brought me to your lecture-room.

It was the same with religion. High Churchism fell with a great crash and left nothing behind—nothing but a vague reverence for goodness, however narrow and bigoted in form, which kept me as far from the shallow of the current Oxford liberalism as I had already drifted from the Mansel-orthodoxy.

I saw only religious parties unjust to one another as I stood apart, unjust to them all.

I had withdrawn myself from Oxford work, and I found no help in Oxford theology.

I was utterly miserable when I wandered into your lecture-room, and my recollection of what followed is not so much of any definite words as of a great unburthening. Then and after I heard you speak of work, not as a thing of classes and fellowships, but as something worthy for its own sake, worthy because it made us like the great worker.

That sermon on work was like a revelation to me. "If you cannot or will not work at the work which Oxford gives you, at any rate work at something." I took up my old boy-dreams,—history—I think I have been a steady worker ever since. And so in religion, it was not so much a creed that you taught me, as fairness.

You were liberal, you pointed forward, you believed in a future as other "liberals" did, but you were not like them, unjust to the present or the past. I found that old vague reverence of mine for personal goodness which alone remained to me, widened in your teaching into a live catholicity. I used to think as I left your lecture-room of how many different faiths and persons you had spoken, and how you had revealed and taught me to love the good that was in them all.

I cannot tell you how that great principle of fairness has helped me since,—how in my reading it has helped me out of partisanship and mere hero-worship,—how in my parish it used to disclose to me the real sterling worth of obstructive churchwardens or meddling committee-men.

staid of personages, when once I did meet with a "worldly" demoiselle, flirted with her incessantly all the way home to the scandal of every "proper" person in the company. No! I won't be serious; I can be gloomy, blue-devilish, petulant, sulky, but I can't be serious. When I am "heavenly minded" I must laugh. I believe the time when I am most "good" is the time when I am tossing about some little tiny prattlers that have been long looking out for "On Green" and the sweets in his pockets, and laughing at their little chatter and rippling little chuckles.

Do you like singing, Dawkins? Do you like it, love it, adore it? I have been listening to a voice lately that forced me to think in how many hours I could be sung into a declaration. Ah, sweet Circean gift of song, truly should he be bound, as I am, to the mast and drifting over a pathless sea, who would listen to your strains and yet remain unenslaved. But since I could not fly Circe herself has fled; she was but a visitor, a "wandering voice" as Wordsworth sings. Positively, D., though for a year or so I have been chanting to myself like a cuckoo "old bachelor, old bachelor," I believe I shall end in marriage,—and with whom? I have not settled on the individual, but I can tell you the species. Not the beautiful—your Junos, Minervas, or Venus's—but some quiet, demure little party whose beauty at the best will be that of expression; who won't mind pets, humours, and eccentricities; who will never invade my study or pop in on my musings with some vapid suggestion to visit the Blinks's or some bothering inquiry about papering and painting. Some one who won't talk of her love, or expect demonstrations in return, but whose love will be like sunshine, cheering and warming and comforting, and lighting up all the dark corners of one's morbid temperament. Some one who can decipher my horrible scrawl and copy my manuscripts for the printer. Some one who can pet our little ones without spoiling them, who will care for me without overcaring for me, who will be charitable with-

out any anxiety for niggers at Timbuctoo; and good without confession twice a week or working slippers for some "dear" curate. Some one who can play without being constantly strumming; who can paint without having her fingers always smudgy; who can contrive a good dinner and yet not degenerate into a mere housekeeper. Ah! *vanitas vanitatum*, lady of my dream, unfindable among human flesh and blood, remind Dawkins of his promise, and bid him good-bye from his friend.

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

13 HIGH STREET, OXFORD.

MY DEAR DAWKINS—I should, I fear, have wholly forgotten my promise to you had I not been reminded of it by an incident which recalled to my memory your pertinacious theories on the distinction or confusion between Instinct and Reason.

On returning home, I found a room for the time unoccupied and unfurnished. My brother and I, by begging sundry chairs and tables, have managed to make ourselves a very rough but comfortable study, where no intruding relative or slavey may, under pain of a shower of books, chessboard, desk, and ink-bottle, venture to intrude. From the window of this sanctum I gain a view, which, if it cannot vie with your country landscape in freshness and colouring, is far their superior in variety and interest. In my front the prospect is bounded by the long reach of Jesus, where now no chimneys smoke and vacant scouts lounge idly through the Quad—no bell tingles—sad harbinger of compulsory chapel—from the small belfry which is right before me or the bell turret of Balliol which peeps over the intervening roof. Farther to my right a picturesque chestnut hides Exeter, but through a gap in it I see the unslated rafters of the new chapel. Thence from the Temple, or whatever is the name of that queerest of buildings which surmounts the theatre, my eye wanders

along a wilderness of pinnacles which mark the site of the schools to the towering dome of the Radcliffe; while, through an interval in the surrounding buildings, I catch a glimpse of one of those peculiar towers of All Souls, which Sir Christopher seems to have built in a fancy for square telescopes inverted.

But not to digress further—the main prospect from my window consists of no less picturesque an object than the market roof, with its long ridge of slates, its leaden gutters, its glass skylight, its spouts descending earthward, and its chimneys towering to the sky. There bask in a pleasant and sunlit solitude the interesting creatures, whose habits and customs I have of late been observing with a view to the solution of that tangled question, "Have animals reason or not?"

. . . . . .

No sooner has my first nap commenced than my ear, which grows more and more acute as my eyes grow duller, catches a faint mew, answered by a series of similar noises from distant quarters. As the animals, in obedience to the signal, approach nearer to each other, the cries grow louder and louder, till, uniting in as close proximity as possible to my bedroom window, they set up a ceaseless anthem of squeals, mews, shrieks, squalls; in fact, a thousand different noises which no dictionary has yet given equivalents for. When wearied of this diversion a solitary snarl gives the signal for other sport, which comprises an equal variety of equally horrible sounds, till, after half an hour's uninterrupted discord, they consent to retire, save, perhaps, some vindictive old tabby who shrieks alone for another hour or so. I won't weary you with a picture of my agonies as I lie tossing and writhing, my fingers in my ears, yet unable to exclude a single note of this diabolical caterwauling. Oftentimes, unable to bear it, I start from the sheets, seize some destructive missile and throw up the window—only to behold my foes sitting in conscious security on a skylight. I have, indeed, some hope yet of revenge, as I am in communication with the Market Commis-

sioners for permission, under these circumstances, to smash a skylight or so; but, till leave is obtained, I must endure these midnight tortures without hope of prevention or alleviation.

You will naturally inquire what could be the cause of all this. My brother laughs and says it is the usual mode of feline wooing; my guardian has a theory that it is a way they have of fighting; but reasoning on the subject by the help of your suggestions, I have found no difficulty in tracing it to revenge. These cats have learnt my hostility to, and persecution of, their race; the drowned kittens and deceased cats are no doubt laid at my door; they have determined on exacting a terrible vengeance, and have laid their plots with all that cunning which they display even in meaner objects, on stealing a mutton chop, or licking up the cream.

The problem is to my mind solved. Instinct never could guide them through the intricacies of so vile a conspiracy—no! nothing short of a hypothetical Syllogism could have suggested the device of squatting on the glass skylight. Henceforth your investigations may lie in a more domestic quarter; let dogs and cows—the present subjects of your study—wander unobserved, but base your theory and found your fame upon cats. . . .
—Yours affectionately, J. R. GREEN.

Diary

[Green went to Dublin early in September; and in his diary describes a visit to St. Patrick's, where he heard stories about Swift from a verger; and thence to Rosstrevor. Next day, he says] "We whisked through a tract of English landscape to Dundalk; and were driven by a civil, dare-devil, gambling scamp into some of the most delicious scenery in the world. We swept round the backs of the hills into a country of bogs and rocks, where the turf piles lay like brown dots around, and the stone walls cut up every field into infinitesimal portions. Miserable as the system is, it

gives a life to the landscape that I never observed elsewhere; there are none of those reaches of field upon field, those long sweeps of crops or meadow, without sign of man or man's dwelling-place that often give me a sense of almost painful loneliness in the midst of an English landscape. Every field has its little hut, its potato-garden close hugging it, and some pig or boy crawling about its door. Up through Lord Claremont's park into the hills, all the vale of Newry bursts on it with its hills sweeping in the background to the sea on the one hand, far away landward on the other; the lower ridges with the pines thick-climbing up from the river beneath. A trick of the driver's betrayed us into a long pull across to Rosstrevor, the livelier for the chat of the two boys who pulled us; one, the elder and graver of eighteen, the other a brown-cheeked, quick-eyed Milesian of fifteen. The boy was full of the sea,—of the vessels that put in for Newry, of the Greek corn-brig "with all the crew in petticoats," but above all of the heroism of Captain Kelly, who had lately lost his life on the coast in attempting to bring the crew off a wreck. Her boat was swamped, his accoutrements were too heavy for him; "he just put up his hands and said 'Good-bye, boys,' and went down, sir." Ah! if we have no Homeridæ and no epics to chaunt, if our ballads are no longer sung in market and hall,—we have still our hero-songs of the sea, and bright-eyed boys to chaunt them.

[On Sunday, Green heard a prosy sermon, and remarks that the prayer for the Lord Lieutenant, "that he may wield the sword committed to his hand by Her Most Gracious Majesty," is "a raw-head and bloody-bones way of teaching loyalty." He then went to Belfast, and attended a revival service in a chapel. It was "filled decently with quiet, sober-looking people; and he was chiefly struck by the sensible and interesting character of the lecture. Two or three converts gave addresses, but there was no "screaming or shrieking;" and he summed up his impressions by saying as he left, "This

is God's work and God grant it may go on as now."[1] After a visit to the Giant's Causeway, he was back at Oxford about September 20.]

To W. Boyd Dawkins

September 1859.

I am sure, my dear D., that civilisation never blessed man with two greater boons than a pen and a sheet of paper. Here am I book weary—and yet the book is no tedious one, but the tedium-fit is on me and must out; here am I flinging myself down for a lounge and a chat with you on this broad sheet, just as I should fling myself into your easy-chair. Now take care not to bother me for news, or expect me to talk epigrams or clever the Lord-knows-whats; remember I have only dropped in for a lounge and a chat, and mean to be as lazy and as rambling as I please. And as nothing is pleasanter to a lazy soul than a bit of a lecture, allow me to rap your knuckles pretty severely for your last communication. I own to a great liking for your correspondence—'tis such a genuine olla-podrida of love, chit-chat, riding, Homer, dancing, and geology, that it has all the pleasurable effect on me that Johnson's *Dictionary* had on the old lady, who averred (as I do of yours) "that it was the most charming reading in the world; indeed, its only drawback was a trifling want of connection." But this is the very point that pleases me in your letters, bits of news, bits of sentiment, a poem or a pebble are tumbled out of your bag in that genial hearty fashion that recalls the old rooms, and the chat that rouses me out of the blues. There is a realism, a Dawkinsism, in it which is the very essence of letter-writing. M. writes as if he meant to print, and etiquette requires the same printable fustian in my replies. But with you one feels as though one had had a heavy grind, and here was the very fellow to get tea for one and cheer one up. And this is the great charm

[1] He was much impressed by a pamphlet upon this subject by Archdeacon Stopford, called *The Work and the Counterwork.*

of letter-writing that, though you and I are far away, yet chatting thus I seem to have you on the other side of the table, and to be drawing for perennial supplies from the "silver teapot."

Your note was waiting for me when I returned from Ireland.

I have been to the land of the Paddies,
And dined at the Gresham genteelly,
And peeled the potatoes so mealy,
But of all that I sought there,
Picked up there, or bought there,
There was nought to compare with their whiskey and water.

Much boding and trembling and fearing
I crossed o'er the say to sweet Erin—
No boat e'er was tauter,
But wind and waves fought her,
Sick and ill, how I longed for some whiskey and water.

I traversed bold Antrim, defiant,
Till I trod the famed road of the giant (Giant's Causeway),
But my tooth—the wind caught her
I wished each hour shorter,
And aching groaned forth only "Whiskey and water!"

I grant you the copyright of this most exquisite lyric, in right of the chagrin you will feel at not having been with me in my view of those basaltic formations. Of course they were lost on me (in a geological sense I mean), but I remembered my poor F.G.S. in prospective, and bought you a couple of specimens that *looked* uncommon. Debit one bob to our friendship account. Jenkins is up. He has been mobbed at St. George's, half for his Puseyism, half for his beard, but very characteristically finds that the mob were very civil and good-hearted people in reality.

I presume I ought to give you some account of myself, but really my existence is so monotonous that I am afraid of wearying you. Let me in preference recall the pleasantest companion I ever had in my life. "A new flame" you will say. Hear and judge. At Dublin, auguring sickness and in a silent moody humour, I stepped aboard the packet. I was soon

busy with the luggage, and that settled, strolled sulkily along deck. A lady in the distance bowed. "Some absurd Hibernian mistake," thought I. As I passed she bowed again. I borrowed resolution from despair and explained, "I am afraid I have not the honour," etc. "Miss P——," said she, throwing up her veil. Now, though I had been introduced to her "mamma" I had never spoken a word to her younger ladyship, but that was no business of mine. We sat down and chatted the whole way to Holyhead. Now a chat of five hours without intermission must surely have turned upon, or included, some serious matter. The beauty of this chat was that it was pure nonsense throughout. The *naiveté* of my companion was diverting. "She detested nonsense, silly nonsense, which gentlemen seemed to consider themselves privileged to address to ladies, as though our sex" (with a pretty toss of the head) "had weaker brains than their own." "But what has our own chat been but nonsense?" said I. "Oh, but not silly nonsense," said my little casuist. We secured the same carriage at Holyhead, and no sooner did our chat flag than out came "the language of flowers." Could anything have been more childish? Nothing at any rate would have been more amusing. We chose and laughed, and laughed and chose again, till my little charmer grew desperately sleepy. "Make me your sleeping-post," I whispered. "Indeed I won't," was the uncompromising reply. Nod upon nod, the lovely little face drooped and drooped, till Nature compelled her to yield; she smiled a sort of coquettish protest, and soon her little head rested on my shoulder, and she was fast asleep. Oh, pretty girl-faces, what wondrous fools you make of us cynics! You may have guessed—what is for the present a secret—that I do not intend to go up for a class. This will fall like a bombshell among the Dons, and I shall have to endure a few skirmishes with the Sublime William and his fellows, and not a few black looks from quarters which I care more about. But people are beginning to

comprehend that what I will to do, I do; and if they are philosophers the Dons will soon give over a struggle in which they cannot but be beaten. At any rate I have counted the cost and thrown my class to the winds. My reasons would be too long for a letter which is already of monstrous dimensions, and which has, I am sure, earned those antiquarian entries, etc., of whose existence I am beginning to grow not a little sceptical. —Believe me, dear D., yours, J. R. GREEN.

To M. J.

March 1860.

[Written from Theale.]

"My business" has been of the most varied description. I have been geologising, archæologising, physiologising, studying bone-caves, old ruins, and stomachs; and, in addition, lecturing, training a choir, and conducting a college-service down in the moor. The singing is of the vilest. The boys study vocalising with clenched teeth, and the girls are universally nasal. One or two of the old band, who have been superseded by the harmonium, still attempt by their voices to preserve the memory of departed violins and hautboys, a solitary flute survives, "dull, melancholy, slow." The clerk, whose bass has rusted into a nasal tone, leads this promising choir. I did not attempt to interfere with such a venerable antiquity. I rested my hope in the youth. These hulking young farmers' sons, who roar out songs round the kitchen fire and choruses at the tavern,—the young ladies, who, after six days of draggled tails and mob-caps, appear on Sunday in the gaudiest hues and hugest-feathered hats to pipe through a mouth-aperture of about the circumference of a shilling, offered (I thought) promise of a mine of vocal wealth. I tried, and after several weeks' endeavour have enlarged the feminine aperture to the size of half-a-crown, and cajoled the farmers into a low growl which I compliment as bass. But difficulties thicken

round us. There is not a single ear in my choir or in the parish; the old choir and clerk scent my intentions, and are meditating mutiny; and my friend the parson thinks it "would not be wise to attempt a change."

To W. Boyd Dawkins

OXFORD, *June* 26, 1860.

MY DEAR DAX—I have so carefully packed up all my notepaper and the like, that I must entreat pardon for writing to you on odds and ends. The family, visitors, etc., are all busy downstairs in the Sabbath amusement of "cakes and wine." So I have half an hour of my unbored self to scribble you a few notes on what has been going on since your going off. My brother recompensed the tender care bestowed on his smalls by an *excessit, evasit*, which threw on my shoulders the charge of a squad of lionesses while he was enjoying his *otium cum* bat and wickets at Sherborne. For the first time in my life I have blessed the rain whose visits have given me occasional afternoons of respite and solitude. I have no one up with me now. . . .

I suppose you saw all about the Commemoration in the papers. The *Times* report was correct enough. It was very tame and slow—the effort at propriety succeeded in begetting a wondrous dulness. I heard but one new joke, and that was wondrous as on an old subject. In one of the dead pauses a wag called on "Old Bess" for a song. By-the-bye there was another. After cheering the ladies, the Dons, and the undergrads, some one sang out "a cheer for everybody—except John Bright." A combination of extensive charity with unflinching Conservatism which deserves commemoration. The Newdigate was more Newdigate than it has been of late. The gentleman stands on Guadarrama's steep and looks down on his theme—the Escurial. If the weather has been at all similar in

Spain to the weather in England, it is to be hoped the Muses provided him with a mackintosh.

I suppose you want to know a little of myself—at least my vanity won't suppose the contrary. Thanks to the rain I have been able to read a little, and am wonderfully interested at present in—what do you think?—Lyell's *Elements*. I much fear that the sermon this morning passed unheeded into the Paris Basin, at least it ought to have done so if it wished to gain my attention, for there were my thoughts at the time. I don't think I have ever read anything more admirable than Lyell's account of it. The great value of the whole book consists, to my unscientific mind, in its scrupulous adherence to the rule of reading the Past by the Present. For instance (though I don't doubt you will smile at my error) I have always attributed abrupt contortions of strata—such as the zigzag fissures of coal-mines and the like—to sudden and violent displacement. Lyell takes one down a coal-mine, shows one the gradual pressing up of the argillaceous bottom of the gallery till the whole cavity is filled. Days, months, even years may elapse between the first bending of the pavement and the time of its reaching the roof. I had formed quite a different notion of Lyell from your conversation. I expected a dull, dry German, and found one of the 'cutest and most entertaining gentlemen I have ever met. . . .—Yours very truly,

J. R. G.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

13 High Street, Oxford,
June 28, 1860.

As you may suppose, my dear Dax, I have become, at the cost of a sov., an A.B.A., which cabalistical sounds signify "Associate of the British Association," and give you the privilege of attending the meetings of that highly scientific body. Facetiæ seem to be the order of the day—in deference to the ladies, I suppose.

Just as the Dons strive to rub off their dust, and rub up their wits to greet these fair creatures at Commemoration. Sedgwick was facetious, Phillips facetious, Crawford facetious, Murchison facetious.

But this is all beside the point. I sate down specially to tell you of the honour Phillips did you to-day. He gave, in an opening paper, a sketch of the circa-Oxon geology, especially at Stonesfield and Shotover; and then at the end dipped into the Saurians. Out came that dear old Toebone (bless that Cetiosaur!), and the audience were informed that they were indebted for that gratifying sight to "my friend Mr. Dawkins!"

There's news for you, old fellow. F.G.S. is nothing to this. Oh, do find another toebone for next year, and believe me I'll throw up a curacy to attend and hear you kudized.

. . . . . .

Hope you are enjoying yourself, and remain yours very truly, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

July 3, 1860.

[A passage from this letter is given in the *Life of Huxley*, see vol. i. pp. 179-189, where will be found a full account of the famous encounter between Huxley and Bishop Wilberforce.]

I steal a bit of Dick's notepaper, my dear Dax, to tell you that I shall be down in Somerset on Thursday next. Williamson returns on Saturday. Could you come over at the beginning of the week, and *do* that bone-cave in which I began to feel a much stronger interest as I got a clearer idea of its period? The mention of it reminds me that I saw your "friend" Dr. Falconer the other day. A good-humoured, jocular Irishman, whom Lyell styled second as a palæontologist to Owen only! So you measure swords with a creditable antagonist. He has not as yet read a paper, but he rose to speak on one of the most notable which

I have as yet heard at the B. A. A Mr. C. Moore who lives at Bath, found in a quarry in its neighbourhood a small drift-deposit of the Triassic Epoch. He carted two tons of it home, a distance of twenty miles, and spent two years in washing, sorting, and microscopically examining it. He was thus enabled to exhibit about three hatfuls of fish teeth; a similar quantity of scales, etc.,—but what was of real importance some twenty small jawbones, etc., of *mammals* —unmistakable mammals, judicibus professore Eugeaco et Doctore Auceps" (is not that the Latin for Falconer?). This brings them far lower, you see, than even the Stonesfield slate. Some two such remains have been found in the Muschelkalk in Germany—with which this may be about contemporaneous — but they have been fought over and disputed. These twenty put an extinguisher on all question. Lyell made a beautiful speech on the matter. Paucity of remains, he argued, do not argue paucity of animal life. Were we left to infer the animal creation of the present day from the deposits of the Ganges or the Nile, should we be content merely with the few species we might light on? Rather (and here he brought beautifully in the principle of the correlation of life) should we not be bound to infer from these few a large quantity of species as yet unfound? Important too—he said—was the fact that up to that time all the animals thus discovered were very minute, while in this last deposit were found remains which must have been of an animal as large as a pole-cat, a size which at once sweeps away all hypotheses founded on this fact of minuteness, and gives us an ordinary link in the common series of animal life. Strongly Darwinian, eh? and strongly common-sense too. I have (after finishing Lyell) been reading Hugh Miller's posthumous book, his sketches (originally intended, had he lived, to form the basis of a geologic History of Scotland), and I have been much struck with the utter weakness of the theory to which he clings so very fondly, of the

"definiteness" of organic life, its "dead stops," etc. Such a theory required and justified that dioramic view of geology which Miller adopts—picture succeeding picture in strong contrast—but which seems to me utterly unwarrantable and unscientific. Read after Lyell he strikes me as a man who gathered up the researches of others and gave them a dash of the picturesque.

I am afraid I am boring you (I always bore my friends with the subject I have on hand), but now I am on Hugh Miller it reminds me that I have made extracts from him—one of which (of the period of the Tertiaries down to the post-pliocene and human epochs) seems truthful and good. It will be useful for your sketch of the bone-cave period, as it is drawn out in great detail. His oolite reminded me funnily of yours (a great compliment by the way), but has an Iguanodon in its menagerie which I don't think you possessed. It may be fun to read, so I will bring my notebook down. I was introduced to Robert Chambers (the supposed author of the *Vestiges*) the other day, and heard him chuckle over the episcopal defeat. I haven't told you that story, have I? On Saturday morning I met Jenkins going to the Museum. We joined company, and he proposed going to Section D, the Zoology, etc., "to hear the Bishop of Oxford smash Darwin." "Smash Darwin! Smash the Pyramids," said I, in great wrath, and muttering something about "impertinence," which caused Jenkins to explain that "the Bishop was a first-class in mathematics, you know, and so has a right to treat on scientific matters," which of course silenced my cavils. Well, when Professor Draper had ceased his hour and a half of nasal Yankeeism, up rose "Sammivel," and proceeded to act the smasher; the white chokers, who were abundant, cheered lustily, a sort of "Pitch it into him" cheer, and the smasher got so uproarious as to pitch into Darwin's friends—Darwin being smashed—and especially Professor Huxley. Still the white chokers cheered, and the smasher rattled on. "He

had been told that Professor Huxley had said that he didn't see that it mattered much to a man whether his grandfather was an ape or not. Let the learned Professor speak for himself" and the like. Which being ended—and let me say that such rot never fell from episcopal lips before—arose Huxley, young, cool, quiet, sarcastic, scientific in fact and in treatment, he gave his lordship such a smashing as he may meditate on with profit over his port at Cuddesdon. This was the exordium, "I asserted, and I repeat—that a man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape for his grandfather. If there were an ancestor whom I should feel shame in recalling, it would rather be a *man*, a man of restless and versatile intellect, who, not content with an equivocal success in his own sphere of activity, plunges into scientific questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to obscure them by an aimless rhetoric, and distract the attention of his hearers from the real point at issue by eloquent digressions and skilled appeals to religious prejudice." I will tell you more when I see you.—Till then, believe me, dear Dax, your very affectionate, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

OXFORD, *September* 22, 1860.

DEAR DAX—I wrote crossly yesterday; happily I wrote to *you*, who have always the kindly good sense to laugh at, and to laugh away, my ill-humour. My crossness was simply the result of an intense wretchedness at being left to make up my mind for myself. I always need a Privy Councillor. When once I begin to deliberate I see so many fair plans of action—all with so many good reasons for carrying them out—each with a counter-bundle of good reasons for letting them alone—that to resolve on any *one* is impossible, while to do nothing is painfully ridiculous. It was very vexatious to a gentleman of this character to find his Councillor—his Resolver—fled speechless—" the oracles

are dumb." Just fancy the feelings of the poor Hellenic gentlemen who have always paid their fee, and had their minds duly made up for them! I will write to Warren to-morrow.

We had Morrell's great dinner to the Rifle Corps here last Thursday. Bishop, Duke, Heads of Houses, M.P.'s, etc., all in robes; a pretty sight they say (the "they" being ladies). At the end of the proceedings Cooke of the *Chronicle* inserts in type my verses against the Rifle Corps—*unde irae!* A civic festivity comes off on Wednesday—the "Beating the Bounds," a going round the civic borders. As civic grub is good, and civic speeches amusing, I think "I shall be there."

My vicar writes to tell me he wishes me to get influence over, etc., the "young men" of the parish. This, the very sort of work I shall like, has set me planning, as you may fancy. I see how the Ologies may be brought in. I have been naughty as to work lately—reading Goethe and Schiller instead of Paley and Pearson—I know from which one learns the *truest* theology. I look forward even now to your return. "Come where glory waits thee."—Meanwhile, believe me, your affectionate friend, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

OXFORD, *October* 2, 1860.

[The first paragraph refers to the conclusion of a piece of family business.]

MY DEAR DAX—The governor has gone to a civic dinner, my brother to a city lecture, my aunt is as busy as a bee; nobody is idle but I, and I am going to devote a few minutes of my idleness to you. First, W.'s reply has been all that I could wish, sensible in accepting facts as facts, generous in the kindly tone he still preserves amid circumstances that might seem to call for *iratum Patrem;* he parts from me as I would wish him to part, robing himself like Cæsar, as he falls,

in much of that ideal nobleness which circumstances had begun so fatally to strip him of.

For myself I feel like an emancipated slave. I hardly knew how heavy my yoke had been till it was thus once and for ever broken and thrown off. Thanks to you, old boy! I should never have had the resolution to break it for myself. And so, for the five hundredth time in my life, I have the proud satisfaction of turning round on myself with a "What a fool I have been!" Not that I wish to remain wise if celibacy be wisdom. I want a wife. I distrust my own choice, but if you should know of a suitable article it would be friendly to inform me. Only a few provisos. She must be intellectual enough to sympathise with my pursuits; orderly and resolute enough to fill up those two vacant apartments in my character. It may be as well for her to know German, and to love Goethe. Pretty, though this is of less consequence, as I shall certainly fancy her so after six months; a good housekeeper, with a little money to aid in floating our Noah's ark, with its future Shems and Japhets.

Oh, old fellow, how I wish you had been in Oxford to go with me round the city boundaries. About once in eight years the Mayor has to do this, winding up with a great feed. I was invited and went. We marched in red and fur (*i.e.* the Corporation), cocked hats and mace, down the High to Magdalen Bridge. Here we dismissed the rifle band, the aldermen doffed their robes, the bulk of the crowd dispersed, but the faithful followed the Mayor in punts across the stream, along the Cherwell Meadows, across Christchurch Mead by the side of the ditch that runs across it, and then entering some house-boats which were waiting for us with the ladies on board, we went as far as the Long Bridge where the city boundary stone is situated. Here we were joined by the king of the Sclavonians, a club of firemen who are now dying out, arrayed in aldermanic costume, with a royal crown of "real gold," as the ladies all averred, upon his head. His Majesty was

presented with a bottle of gin, whose head he graciously condescended to knock off, and then to swallow its contents. Bidding adieu to the monarch we again returned, bade farewell to the ladies, and punted under those arches on which Randall's house stands into the Hincksey meadows, through which, muddy as they were, we proceeded to pound. We were cheered by the merry beat of the city drum—the city fife having been early "winded" and dropped behind. "You make me quite wild, you do," said the drum, as he dragged forward his lagging comrade, but the fife was too exhausted, or screwed, to reply. At Hincksey we found the barrel of beer which the tenant is bound to offer the Mayor on such occasions stolen, so onwards we trudged towards Godstow, only pausing at Botley to shy bread and cheese, and pipes and ale at the crowd; you may fancy what a glorious scramble it was. My party now led "across country," but getting pounded at the second hedge, I was picked up by the alderman who was comfortably ensconced in a punt, and conveyed to the dinner at Godstow. The feed at an end, off we started again, but as the plank-bearers had got too drunk to stir, the Mayor had to jump ditches—item the mace. The Mayor did wonders, and reflected credit on the city. The mace made oft acquaintance with the mud. So we emerged on Portmeadow, which is a perfect quagmire now, only to be paddled through, and, crossing the two roads, descended into the vale of the Cherwell, where the aldermen again embarked, while I managed to scramble over hedges and ditches as best I might, and in a mangled and fragmentary condition emerged near Holywell Church, rejoined the procession at Magdalen Bridge, and marched home to the "sound of trumpets." As a bit of pluck, I finished the evening at the theatre; but didn't I pay for it the next day. Good luck to you and your work. Tell me in your next, as it is quite jolly to find you swimming about so cozily among the Tritons of Science.—And believe me, yours very sincerely, J. R. G.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

GOSWELL ROAD, E.C.,
(*end of December*) 1860.

[He has been just ordained to his first curacy under the Rev. Henry Ward.]

I am a day behind the fair, my dear Dawkins, but you must charge the non-arrival of a letter yesterday to the account of the Corporation of London. For I was trotting about with Ward from one Alderman to another for the purpose of "soliciting their support" with the city companies "in re" our Church restoration. It was amazing fun to sit by and watch the scene, the delicate advances of the Church, the shy reserve of the city—Ward craftily shaking the oats "Christian charity—accustomed munificence—noble liberality"—Sir John, or Sir Bob looking askance at the end of the halter that peeped out and holding a yard off with "ifs" and "buts" and "possibles." Considering that there are no finer mendicants than the clergy of our Reformed Church, it is no slight treat for a lover of humour to listen to their invectives against the begging Friar of the pre-reform period, who had at any rate the honesty to "sing for his supper" and preach a merry sermon from the portable pulpit he carried round, as the Punch and Judy dramatists carry theirs to this day, before he sent the hat round. While we "Evans" [*i.e.* Evangelicals] toady Aldermen for a couple of guineas, the Pussycats find opulent devotees who beg to be allowed to hang golden bells round their feline throats before they fall down and mew in adoration at their feet. The English of which is that a City merchant is endowing a church, building schools, and forming a Shoreditch district which is to possess Baird as its incumbent. "Ah, fortunatos Pussycatos!" I am very glad, however, of the choice. For Baird is real and earnest in his faith, and is Romaniser enough to be charitable to others. He and I understand

each other thoroughly, and he has already "bagged" me to help him at his new church. Of course he is bitten with the prevailing epidemic of Anti-rationalism, but he looks upon my case as exceptional, and like Ward would allow me to preach essays and reviews if I chose. Ward believes I shall settle down into a "steady old Evangelical." Baird believes, and argues out his belief, that I shall end in kissing the toe of that "improper person" who sits so uncomfortably on seven hills,—and I enjoy my liberty.

PART II

CLERICAL CAREER

THE following letters belong to the period in which Green was an active London clergyman. I will first give the dates of the various positions which he held during his clerical career. He was ordained deacon at Christmas 1860, and priest at Christmas 1861, on both occasions by the Bishop of London, A. C. Tait, who became a very warm personal friend. His first curacy was under the Rev. Henry Ward, incumbent of St. Barnabas, King's Square, Goswell Road. In the spring of 1863, at the request of Bishop Tait, he took charge of a derelict parish in Hoxton. His health, however, soon gave way; and a year's rest was ordered which he was unable to afford. He gave up Hoxton in the autumn, but at the end of the year took a curacy under the Rev. Philip Gell, at Notting Hill. In April 1864 he accepted a "mission curacy" at St. Peter's, Stepney; and in November 1865 was appointed, by Bishop Tait, to the perpetual curacy of St. Philip's, Stepney. He resigned this at Easter 1869. Tait, who had just become Archbishop of Canterbury, appointed him, at the same time, to the librarianship of Lambeth, a purely honorary office; and he ceased from that time to discharge any active clerical duties.

During eight years (1861-68) Green had worked at different tasks with an energy which would have been

remarkable in a strong man, and is altogether astonishing when the state of his health is taken into account. The references in his letters will show how varied were his interests, though unfortunately they are too fragmentary to give anything like a complete picture. I will bring together some of the different aspects of his energy, and I must leave it to readers to understand that the various occupations which I mention in succession were carried on simultaneously.

When he first took orders his friend Stanley desired him to accept a curacy in the West End, where he would have an opportunity of showing his abilities to a cultivated audience, and be on the way to preferment. Green, however, desired to take a share in a more arduous sphere of clerical work. The influence of Maurice and the Christian Socialists had lately drawn the attention of many young men to the importance of bringing Church influence to bear upon the great social problem. Green's political Liberalism aroused his sympathies in this same direction; and he resolved to take duty in the East End of London, where he rightly perceived that there would be ample opportunity for the exertion of all his powers in the warfare against vice and barbarism.

Green not only took the keenest interest in the social duties of a parish priest, but showed remarkable aptitude for their discharge. His first curacy brought one new and important element into his life. He was for the first time welcomed into a domestic circle of refined tastes. For Mrs. Ward, the wife of his incumbent, he soon conceived the warmest affection, and, as will be seen, felt her death (July 2, 1863) with singular keenness. A letter to Mrs. Creighton (February 11, 1871) to be given hereafter, will show how lasting was the impression produced. The love of children

was always one of Green's strongest feelings, and he showed it by a lasting regard for Mrs. Ward's family. One of them, Mr. Humphry Ward, became a life-long friend, and has kindly communicated some recollections. "My mother," says Mr. Ward, "ever genial, sunny, and cheerful, and supported by a happy and extremely simple religious faith against the difficulties of a large family, a huge parish, and narrow means, became like an elder sister to him, and he was never so happy as when reading a new volume of Tennyson to her, or discussing Mme. Guyon, or (and this was equally natural) having wild romps with my small brothers and sisters." Green took a lively interest in the studies of Mr. Ward, then at Merchant Taylor's School. He would walk round the "dismal garden of King's Square, discoursing to his young friend upon the school studies." His "wide knowledge of history and literature, his extraordinary instinct for style, and the passionate enthusiasm with which he held to his ideals of truth, justice, and sincerity were of immense importance to me." The routine studies were "transformed by the fiery genius of this young student," and "under his touch things that had been mere names became full of meaning. Thucydides took his place in universal history; the life of the Roman Forum took the colours of reality; and in proportion as he shook down the edifice of Bibliolatry on which I had been brought up, the Bible became interesting."

Saint Barnabas, says Mr. Ward, was a vast square church, set down in the midst of a squalid parish of 7000 people, not one in fifty of whom ever thought of going to church; there was no parish machinery, and the fabric of the church "had been indescribably dirty and forlorn on my father's appointment to it a year before." Green was encouraged by Mrs. Ward's sym-

pathy in his first discharge of parochial duties. An interesting account of his activity has been given in an article by Mr. Philip Lyttelton Gell, son of his incumbent at Notting Hill.[1] "Green," says Mr. Gell, "spent the best years of his life in fighting the battle of religion and civilisation amidst the ever-teeming social chaos of the East End." He was admirably qualified to exert personal influence. He made friends with the poor individually as he did with more cultivated persons. He sympathised with their troubles and planned amusements for them, getting up penny readings or taking them to Rosherville or Epping Forest. A lady tells me that he was constantly to be seen in the back streets, talking to his parishioners, and generally with a group of poor children clustering round him. One anecdote is significant; he used to tell how he had found a row inhabited by a specially quiet and sober set of people, and often took a cup of tea with them. A policeman afterwards had revealed to him the secret of their good manners. They were all employed as coiners and therefore careful to give no occasion for any intrusion of the authorities. Personal influences could only reach the surface, beneath which lay vast masses of a miserable and criminalised population.

When Green was transferred to Hoxton in 1863, the position was so difficult that the bishop asked him to undertake it as a special favour, and assured him that, should he fail, it would not be from any fault of his own. The incumbent had been suspended, and the church was in such bad odour that a shoemaker refused to send boots to the parsonage till he had received payment in advance. Green set vigorously to work. He started a restoration of the church; and

[1] *Fortnightly Review* for May 1883. See also the article by Mr. H. R. Haweis, in the *Contemporary Review* of May 1883.

his sermons rapidly increased the congregation. He also began to take a special interest in the schools. When compelled to change, he took the curacy at Notting Hill in the hope, partly realised, that the position would be more favourable to his health. He was enabled to return to the East End, and again exposed himself to an excessive strain.

Soon after his appointment to St. Philip's, a special demand was made upon Green's energy by the outbreak of cholera in 1866. A panic had begun. Many of the first sufferers naturally died in the hospitals; their friends thought that the hospital treatment was to blame, and refused to send in patients. Ignorance and alarm made it difficult to obtain treatment for those who remained in their own lodgings, or to carry out precautionary measures. Some who should have helped deserted their posts, and it was difficult to get a sufficient supply of nurses. Green devoted himself unsparingly to his duties. "Within an hour from the first seizure in his parish, Green himself" (says Mr. Gell), "met the dying patients in the London hospital, and thenceforward, while the plague lasted, Green, like other clergy in the parishes attacked, worked day and night amidst the panic-stricken people, as officer of health, inspector of nuisances, ambulance superintendent, as well as spiritual consoler and burier of the dead." He showed no alarm, except for his friends. Meeting the wife of a neighbouring clergyman in the hospital, he expostulated with her passionately, for the sake of her children, against incurring the risk. He appealed to Sir Andrew Clark, who was then physician at the hospital, and from this time was a warm friend of Green. Clark decided that the lady's influence upon the nurses was so important that she could not be spared. Green himself, as Mr. Haweis

says, laboured energetically and successfully in soothing the hospital patients. Haweis mentions another curious fact. Green helped to secure the removal of the dead from the houses; and his best helpers were "the lowest women of the town." It was no uncommon thing to see him going to an infected house, between two such outcasts who had volunteered to help him in an errand of mercy. On one occasion he found a man dangerously ill in an upper room. Some big draymen in the street refused to help. Green therefore tried to carry the man downstairs. His slight frame was unequal to the effort, and the two fell from the top to the bottom of the stairs together. The man who was in a state of collapse was not injured.

The cholera passed away soon; but in the succeeding years there was great distress in the East End, due partly to the failure of Overend and Gurney, while trade disputes were leading to a collapse of important industries. A lax administration of the poor laws was causing an ominous increase of pauperism. Green was deeply impressed by these evils, and by the bad effects of indiscriminate charity. He wrote upon the subject in the *Saturday Review*. His articles show close familiarity with the facts as well as thorough common sense, and a clear grasp of the situation. He insisted upon the importance of a firm administration of the poor laws, a steady application of the labour test, and a limitation of almsgiving to exceptional cases. He was appointed an *ex-officio* guardian by the Poor Law Board; and he helped to form a local committee in Stepney, intended to remedy the evils due to the overlapping of many charitable agencies, and anticipating the principles soon afterwards accepted by the Charity-Organisation Society. Edward Denison, whose early death cut short a most promising career, settled in

Stepney in 1867 to study the social problems. He made Green's acquaintance, and I shall give one or two of the letters which Green addressed to him upon their common interests.

Green afterwards reviewed the letters of Denison collected by Sir Baldwyn Leighton.[1] A passage from this review, describing their first interview, illustrates Green's position at the time. "A vicar's Monday morning," he says, "is never the pleasantest of awakenings, but the Monday morning of an East End vicar brings worries that far eclipse the mere headache and dyspepsia of his rural brother. It is the 'parish morning.' All the complicated machinery of a great ecclesiastical, charitable, and educational organisation has got to be wound up afresh, and set going again for another week. The superintendent of the Women's Mission is waiting with a bundle of accounts, complicated as only ladies' accounts can be. The churchwarden has come with a face full of gloom to consult on the falling off in the offertory. The scripture-reader has brought his 'visiting book' to be inspected, and a special report of the character of a doubtful family in the parish. The organist drops in to report something wrong in the pedals. There is a letter to be written to the Inspector of Nuisances directing his attention to certain odoriferous drains in Pig-and-Whistle Alley. The nurse brings her sick-list, and her little bill for the sick-kitchen. The schoolmaster wants a fresh pupil teacher, and discusses nervously the prospects of his scholars in the coming inspection. There is the interest on the penny bank to be calculated, a squabble in the choir to be adjusted, a district visitor to be upheld, reports to be drawn up for the Bishop's

[1] His review is reprinted as "A Brother of the Poor," in *Stray Studies*.

Fund, and a great charitable society, the curates' sick-list to be inspected, and a preacher to be found for the next church festival." To complete the picture, it must be noted that Green's worries were seriously aggravated by money anxieties. He had no independent means; his official income was small, and he spent nearly the whole upon his parish.[1] If he desired to start any new scheme, he had to provide the funds by raising subscriptions, or by literary works of which I shall speak directly. Meanwhile, I may note that little remains to show Green's fitness for another clerical function. But his preaching and his earnest and reverent reading of the church services left a permanent impression upon many hearers. A friend says that he would descend from the pulpit at the end of the service and give the blessing so impressively that his stature seemed to dilate. Mr. Bryce heard him at St. Philip's, and he says, "I shall never forget the impression made on me by the impassioned sentences that rang through the church, from the fiery little figure in the pulpit with its thin face and bright black eyes." The church had been nearly empty and, before long, his preaching attracted a congregation of about 800, which was thought to be a remarkable achievement. Many of his friends speak of Green's astonishing readiness as a public speaker, and his power of riveting the attention of audiences, whether at an archæological association or at a meeting of the parish vestry. He once persuaded a meeting of the "C.C.C." to change its opinion—a very rare feat at any meeting—by his forcible exposition of the evils of indiscriminate charity. In the pulpit, as was natural,

[1] His cheque-books of this time are preserved, and nearly all the items are for charitable purposes—"schools," "wine for the sick," and so forth. Some modest sums are set down, too, for household expenses, and something goes to the booksellers.

his manner was more restrained, and he could not give full play to his vivacious wit. He despised, it is said, the character of a popular preacher, and he found himself more at home, as he notes, with East End costermongers than with the respectable inhabitants of Notting Hill, who expected him to use their conventional formulas. He prepared his sermons carefully, and acquired the habit of thinking them out while walking in the streets. The only sermon which I have seen was preached upon the death of Mrs. Ward. It is not only expressive of a singularly strong emotion, but illustrates the literary grace of all his writing.

He endeavoured in other ways to promote the intellectual culture of the people. He started a literary society in his parish. After his death, one of the members produced a book of essays, which he had preserved as a treasure. They had been almost rewritten by Green by way of a lesson in composition.

The activities of which I have spoken, multifarious as they were, occupied only half of Green's life. His labours in the East End, as he often himself remarked, had an important bearing upon his literary work. His sympathies with human beings were strengthened; and the history might have been written in a very different tone had the writer passed his days in academical seclusion. His interest in the welfare of the masses, and his conviction that due importance should be given to their social condition, determined a very important peculiarity of the work. A characteristic passage at the opening of the essay upon Denison shows how the two strains of thought might be blended. After speaking of the "endless rows of monotonous streets," he says, "There is poetry enough in East London; poetry in the great river which

washes it on the south, in the fretted tangle of cordage and mast that peeps over the roofs of Shadwell, or in the great hulls moored along the wharves of Wapping; poetry in the 'Forest' that fringes it to the east, in the few glades that remain of Epping and Hainault—glades ringing with the shouts of school-children out for their holiday, and half-mad with delight at the sight of a flower or a butterfly; poetry of the present in the work and toil of these acres of dull bricks and mortar, where everybody, man, woman, and child, is a worker in this England without a 'leisure class'; poetry in the thud of the steam engine and the white trail of steam from the tall sugar refinery, in the blur-eyes of the Spitalfields weaver, or the hungering faces of the group of labourers clustered from morning till night round the gates of the docks and watching for the wind that brings the ships up the river; poetry in its past, in strange old-fashioned squares, in quaint gabled houses, in grey village churches that have been caught and over-lapped and lost as it were in the great human advance that has carried London forward from Whitechapel, its limit in the age of the Georges, to Stratford, its bound in that of Victoria."

He proceeds to speak of Stepney as it was in the days when Erasmus came here to enjoy fresh air with Colet in the country house belonging to the Dean of St. Paul's. The poetry embodied in every human being blends with the poetry which revivifies the past for the historian. Green indeed felt keenly the weary monotony of the wilderness "of dull bricks and mortar." He would sometimes take a tiring walk as far as Mayfair to have the relief of seeing ranges of houses with at least a broken skyline. It weighed upon his spirits, though he could solace himself by seeing in actual London a continuation of the

ancient town, and he devoted a large part of his time to his historical studies. He spent his mornings in the library of the British Museum, and lived with ancient monks as well as with modern district visitors. He had left Oxford with the intention of writing lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury; a plan carried out about the same time by Dean Hook. A letter to Professor Dawkins will explain why this scheme was abandoned, and was by degrees superseded in favour of a history of the Angevin Kings of England. He began to study ancient ecclesiastical history, and spent some time upon St. Patrick, till he felt that his ignorance of the Irish language disqualified him for the task. Two other plans occupied him for a time. He had proposed to write a history of Somerset, in collaboration with his friend, Professor Dawkins. This, it appears, was to go back to the inhabitants of Wookey Hole, if not to remoter geological periods. It would have partly anticipated the Victorian county-history. The task would have been beyond the strength of the two young men, and the refusal of a publisher to accept the book, fortunately, as they soon perceived, put a stop to it.

With Professor Dawkins he was also concerned in a college magazine called the *Druid*. The first number of this appeared at Easter 1862. The college authorities intimated to Professor Dawkins, as ostensibly the editor, that young men would, in their opinion, be more fitly occupied in learning than in teaching. The admonition was taken as a challenge, and a second number appeared, which cost the undertakers £15, and was naturally the last. Green's part in it deserves notice. The *Druid* opens with a notice of Henry Vaughan, the "Silurist," a member of Jesus; and the opening pages contain a sketch of the college history.

A letter signed "J. R. G." sets forth the programme to be carried out. The greatest want of the college is a "want of traditions." Its members should investigate the history of previous Welsh foundations in Oxford, and proceed to the history of its great men. Then they should do their best to get rid of the false shame with which Jesus men often regarded their country, and investigate Welsh history, language, and literature. Finally, they should inquire what the present college actually did for the benefit of the Welsh nation. He does not say explicitly, though he obviously holds, that the answer to his query would not have been satisfactory. Green contributes three out of nine articles to the second number of the *Druid*, and one of these upon "Oxford Before and After the Conquest," reproduced as "The Early History of Oxford" in his *Stray Studies*, shows how vigorously he was already working up to his favourite subject. The *Druid*, if it were to aim at such a high mark, was not likely to be satisfactorily kept up by members of a small college.

Another piece of early work had more important consequences. He had made a special study of Dunstan, and had prepared a paper which was read before the meeting of the Somersetshire Archæological Society at Wellington in August 1862. Freeman was present, and prepared to give "a fair hearing" to the young and unknown clergyman. The knowledge and literary power displayed in the paper took him altogether by surprise. Suddenly it flashed upon him that the speaker was little "Johnnie Green" of whom he had taken notice at Magdalen School. He introduced himself after the paper, and a friendship began, which materially affected Green's later career.

Green's account of Dunstan, as Freeman says, showed that his powers were already fully developed. It was

"a noble defence of a noble and slandered man," and, moreover, implied a careful sifting and weighing of all the available evidence. It proved, that is, what some later critics failed at first to perceive, that Green could investigate the original sources thoroughly as well as make brilliant summaries of history. Freeman recognised in Green a worthy fellow-worker in his own field. He had recently made the acquaintance of Professor Dawkins, who had brought Green to Wellington, and the friendship was consolidated by this additional tie. Freeman not only became a friend, but took a natural pride in his brilliant young admirer. His feeling towards Green seems to have partaken of a sense of intellectual proprietorship. He made it a duty, he says, from that time "to blow Green's trumpet" upon every opportunity. He generously acknowledged, too, the lights which he had himself received from his friend. "I myself," he remarks, "owe the deepest obligations to Green's interest in municipal history. Green's gift of catching both the leading features in the topography and in the history of a town was wonderful. Whatever I have tried to do in that way, I have learnt from him." Green, on his side, could blow Freeman's trumpet very effectively, and fully appreciated the importance of Freeman's work in raising the standard of English historical research. He became acquainted with other workers in the same cause; especially with Dr. Stubbs, the late Bishop of Oxford, and with Mr. Bryce who made his mark about this time by his essay on the *Holy Roman Empire* (1864).

Freeman soon showed the value which he set upon Green's opinion by consulting him upon points of history; and they came to exchange a good deal of frank criticism. This rather dangerous practice did

not interfere with their mutual regard; though the strong contrast, both of character and intellect between the two, gave rise to certain difficulties. Freeman, as his biographer intimates, was a little annoyed at times by what he considered as impulsive and imaginative escapades, very uncongenial to his own methodical habits. He used, however, to regard them as "Johnnie Green's way," and to reflect that his man of genius must not be judged by the standard applicable to the ordinary human being. On the other hand, Freeman's mode of criticising Green's writings and behaviour could not be always agreeable to a singularly sensitive nature. Freeman, whatever his other merits, was certainly not conspicuous for the tact which disarms even sharp criticism of its sting. It is, however, needless to insist upon superficial peculiarities of taste and temper, which never seriously interfered with the strongest personal regard and most cordial appreciation of intellectual ability on both sides.

Stubbs first met him in the train in 1863, when they were both on their way to stay with Freeman for another meeting of the Somersetshire Society. He noticed that Green had in his hand a volume of Renan; and resolved to put a stop to that dangerous study. He therefore borrowed the book; and when Green asked for its return, it had been safely deposited, with leaves uncut, in a waste-paper basket. Stubbs describes his own part in this simple-minded manœuvre in his lectures.[1] Green was amused, and probably able to procure another copy. In spite of such little collisions they remained, as Stubbs says, on the friendliest terms for twenty years.

Green was gradually preparing for his historical work during the early years of his clerical career.

[1] See Stubbs's *Lectures on the Study of Mediæval and Modern History.*

He was, however, interrupted for a time by another occupation. The demands upon his very modest income were excessive; he was as he says often on the verge of bankruptcy; and he was forced to eke out his means by bringing his pen to market. At this time Freeman was one of the very distinguished band of contributors, whom J. D. Cook had recruited for the *Saturday Review*. In that paper, playfully described as the "Reviler," he blew the trumpet of Dr. Stubbs, Dr. Guest, Mr. Bryce, and Green; and justified the alternative title by persistent exposures of Froude's inaccuracy. At their first meeting Freeman suggested that Green should write in the paper; but it was not till later that he introduced Green to Cook, who at once recognised the value of the new writer. Cook indeed was anxious, as will appear, to give more work than Green was able to undertake. From the spring of 1867 till the end of 1872, Green wrote many articles; and a few appeared in the next two years. Green had a singular facility in turning out such work. Mr. Loftie says that he would take great pains in revising or rewriting his brilliant passages, but he must often have written at full speed. He told a friend who was staying with him that he had to write three articles in thirty-six hours. One was a review of a volume by Freeman, a second a "light middle," while a third dealt with the history of an English town. He had got them all into shape, he added, during his walks that day about London streets. He finished the first about two in the morning, while talking to his friend, and the other two were done the next day. We are elsewhere told that Green often sat down, after a day passed in the museum and in parish work, and finished an article between 12 and 2 A.M. He even speaks of

writing from 2 to 5. The practice of night work is seductive, but the strain upon a man, already threatened with dangerous disease, must have been excessive. Green, as will be seen, thought that this occupation, recommended by financial reasons, was not a mere waste of energy. The friend who describes the composition of the three articles defends him from the charge of "journalism," against which he always protested himself. By "journalism" is to be understood, I suppose, writing for pay upon matters of which you are ignorant. Most of Green's articles are unassailable upon this ground. Many of them are serious reviews of historical work by a competent critic; others are independent historical essays; and others again are valuable discussions of the lessons impressed upon him by the great problem of East End pauperism. His articles, says Mr. Bryce, were "among the best, perhaps the very best" which were then appearing in the paper. Some, in particular, those upon the history of towns were "masterpieces." Green collected some of them in 1876 in his *Stray Studies from England and Italy*. The volume also includes specimens of the "light middle," the short essay which intervened between the political articles and the reviews of books. They reveal a fresh side of Green's singularly versatile nature. Retiring to his study from the worry and strain of other occupations, he relieved himself by throwing off hasty sketches of the curates and district visitors with whom he had associated. Though perfectly good humoured, and doing full justice to the merits of the persons concerned, the articles show also a very keen eye for the comic aspects of the human species described. Other articles, which attracted a good deal of notice at the time, show that

his social sympathies were not confined to the East End. He tells Freeman (in March 1876) that he took one of the collected articles called "Children by the Sea" to be his best bit of literary work. This little sketch shows his characteristic love of children, and its artistic skill will, I think, lead many readers to agree with his judgment. According to Mr. Loftie, he expressed a similar opinion about another article called the "Buttercup." Buttercup is, it seems, a name for a girl just emerging from the schoolroom into society. Freeman was amusingly scandalised by these performances. Green, he said, was in his place when speaking of history or of East End pauperism; but he had no right to discourse of young ladies and Guardsmen, and the ethics of flirtation. Green's experience in this sphere must, of course, have been limited; but it is plain that if his opportunities were not great, his power of using them was remarkable. All his friends speak of the singular brilliancy of his conversation, and attribute it partly to the vivacity and alertness of his intellect, and the readiness with which mere statements of fact grouped themselves in his mind into vivid pictures. But it also implied the quick sympathy of an exquisitely sensitive nature. If he could appreciate Freeman's historical dissertations, he could enjoy the charm of naïve simplicity in women and children. The claims of women to equality in politics and education were then provoking a good deal of satire, some of it harsh enough. Green's articles upon contemporary feminine types show his sense of the comic side, united with a genuine sympathy for the feminine enthusiast who might be misdirected by ignorance. Green had in fact opportunities of observing beyond the region of district visitors. He was especially welcome in the family of

Mr. von Glehn, a German gentleman, who lived at Peak Hill, Sydenham. His house was the meeting-place of many men of literary and artistic distinction. Among them were Sir George Grove, Mr. Holman Hunt, and Emmanuel Deutsch, who sprang into fame by his article upon the Talmud in 1867. Green also won the lasting friendship of Mr. von Glehn's daughters, who were then growing up to womanhood. One of them became the wife of Dr. Creighton, the late Bishop of London. Some letters to her and to her sister Miss (Olga) von Glehn will show the pleasant relations which existed between him and the von Glehns.

Green's *Saturday Review* articles, as Mr. Gell conjectures, implied a kind of feverish reaction from the strain of his many occupations. In any case, parish work, historical research, and journalism all carried on together were too much for a constitution which had already shown serious symptoms of weakness. It is surprising that his nervous energy should have carried him on so long; and not strange that he should have retired with broken health, and with spirits often depressed. At times he complained that his work had been inevitably a failure. The Church could not discharge its proper function of civilising the masses. The parson, he said, cannot get into really close contact with the poor. "Their life is not his life, nor their ways his ways." His isolation from the most numerous and popular church parties, and his growing dissatisfaction with the orthodox creed made him feel his difficulties too more keenly, while the state of his health gave an important reason for retirement. When relieved from the strain, his spirits revived; and he resolved to concentrate his strength upon the historical work for which his powers were most thoroughly adapted.

Although Green was a born historian, without special predilection for abstract speculation, he had strong convictions upon religious questions of which something must be said. His health gave a more than sufficient reason for his abandonment of an active clerical career. It is also true, as the letters will show, that the position was becoming untenable upon other grounds. The Newman influence at Oxford had passed away, and, during his university career, he was more or less attracted by the Evangelicals. His first curacy was under an incumbent of that way of thinking. It seems, however, that the Evangelicism was more superficial than the previous Anglicanism. He was at any rate on friendly terms and, up to a certain point, in sympathy with members of the "Broad Church" party, of which his friend, Stanley was a leading member. His liberalism naturally extended from politics to theology, and in the various controversies of the period, arising from the publication of *Essays and Reviews*, and the writings of Colenso and others, he was emphatically on the side of the rationalising party. The letter upon Huxley's contest with Wilberforce shows that he already sympathised with science as against theological dogmatists. Another letter written to Professor Dawkins (in April 1862) shows that at one time it occurred to him to contribute to the voluminous literature upon the relations of Christianity to science. He is a sincere believer in Christianity, but holds that where theological and scientific ideas conflict, the theological will have to give way.

This scheme for an exposition of his views apparently represents a momentary impulse. Green's power was not to be shown in such controversies. Meanwhile, however, he felt painfully that he was cut off from many of his fellows. "A young Liberal clergyman,"

he writes in 1863, "has to pass, above all, in this part of town and in the country, through the fire and water of utter isolation. Highs and Lows have their gatherings, their conferences; know one another, comfort one another, strengthen one another. But the Liberal must eat the bread of solitude! He has no gathering, no Margaret Street, no Exeter Hall. There may be, must be, other heretics in the world, but he does not know them, and he has no means of knowing them." He proceeds to suggest some Association of the Liberals which might issue manifestoes, and perhaps have a regular organ in the press. Green had a few like-minded friends, of whom Mr. Stopford Brooke and Mr. H. R. Haweis were at this time the most intimate. They met occasionally at the "C. C. C.," or Curates' Clerical Club, intended to promote a free discussion of Church questions. Maurice, Stanley, and others occasionally looked in at these meetings. They gradually drooped, however, and nothing came of Green's proposed Association.

Green's religious sentiment was deep and permanent. The spiritual life of the mystics, the "religion of the heart," which subordinates dogmas and historical matter of fact to the emotions, was entirely congenial to him. His friend, Mrs. Ward, had, as we have seen, found solace under many anxieties in the quietism of Mme. Guyon. A volume of the letters would lie by her side with a heap of darning. Green fully sympathised with her religious attitude, and spoke of it to the end with affectionate reverence. But his singularly keen intellect and ardent interest in historical and scientific inquiries made him accept the fundamental principle of rationalism. The results of free and full inquiry must be accepted without reserve or compromise. He was for a time attracted by the personal charm of F. D. Maurice, whose

interest in the great social questions would supply another reason for sympathy. But Maurice's peculiar method of combining a mystical tendency with an acceptance of the orthodox creeds and history could not be satisfactory to a clear-headed thinker. It was impossible for Green to hold with Maurice that the framers of the Thirty-nine Articles had somehow precisely expressed the ultimate truths of religion. He knew the origin of that document too well. Nor could he continue to hold with "Broad Churchmen" that it was right at once to admit that the formularies represented obsolete dogmas and exploded history, and yet to accept them by help of some unconscious equivocation. He was keenly alive to the danger of being tempted by his position into insincerity. His genuine affection for the Church, as well as his main material interests, might betray him in that direction. He resolved that, if he should be unable at any time to use the words of the Litany, "Christ, have mercy upon us," with perfect sincerity, he would abandon the clerical character. When the time came he acted upon his resolution. He was glad, however, that the state of his health, which gave a sufficient reason for the step, made it unnecessary to set forth the other ground. Indeed, he had some thought, even after his resignation, of undertaking clerical duties, though it soon became clear that this would be impossible. He had at all times a horror of saying anything which would shock the feelings and disturb the faith of simple believers. He not only respected their sensibilities, but with his singularly quick powers of sympathy could show that he shared their emotions. He never tended, therefore, to materialism, or identified the religious principle with the obsolete dogmas historically associated with it. He admitted the possibility that for some persons the

spiritual life might cast off the accretions, and be as vigorous as ever. I need not speak of the difficulties of such a position. They were fully felt by Green, and he did not purpose to offer any new solution.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

March 14, 1861.

[Mark Anthony Lower (1813-1876) was secretary to the Sussex Archæological Society, and published many antiquarian works. Gideon Algernon Mantell (1790-1852), a well-known geologist, lived at Lewes till 1839. See *Dict. Nat. Biog.*]

My dear Dax—If I were not your debtor already I should owe you a letter now to thank you for your kind invitation to my brother. On arrival at Lewes I was welcomed by my two cousins, young girls, full of fun and talk, with whom I talked fun until eleven. I fancy they got a little tired at last of the outrageous rubbish I poured out, though they could not help laughing on; but I had resolved not to end till I felt tired enough to be sure of falling asleep the moment I jumped into bed. In the service next morning I omitted the Psalms bodily, and preached extempore—both of which proceedings electrified my cousins' congregation. The former, however, introduced me to a Mr. Lower, the genius and antiquarian of the place, who has a penchant for liturgical reform, and fancied my omission to have been intentional. Though disappointed on this point by my candid confession of forgetfulness, he conveyed me the next morning over the old castle, and from the top of the keep pointed out the battlefield on the downs. A gleam of sunlight lit up the edge of the Wealden, and brought back the thought of you. Lower had known Mantell, who resided at Lewes, and had a little smattering of geology himself. Our conversation turned on the "Celt" question, and as he was sceptical

I promised him your notes on the discovery in Wookey, a promise which I hope you will perform for your sponsor's credit. A kind note from Stanley offering me a curacy, welcomed me home. I was glad to find Mrs. Ward returned; her womanly tact discovered that all was not well, and without inquiry she petted me into good spirits. I spent the bulk of yesterday pounding at Dunstan in the British Museum. I shall begin my *Hist. Somerset* there to-day. I have routed up Cuthbert, and am throwing him into a paper for some magazine. My Oxford papers I intend now completing, the work will amuse me, and will pay its expenses. What a grand friend Work is!

By-the-bye can you tell me of a good map of Somerset, of less size than our unwieldy Ordnance Gentleman, yet minute enough for *my* purposes? The country below Lewes, once a seamarsh, now flat meadow-land intersected with dykes, brought back Glastonbury, and to complete the resemblance there are the same rounded hillocks with endings in "eye" which point to a time when they stood like Godneye, isolated spots amid the waters. I saw Rolleston and Daubeny nominated as your examiners for the Scholarship. I am glad you will thus be brought across the latter. His wide acquaintance with Scientific "Swells" would enable him to be of most essential service to you, if he chose. Although there is little doubt of the matter, it will be a "white day" for me when I see you gazetted as Scholar. It will be the "beginning of the end." I can fancy no happier lot than a quiet little parsonage, with income to let me scribble as I please, and offer a breath of rural air to you or Dobbs when you could spare a moment from the rush of science or politics. If you will promise this I will remain Bachelor to the end of my days.

You will not, I am sure, forget how pleasant an arrival the postman's is now. Good-bye, my dear Dawkins.—Believe me ever, your sincere friend,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

1861.

[The "Dunstan" is, I presume, the paper read next year at Wellington.]

MY DEAR DAX—A note from my brother this morning reminds me of my delay in forwarding you the "mem. de Colle Mendipsiense." A glance at your paper of instructions makes me despair. However I will do my best at the British Museum to-day—as soon as a refractory infant, who insists on being christened at 12.30, will give me leave of absence.

I wish you a very pleasant excursion through next week. If the weather in Somerset at all approaches "Jovem Middlesaxonicum," you will exhibit very strong traces of Diluvial action on your return. I can't of course guess at your plan of operations, whether you will merely make a rush along the range (in which case I don't care a rush for your proceedings, and desire to hear nothing more of them), or whether you will examine the cave—open a Barrow, etc., etc. Barrows, I for myself think solemn humbugs—pretending to an antiquity which really reaches no farther back than the later Roman Empire. But the Cave, and its Celts, if rightly worked, might really throw a flood of light on the field which science will have to delve in for the next half century, the period of Man's origines. A cool semi-sceptical head like Howard's would be invaluable in such an investigation. Accuracy in noting all the circumstances beyond reach of cavil would be of course indispensable. I don't suppose that word of mine would influence your arranged plans, but interesting as "the anticlinal axis of Old Red," "the flexures and dips" of the Mendip range may be, Man and Man's History to my mind is worth them all. *Nihil geologicum a me alienuum puto*, but still Trilobites and Echini are only Kingcrabs and Starfishes, while Man is Man.

I spent yestreen at the Crystal Palace with the Lady (have I told you of her?) who denied the existence of the various Hawkins-cum-Owens animals which adorn its grounds, and assured me that Dr. Buckland, on whom she charged the paternity of such naughty delusions, died of Insanity in consequence. I thanked her for the information, as it corrected the general impression that his death was caused by a decayed bone at the base of his head, but ventured to inquire her grounds for denying the existence of these creatures, and even the possibility of their existence. "My dear Mr. Green, think how ugly they were." I bowed, and owned that this convincing argument had not struck me.

"Dunstan" is finished. "Fine, plucky little chap," shall be his epitaph. His diminutive size makes me sympathetic with him. I don't care a straw for heroes of six feet. This is the great blot in Columba's character—whose hagiology I am exploring now. He is a magnificent fellow—but too tall by a foot—but then he could get into a sublime rage! That's what I like in these older S. S. The devotees of the later hagiology could fast and weep and whimper, but they could not get into one of S. Columba's grand wrath-explosions. Puir deils! T. Owen writes most happily. He has fought for the Truth, and the Truth has made him free from the petty cares and troubles of lives like ours. Nevertheless we have our work to do,—Truth in History—Truth in Geology. Each is but a part of that great circle of the Truth of God. May He bless and keep you ever.—Yours in all friendship, J. R. GREEN.

To M. M.

April 1861.

In the country there is no excuse for remissness *in re literaria*,—it is the only charm against the devil. Excuse there might be for me,—breakfasting at 8 and snatching half an hour of Stanley's book over my bread

and butter,—then hurrying from morning prayer at St. Matthew's to open the school and confer with my vicar; letter and lecture-writing, visiting and the etceteras of the day till 12; then, after luncheon, a walk to the British Museum and grind there till 4.30; dinner and a trot home; tea at the parsonage; a chat with Mrs. W.; a romp with the children till the parish again claims me from 7 to 9 for lectures, Bible classes, music do., confirmation do., committee meetings, and the like. A good two hours' reading or sermon-writing sends me to bed at 12. But you idle bucolic, what are *you* doing? Frittering yourself away, I fear, on little things, little social successes, little parsonic victories, little industries, little idlenesses. This is worse than our waste of those precious years at Oxford. Brace yourself, my dear M., to better things, worthier things than these. Look at that little fellow Dawkins, God bless him! warmer heart and cooler head never balanced one another than in him,—but look at what he has done by sheer steady work, and blush! You used to laugh at my *opus magnum*,—but it was just what we both needed, an end to which to work and a *big* end. It is looking up now. Materials are coming together. The saints are huddling in the pages of my notebook, expecting a resurrection in octavo. Only my *Somerset* stops the way, and that will be launched in a year, putting, I hope, a cool hundred or two in D.'s pocket and mine. D. declares I first woke him to the consciousness of what was in him. I should like to wake you too. One thing you could do and well. Select and translate some of that immense music of Welsh songs which you are so fond of. People are beginning to wake to the value of national poetry. Your country has stores of sacred hymns. Select and translate as Miss Winkworth has translated Luther, and in her *Lyra Germanica*. Publish your *Lyra Celtica*. Don't die down without a struggle into a rustic celebrity,—a Welsh parson. You are one of my set, and my set must be more than that.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

LONDON, *April* 16, 1861.

MY DEAR DAX—The mistake about Ferguson is—I still persist in thinking your own. Ferguson has published, I believe, a big book and a little book. However, your choice is right, and I expect to learn much on Byzantine architecture when I see you next. Your letter came at the very nick of time; for your quitting me induced my first fit of depression since my curate life commenced,—and of course troubles were not slow to flock in. I lent, in my unsuspicious fashion, the *Quarterly* to Mrs. Ward, and when I came to chat over it found them frantically exultant in its smash of Essays and Reviews. I said truly enough that the only article I cared about was one on "Dogs,"—but I was dragged into the discussion, and then there was nothing for it but to speak frankly and declare the article "unfair," and the bosh by no means so black as it was painted. The Vicar preached last Sunday on "Modern Infidelity." At supper I was asked if I knew anything of that atheist Pattison, whose election to Lincoln was the theme of conversation. "No,—I knew nothing of such a person." "Well, that infidel Pattison,"—so I had to look straight at Ward and reply that from what I had read of Pattison's I believed the charge of infidelity to be wholly without foundation. I think it very creditable to Ward that he made no remark, and is as cordial as ever, or even more so. Don't think I am growing controversial. If you knew my horror at controversy, you would appreciate the pain I feel at such an approach to it as I have already made. But I can see the storm gathering against Neologians as it gathered of old against Puseyism, and I know well if it breaks out as it did then I must submit to be misunderstood and rejected by both sides. "Oh, pray for the peace of Jerusalem." Don't think me superstitious for the intense joy with which I read the words yesterday,

"They shall prosper that love Thee." Or those glorious words in the Psalms of to-day. "Behold, how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity." This is most on my mind,—so pardon my bothering you with it. To turn to other matters. All the "choral" opposition has vanished. The young men have behaved well and honestly, so I am on the point of establishing, with great hope of success, a "Young Men's Association," with a room open every night for reading papers and periodicals, magazines and books; playing chess, draughts, backgammon; a nucleus on which we can group lectures and classes for various kinds of instruction, choral and otherwise. You must not forget to send me your *Athenæum*, I will see that it is not injured, and to ask Dobbs and others who may chance to "take in" periodicals etc., to give us a temporary reversion of them. In a short time, when our bark is fully launched, I hope to get on without these swaddling clothes.

I shall not be able to call on the Boyds or on any one else for the whole of this week, as my whole morning and afternoon are occupied in the vestry and parish, dispensing relief to the poor, so that I think I will wait till you visit London again. I won't enter on Jesus topics, as they are totally without interest to either of us; but I note in your letter an ominous silence in *re* X. Don't let his morbid ill-humour prevent your intercourse, if he is up this term. He is the most difficult fellow to get on with I have ever come across,—but much even of this difficulty sprung from his intense love of truth and fairness, and this is so rare amongst the "Jesus fry" that one is bound not to let a ridiculous irritability, arising not from character, but from ill-health, stand in the way of one's appreciation of it. If he is up, will you put down to my bill at Parker's *Maurice on the Gospel of S. John*, and give it to him from me. He promised to read it, and I feel it will do him good if he reads it with a sneer. I should like, above all things, to run down to Oxford, but how to

manage it I see not. However, I don't yet despair.—Believe me, my dear Dax, yours most sincerely,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

KING'S SQUARE,
April 1861.

DEAR, DEAR OLD DAX—I hope so soon to be with you that were it not for the selfish pleasure I take in a chat with you, I need hardly be writing now. I intend coming down on Monday morning for a week's stay in Oxford. Don't pray call me idle for so long a holiday. It all comes of that tempter the British Museum Library. Close work there, and no exercise have—with a few cares and troubles which you need not be reminded of—entirely bowled me over. A cold has completed my discomfiture. I feel that it is taxing your kindness not a little to ask you to entertain a broken-down curate with a cold and headache hanging about him, for a week. But it will be a good test of your capacity for either of the two professions between whose respective charms you are hesitating.

I defer till our interview all talk about Somerset, your travels—our book—or the "res Ionesii Ecclesiæ" which I have not forgotten. We can then chat more at large over your choice of a profession. You know my wishes already. But don't vex yourself about the future. . . . As to what is to become of you in the future, you need fash yourself very little. Even in the lowest sense, work and head pay in the world. In a higher sense we can rest very quietly, not idly, till the clouds are cleared away for us. It is just the restlessness about our future, this want of faith, to speak plainly, that makes our way seem so hard in life. Do you remember how anxiously I looked forward to the concomitants of my clerical life, and even did not know all my apprehensions at the chance of meeting a "hard" vicar—working in fetters, and the like. Well, look how happy I am here—over-

petted, I daresay, but revelling in this home sunshine. Would it not have been wiser for me to have done my work and left the future to a wisdom higher than mine?

Pardon my little sermon, dear Dax, it is preached rather to myself than to you. It is really preached at my anxieties about the future of my opinions—church-theories, and the like. Where am I drifting to? Will not the stone fall some day on me? These are the questions which will rise up. To work fearlessly, to follow earnestly after Truth, to rest with a childlike confidence in God's guidance, to leave one's lot willingly and heartily to Him—this is my sermon to myself. If we could live more within sight of Heaven we should care less for the turmoil of earth. While we remain mere ministers of the Church of England we must be afraid of our neighbours' ill-will, of accusations of atheism, of "ignorant bishops"; but once become a minister of the Church Eternal, and the cry of controversy falls unheeded on ears that are deaf to all but the Heavenly harpings around the Throne. Of course this is what people are ready to sneer at—Mysticism. But in the union of Mysticism with freedom of thought and inquiry will, I am persuaded, be found the faith of the future. Of this, however, more hereafter.—Believe me, yours most sincerely,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

KING'S SQUARE,
May 1861.

DEAR OLD FELLOW—I have two pleasant letters of yours to reply to, and I think I had better go through them seriatim. . . .

Now for your last little note. Don't get in a rage, and call me a coward for what I am going to say. What is the meaning of this window to Robertson of Brighton? Is it a counter protest? Tell me very frankly if it is—if it is likely even to be taken so.

If it be I will have nothing to do with it, much as I love and reverence the man. Don't misunderstand me. I feel the great temptation of the pleasure of seeing myself denounced in the *Record*. There are times when I long for a fight, as when I read for instance of the renewed refusal of Jowett's just claims to a stipend. But speaking calmly I see more and more reason for keeping clear of controversy. In a mere worldly sense a reply keeps the ball up. When Johnson was asked why he did not extinguish the petty libels against him by an answer, he said, "There is nothing the rascals would like better, but it takes two people to play at battledore and shuttlecock, and I shan't help them." And in another sense I can't afford to fight. Just look at dear little Stanley. See how controversy is dragging him down from his natural sphere of the widest charity—embittering him—though one still feels the jar of linking together two such names as bitterness and Stanley. I have perfect faith in the truth. I don't think it needs defence of ours. I do think it needs our silence. The clamour will pass away, and not a few will look back on their share of it with shame. I don't think we shall have any shame in looking back at our silent endeavour. But tell me more of Stanley. What is the "row" about him—tell me all the particulars. I am most anxious to hear about them. You must have guessed what a vivid pleasure your pluck in joining his class at this moment would give me. Thank you for it, dear Dax.—Yours most sincerely, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

June 19, 1861.

[Arnold is Mr. Thomas Arnold, son of Dr. Arnold, and father of Mrs. Humphry Ward.]

MY DEAR DAX—I have just read with horror at the end of your note from the railway station, "I expect

a letter on Tuesday." *Rusticus expectat!* item with double horror in its first page, that my last "was not of satisfactory length." My letters are not "strata," but rather little patches of rich deposit. You are not to rush over them, as you would pace over your own, but sit down with sieve and hammer, and find a specimen in every line.

De libro! your Huxtable success fades before mine. At the Bishop's *fête* I picked up Arnold (quondam orator, and Oxford man), now busy reviewing for the *Literary Gazette*, and contributing to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, etc. He wishes much to make my acquaintance, and will give us a lift certainly in the *Literary Gazette*, and probably in other quarters, on the appearance of *Somerset*. This will sell fifty copies, or perhaps double that number.

Your paper on the relation of Tert. Fossils to the Development Theory must be most interesting. I feel impatient to see it, although I am resolved not to dabble in science, which I have no time to pursue scientifically. Dobbs sent me a full and most entertaining account of the Yarnton discoveries. At present they seem "dateless," but I should fancy that further search, and the instructions which Dobbs has given, will furnish some clue to the important point. Was it from you that I learnt that the bit of green metal found turned out a part of a Roman fibula, or something of the sort? If so, we have bodies interred in a fashion (crouching) characteristic of British or Celtic burial, yet in a Roman age. This would confirm my belief that our so-called British cairns, etc., date really during the period of Roman connection with, or rule over, England, *i.e.* either from the first or second conquest to the close of their empire in Britain. My fluctuating health has taken a good turn, when all else are waxing pale and withery under the Tartarian heat. I will improve steadily till you appear.—Believe me, my dear Dax, yours most sincerely, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

June 26, 1861.

My dear Dax—Your curator plan seems a very excellent one. Perhaps I am prejudiced in its favour by the hope of having you so near me. But we can talk more about it when we meet. I shall be *very happy* to "receive" you, and if you will tell me the date of your arrival will procure you a bed either here or in the vicinity.

. . . . . .

You have no doubt seen in the papers an account of ye great fire across the Thames. But no account that I have seen at all realises its horror. On the Saturday night I was at Dr. Stanley's in Belgrave Square. We heard rumours of a great fire near London Bridge, and saw the clouds above breaking up into fiery islets, with gaps of bright blue sky between them. Leaving Stanley's at eleven, Coxhead and I cabbed away to London Bridge. Great streams of people were pouring down Cheapside, and as we turned into King William Street the great dome of St. Paul's towered all bright with the reflected blaze above us, and the top of the monument shone out against the dark smoke-clouds that went whirling by. The long file of carriages moved step by step onwards, and brought us at last to the bridge, thronged with a wild excited mob. I shall never forget the sight that broke on my eyes. On the north side lay the custom-house, etc., its rows of lamps looking pale and ghastly in the glare, and behind the long rows of buildings stretched away etched out by the vivid light of the conflagration. Beneath rolled on the river, of a dark slate colour, dotted with thousands of boats, each with its reverse side undistinguishable from the dark stream, while the side fronting the flames reflected a bright white light. On the southern side of the Thames a great band of melted oils and fats went slowly floating down, burning with an intense white glare around the carcases of boats and filth up to the edge

of the wharves. From that edge, over a space of five or six acres, lay a vast hell of fire. No other word would describe it. Dark volumes of heavy smoke dipped down and surged upwards over the sea of red lurid flame, through which ran lines of vivid white light that marked the ranges of burning warehouses. And on the outskirts of this awful scene lay a thick belt of smoke, parted here and there by fresh swirls of flame that leapt ever onward to some new prey; on to a fresh range of great stores on the one side; on the other, to the old church of St. Olave, whose clock struck midnight quietly as of old in the midst of the "thud-thud" of the engines, the songs of the firemen, the excited shout and hum of the vast crowd on the bridge. And over all brooded a night still, calm, breezeless. Men watched in agony the slightest jet of wind that came up the river, for there was not one who did not know that if the wind freshened all Bermondsey was doomed. But the lull continued, as though the angel of destruction withheld his hand from this crowning chastisement.

An interruption here reminds me that I have said enough about the fire. A word about our book. There is a copy of the *Somerset Archæol. Soc. Trans.* in the British Museum library. They are absolutely necessary for me. Is Huxtable a member, or any one else, who could lend them? Tax your memory. I have finished Glastonbury, and shall now begin my work in order, working in the materials I have gathered as I go on. I sketched the opening last night. I found the references at the bottom of the opening page would be to Deuteronomy, Michelet's *France*, the *Iliad*—a collection worthy of my omni-gatherum reading.—Believe me, dear Dax, yours very sincerely, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

KING'S SQUARE,
August 23, 1861.

MY DEAR DAX—Many thanks for your letter—improved like wine by keeping. The best "point" in

your notes was the dip into the cloud and the rise out of it. With your keen eye for scenery and the detail of a landscape you will by reading, especially by reading poetry, obtain in time that power of grouping and classifying which makes just the difference between a picture and a catalogue.

Let me hear a little in your next about your geology, your success in quarries, any new ideas which have started up in your mind. My own, braced by the fresh air I too soon relinquished, is brimming over with theories and "broad philosophic views" to use M.'s scoffing phrase. I have been working very hard at the Early Irish Church History—an operation very like travelling through a jungle, but still I think likely to work up into my Opus satisfactorily.

At present I am eager about getting my poor school children a breath of fresh air; I mean organising a trip to Epping Forest for them. £ s. d. is the difficulty, as subscriptions have been very rife among us lately here, and our *good* people are tired. I am now trying the bad ones—but I want you to help me with half-a-crown (send it in stamps), which will enable us to give five poor white-cheeked little wretches a day of great enjoyment—I am sure you will not refuse. It will be a thank-offering for the fine weather.

I have just had two charming letters, one from Trevor Owen who has deferred his M.A. till next term in order that he may take it with me, which delights me; another from my brother. The clock is striking—I will send a second sheet to-morrow.—Yours sincerely, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

KING'S SQUARE,
September 16, 1861.

[Du Chaillu's *Explorations in Equatorial Africa*, published in 1861, with accounts of the habits of

the gorillas, had been received with much sceptical criticism.]

My dear Dax—Whether you are in debt to me or I to you I can't remember. Whichever is the case, our silence has lasted so long that I think it comes under the statute of limitations, and the creditor is debarred even from a right to complain. In your last you kindly offered 2s. 6d. towards our *fête*. I found myself in a fearful financial hobble—but my good genius came to my rescue, brought me £1 from the Miss Boyds, rolled 40 tizzies out of Macphail's pockets, extracted 30 bob from D. Castle at Bristol, and landed me on the shore of solvency. The day was a most delightful one, Epping a real Forest. I shocked two prim maiden teachers by starting kiss-in-the-ring; I astonished the Scripture-reader—a really energetic fellow—by my energy and decision. ("He didn't think Mr. Green had so much in him!") I returned in triumph with only one child in a ditch, and the applause of the parochial mothers, while the children extemporised a chorus on their return passage:—

We've had a happy day—ay—ay—
We've had a happy day—ay—ay
And for it we're indebted (ter)
To Mr. Green (with sublime energy).

The British Association seemed to me a lame affair this year, but the opening address by Murchison (so far as I could understand it) was very interesting. The discovery of the marine formation of coal was quite new to me, and solved many questions which had of old suggested themselves. Surely his Scottish investigations go far to confirm the theories of Lyell as to the metamorphic nature of the lower rocks. But my geology is rapidly drifting away from me—and yet what a glorious science it is—while I plunge deeper into historical research. My ecclesiastical studies have plunged me into that Irish Bog called the Legends of Patrick, and when I shall emerge I know not. I want

very much to write to Dobbs on the subject, but it is in vain I implore you to communicate his direction. Do!

I am rather breaking up again, in spite of cold water and early rising, and what is more trouble, my hair is coming off in double-quick time. I shall soon be bald and be-wigged—well you are such a gorilla. Apropos of which the *Athenæum* has turned round, and is calling on Du Chaillu derisively to produce his letters from the Gaboon, which must have arrived by this time but have never shown up. A more serious grief to me has been the severe illness of Mrs. Ward, who, on our return from our children's *fête*, was attacked with a severe internal seizure, whose nature the doctors can hardly tell, but which was of a most agonising character. She is now happily recovering, but is terribly weak and pale. I know you laugh at my enthusiasm about her; but it is *something* for me, too, to have one who loves me for my own sake, not as some do, for my head, and who gives me, what I have never known—a *home*. It was this—not a wife—that—as you know—I used to long for of old, and this God has given me here. He has given me something more—an Ideal of Christian Womanhood—which hushes and awes my own sceptical brain into a silent reverence and love.

I am looking about for a school for my sister—and should be glad for you to make some inquiries (*mind* near London)—then send me the directions of, or introductions to, some authorities in *re* Somersetshire. Then let me have those *Transactions of the Somerset Archæological* from your friend.—Believe me, sincerely yours, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

KING'S SQUARE, 1861.

This starts a day later than I had intended, my dear Dax, for yesterday found me too tired with sick visits and the like (fevers being very plentiful just now), that

I feared to inflict my tedium on you and deferred writing till to-day. With but little advantage, for to-day finds me spent with a good morning's grind at the British Museum over "Roman Bath," and I fear I shall be as tedious as ever.

I have finished Patrick, and flung my Ch. Hist. work to the dogs, and taken my final plunge into Somerset. I find the Celtic part to be as I conjectured, (*illegible*) if there be such a word, without date I mean. A tumulus may be a century older than Cæsar, or have been thrown up by Cassibelan, or be coeval with Constantine; some tumuli are indisputably *Roman*, not merely erected during the Roman occupation by the Romano-Britons, but by the Romans themselves! This question in fact is in the sceptical stage, a stage very useful to it, but precluding all historical treatment.

Roman Somerset, on the contrary, I think I can treat in great detail and minuteness. Their towns, their country houses, their farms, their roads, camps, mines, all have left pretty traceable marks of themselves, though of the latter, except the tools I have heard of as being found in the workings at Mendip, I can find little mention. I should be glad if you would make inquiries on this point. Ilchester, of which you give so Hudibrastic an account, is a famous Roman station; don't forget always to inquire after old charters, deeds, etc. I want, too, the direction of that card at Axbridge, get it from Williamson, when you are with him.

Apropos of W., I am glad to hear of your resumption of the cave-business. Let me hear of your success in *re ossiâ*. When are we to become members of the Somerset Archæological Association? It will be needful for the Opus,—will it not? And what sort of a reception does your mention of it meet in the country? I should have been glad, unscientific as I am, to have heard a little more of your Triassic reformations. It would be good practice for you to have to bend your pen down to my level, even if it were a little tiresome. My own life is so monotonous as to furnish scarcely

anything for a letter. I had, however, a funny visit the other day. There was one fellow—a big chap at school—against whom I cherished an undying hate. Common injustice on M.'s part threw us a little together, when his father's death threw him literally without a penny on the world. He disappeared in Devonshire; I heard of him last as an usher, and my heart being touched I wrote to him, but my letters remained unanswered. The other day he hunted me up in my rooms, bearded, bronzed. He had been usher here, there, everywhere—he had lived upon twopence a day—he had taught himself mathematics—he had paid scores of old debts—he was now mad with tic from want of good food, and yet stood before me with a coat far better than mine, and a certain prospect of £300 a year! The fact was that in extremity of want he heard of a great railway contractor to whom he could get an introduction,—went to him and was told he could have a small place at home at once,—"but if you knew surveying I could give you employment on a South American line of a better sort,"—hurried back to his friend, who happened to be Captain Drayson, Head of the Surveying Department at Woolwich, with whom he was then staying, learnt Survey in a week, and has won his post of £300 a year! Well he deserves to be a millionaire. I was struck with the great good which hardship had done him, and wondered whether, if want had ever looked me so hard in the face, I should be the weak, easily-shut-up-able creature I am now. And yet I fag prëtty well—some seven or eight hours per diem, and my brain was never more vigorous.

I am in dread of being left alone, as both the incumbent and Mrs. W. leave for the seaside in a week or so. This to me is a horrible expectation, and I expect great dumps, so that your visit in passing through would be a great piece of charity. Let me hear soon from you in spite of my dilatoriness.—Believe me, sincerely yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

KING'S SQUARE,
October 18, 1861.

The readiest way of bringing me to Oxford, my dear Dax, would be to ascertain for me these particulars. 1st. Am I of sufficient standing to take my M.A.? (This learn from Gilby or some authority. *I* don't know even the date of my matriculation.) 2nd. If so, —what does the degree cost?—what is requisite?—and what are the degree days? If you let me know these items at once we will hold the first meeting of the New Somerset Historical and Geological Association at Oxford in a very short time. "The meeting was well attended. We were happy to see the Rev. J. R. Green, and A. E. Dobbs, Esq. on the platform. The chair was taken by the celebrated geologist, W. Boyd Dawkins, who, after an inaugural lecture on mud, called on the Rev. J. R. Green to read his paper 'On Roman spoons and on the mode in use at that period of locking them up.' Mr. Dobbs, after contesting the position of the Rev. Gentleman, and eloquently proving that no specimen of a Roman plate basket had ever been discovered, exhibited a fragment of a Roman or Saxon teapot, the spout and body of which were lost. This interesting relic was last exhibited at the 'Handle Festival.' Mr. Dobbs then read a brief paper on the phrase 'Does your mother know you are out?' which he attributed to Deborah, in a copy of whose song, preserved in the library of T. C., Dublin, it is found as a last triumphant taunt over the unfortunate Sisera. Our reporter was here unfortunately overpowered by sleep, but has been courteously informed by the chairman that after a vote of thanks to Messrs. Dobbs and Green, moved and seconded by the chairman, and a vote of thanks to the chairman, moved by Mr. Green and seconded by Mr. Dobbs, the meeting ended." But what have I to do (I, a John Baptist,—christening East End babies in the desert of St. Luke's) with those that

dwell in king's houses, St. Audrie,—Brighton, etc. What friendship with them who take down the Court Guide to ascertain their friends' directions? I am much more at ease among snobs. To find "the centre of a large circle" at Brighton or elsewhere has an odour of Euclid Bk. III. about it, which is eminently disagreeable to the unmathematical. I *can't* "cultivate" centres (though my Incumbent complains of my tendency to cultivate *Dis*senters). Seriously, however, my dear Dax, I rejoiced much over your triumphs. They roll on grandly like those Homeric beggars of whom Diomed kills a dozen in a line. I shall tie my cockle-boat to the big ship Dawkins A1, and let it tow me into harbour. Throw us a rope, old card, it won't hinder you much, you know.

You see my spirits have returned, spite of my Incumbent's absence, and the presence of a sore throat. In fact an adorer hinted that the great "hindrance to my ministerial success" was my tendency to laugh. Still it is awfully dull, the "idea" being away, and my head having been too ill the greater part of this week to read. Left alone as I am I have little leisure for work, but I hope to bring you down the Introduction, Early Belgic, and Roman periods of our Opus. I suppose all you have to do now is to throw the stores you have collected into shape, a task more tedious than it seems. Did you ascertain from W. the name of that publisher at Bath who sent him that offer, or of that Axbridge Quaker?

I suppose you know all about B.'s disappointment—his success in obtaining an appointment and subsequent rejection by the medical referees. It is a great blow to him, and he seems thoroughly thrown on his beam-ends. I have advised him to seek your counsel if up at Oxford. He is, I still think, a very different fellow from the Welsh ruck of Jesus, and perhaps this may be a turning-point in his life. He seems to have a tendency towards Geology—perhaps he would read with you for the Phys. Science School, if he has time

enough, for Classics are out of the question.—Believe me, my dear Dax, yours very sincerely,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

November 28, 1861.

MY DEAR DAX—Good news and bad news, worried and pleased, I want to have a chat with you. Last—a she-worry, our lady organist here, has been making me "a monster unto many," by twisting my jokes into earnest, till people believe my earnest a joke. I was awfully riled for five minutes, fancying it very awful to be thought a hypocrite; but that fancy is wearing off, and I find the imputation not nearly as uncomfortable to bear as might be expected. The only wonder to me is how the "*good* people" live. To have to rise at 8, and not lie down till 10, and walk about all day with a terror about the slightest crack in your spotless reputation—your ears tingling with a prevision of the howl that would greet your fall, the sighs and groans and lamentations of the other "good people" who must have a fling at you to show that they are in no danger of a similar lapse, this beats Blondin. Whereas I walk whistling along, secure in having no character to lose, and conscious that if I were to pick a pocket people would only say drily, "Just what we expected," and "Pass by on the other side."

And now, sick of "I," and jumping over "O" one comes to "U." How are U? U found your journey a success, and came back with the two preceding vowels Triumphe, did you? Accept my congratulations. I have paid your Pastoral Aid subscription of £1 : 1 : 0 ("no *gentleman* subscribes a pound") to our treasurer, in order to have a distinct motive for heartily wishing to see you in Town. The move succeeded, and I *have* a *strong* desire to look upon your face again.

Write at once, and let me know whether D. is through. If those examiners knew him, I would defy them to pluck him. He would just say, "How d'ye do?" in his own way, and Testamurs by scores would flutter out of their pockets, sign themselves, and flutter off into his. D.'s "How do you do?" is a speech in itself. It gives you a general impression that men are not half as bad as you thought them, apologises for unanswered letters, assures you of the warmest friendship, and sets your mind at rest on every topic which has of old made it anxious. I suppose it is this last property of it which makes it as sovereign against scepticism, as it is against indigestion and blue devils, Strauss and Frank Newman, and Essays and Reviews vanish away. And I believe that the secret of D.'s great orthodoxy is this, that whenever a doubt crosses his mind he just says to himself, "How do you do, my dear D., how do you do?" and in an instant becomes as sound as the Thirty-nine Articles.—Write at once,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

January 6, 1862.

Were you aware, my dear Dax, that the Somerset Arch. Soc. (I copy from their report 1852) possesses "an important unpublished work by the late Mr. Williams, on the Geology of Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall? It is a work of great research, and contains new views of the order of strata in the western counties. The manuscript book is accompanied by Mr. W.'s field map of the counties, geologically coloured, and large and extensive diagrams of the district in various directions." Mr. W.'s theories may be as valuable, say as Mr. Dawkins's, but his details, I should think, might bear gleaning. Now we are on the topic of our book I have a little to tell, if I have not told it before, of my interview with Stanley. I explained

our plan as a whole—the new connection established by recent discovery between the two sciences,—gave him as good an idea as I could of the way you meant to treat your division, and spoke at large of my own. He cordially approved the latter, professing himself utterly at sea in the former, but was full of encouragement, and offers of "recommendation." We had better apply to a publisher *at once*, he said, *before* our subscription list, stating what our expectations from the latter would be. He approved of our plan of obtaining "introductions," suggested Phillips for yours, and offered me his own. On the whole as Parker is interested in the county, he recommended me to apply to *him*. All this promises a good voyage to our little book, and I think we may as well apply at the beginning of next term, when Stanley and Phillips can speak *personally* for us.

I remove on Saturday to my rooms at 30 Haverstock Street, City Road, our lay assistant's house. There I am as sure of cleanliness as I am here of dirt. When shall I see you there? An ovation waits you in King's Square, where the last doll has received the name of "William" in your honour. They are wonderfully touched with your thoughtful kindliness. I being accustomed to it was so little affected that I was unanimously voted hard-hearted.

Meanwhile, a little tact is doing its work. My old project, so long held in check, of the formation of a choir, suddenly finds favour in the sight of all. My Incumbent is ready with the salary of a choir-instructor; one friend is off to Exeter Hall, to engage men for basses and tenors; another is hot upon practising the boys steadily for a hour a week. I expect a few breakdowns, but we shall in the end get a choir; and I shall inscribe on my shield, when I take to wearing one, old Charles V.'s motto, "Time and I against any three" (mem. the three not to be Daxes, I am so awfully afraid of *hoc genus*).—Believe me, most affectionately yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

City Road,
January 15, 1862.

You will see, my dear Dax, that I have changed my lodgings, and in the horrors attendant upon the change a reason why I have not answered previously the letter of yours which crossed my last. However, I am comfortably settled here now, and impatient to see you in my new rooms.

You are due here, are you not, for your paper before the Geol. Soc. about the end of the month? Pray introduce me to Macmillan when you arrive, if such a thing be possible. You never made a better hit. Among the Stanley and Kingsley set Macmillan is the "pet publisher" of the day. Of all this, however, more when we meet. I had this morning a letter from Trevor Owen—he is the busiest of curates—apparently very happy and busied in his parish. Dick tells me (from good sources) that Ch. is becoming an Oxford Simeon; has eighty men at prayer-meetings, is going to re-pew his church for their accommodation, build new schools, etc., etc. God speed him! There may be higher and nobler creeds than his, but there never was a truer, more earnest-minded labourer among the *συνεργοὶ θεοῦ*. Perhaps this narrow type of Evangelicalism has its use, sweeps the narrower, more limited minds into Christ's net, gathers up "the crumbs that remain that nothing be lost." God is a great Economist. I have been immensely struck, in going over the "Som. Arc. Ass.," to find how all their attention has been concentrated on a few periods; on the British (so-called) and Mediæval times. Roman Somerset attracts very little attention, Saxon ditto none; there is not a paper on the Norman period, nor on the Reformation, only one on the Great Rebellion time, none on the Monmouth rebellion, or thence to our own day. I think—if I do nothing else—I shall direct the attention of our Somerset friends to *new* diggings. So far as I have gone I am at no loss

for materials. I have a question or two for you to solve if you visit the Taunton Museum. There are some *birds' bones* found at Worle Camp, with those of Bos longifrons, etc., British pickings of disputed age; I fancy bones of domestic fowls, which, if so, would throw great light on date of such remains. I don't doubt you could bring Osteology to bear on this question—it would be a very novel application.

Come and enjoy your repute at the Parsonage. My nose is sadly dislocated there, and I am every day tempted to buy an advowson, and present it to my Incumbent, to eclipse your generosity! The next living which falls in your way—pray, think of me.—Your affect. friend, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

THE PARSONAGE, KING'S SQUARE,
July 24, 1862.

[This letter refers to the death of Mrs. Ward on July 2, 1862.]

MY DEAR DAX—I have been hoping to hear from you day after day the event of your candidature at Southampton, which I am afraid by your silence has been unsuccessful. With such testimonials, however, as yours, ill-success cannot continue long, and in the meantime you can safely commit your way to the Wisdom which ordereth our going, and "maketh our way acceptable" to Itself.

It is very hard, however, to feel this—harder than to write it—this perfect submission to the Will of God. You know to what I allude, but you cannot know how day after day but renews the sense of loss, and seems to leave me but the more desolate than before. I am sure of your sympathy, dear Dax, do not let me be less sure of your prayers.

You ask in what way the aid you so frankly offer can be afforded. I did not point to any particular mode; you might hear of some presentation to a school

for one boy, or of an exhibition for another, or of some office in the city for another; if such things chanced to come before you I feel sure you would remember these motherless children. It is a great comfort to me to be able to do some little towards comforting *them*. My poor Incumbent does not rally—rather seems to yield to depression more every day.

This is a chill, dull letter, and yet it is a pleasure to write it and know that dull as it is you will be glad to have it. W. blamed me for refusing any legacy from my Aunt. "What if you were ill and your means failed?" he asked. "Then I should write to Dax."—Good-bye, friend, loyal and true, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

KING'S SQUARE,
July 25, 1862.

I write merely a few hurried words, my dear Dax, to congratulate you on your accession to Jermyn Street, announced in to-day's *Times*. Whatever comes your life-work is now fully begun. You, I know, will not waste precious years as I have done; with you life and its work is a sacred thing—the Gift of God. Let me know what you are doing and thinking, it is long since I have heard from you.

I am at present sleeping up at Highgate, where the air is giving me tone and vigour; not that I am not in admirable health, but depression has its usual results.

I shudder to think in what a depth of worldiness this great sorrow found and struck me. It is so easy to talk of Eternity, and so hard to live out of Time. Yet this—if any—is the lesson of Death to souls that must be Eternal. The blow has humbled—if it has crushed me—and I look on these, her little ones, coming so near to God in the simplicity and affectionateness of their piety, while I stand so far off in the coldness and lifelessness of mine, and understand the Lord "Except ye

be as little children ye cannot see the Kingdom of God."

God bless you in all things, dear Dax, and keep you, true friend to yours, J. R. GREEN.[1]

From Diary

WELLINGTON,
August 20, 1862.

The meeting followed, and after papers by Hugo and Parker of very different calibre, I read, in great fear and trembling, my "St. Dunstan." It "took," was much applauded, and the critic I so much dreaded took me by the hand as I came down and congratulated me. "You remember me, do you? I remember little Johnny Green." He afterwards introduced me to his wife, whose Jacobite songs I remember with my Jacobite enthusiasm years ago. Freeman is the Philistine of these meetings, but nothing has been of such use to Archæology as the Archæological Philistine. And moreover beneath his brusqueness lies a real human heart full of fun and life, which lights up a tedious discussion wonderfully. I was "kudized" at the *déjeuner* by Sandford, our President, a fine old English gentleman of the open-faced, open-waistcoated style; and had an interesting walk after it with Parker, who told me of the obstruction he had met with in endeavouring to set the Colleges to investigate their own history. I mentioned to him my civic scheme; he approved of it; from words of his I see that the Dons make him feel and wince under his position of a "citizen." How like Oxford! We met Freeman again. "You not only read your books well, but you know how to use them." I really was very proud of the praise. He followed it up by requesting me to write for the *Saturday*. I

[1] Three letters written soon afterwards are occupied with editorial suggestions about the second number of the *Druid*; and mention the meeting at Wellington, but give no account of the proceedings there. With one of them (August 14), he sends his sermon upon Mrs. Ward. "It is a name I cannot write even now without tears. *Quotidie morimur*, says Seneca somewhere. How much of myself lies buried in that quiet grave I hardly yet know."

was thunderstruck; but promised to try. I don't suppose I shall do. Still it was flattering to be told, "I was desired by the Editor to look out for promising young men, so I ask *you*."

He adds—"A terrible loneliness presses on me as I write. Oh, I would give all that opens before me for one word from those still lips. If God will but grant me to help forward her little ones."

KING'S SQUARE,
Sunday, August 24.

Rose at 6.15. Have written to my sister, Dawkins, Agnes, and Walter, and breakfasted. Sunday-school and a marriage service are to follow. How dingy this neighbourhood looks after that glorious country, one limitless park broken with lanes and hedgerows and glorious elms, dotted with patches of golden corn that caught the light and flung it over the landscape, and set in that wonderful framework of hills. There is little to tie me here now save my little ones—and that is not little.

Tuesday.—I feel my return to the heat and imprisonment of town in lassitude of body and mind. Yesterday I wrote some letters, and ran through Guizot's *Visit to England in* 1840, a book weighed down with recollections of dead diplomacies, but full of personal sketches which retain their interest, and of just and fair reflections on English society and institutions. . . .

This morning, after writing to Hughes and D., I read three-fourths of *Ten Years of Imperialism in France*, acute, vigorous in style, and throwing much light on the France of to-day. Certainly there is a life and reality about Imperial France which contrasts strongly with the conventionalism, miscalled conservatism, of the France of Louis Philippe. . . .

Saturday, Aug. 30.—An idle week. I purpose reading every day some portion of French and English history in connection. Thursday I read Thierry's

Lettres sur l'Histoire de France, cap. 1-6, and yesterday same cap. 7-9, and Sismondi, pref. and cap. 1. This morning rose at 6. From 7 to 8 Sismondi (and after breakfast till 12), cap. 2, 3, 4, with Lappenberg to Agricola.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

KING'S SQUARE,
September 1, 1862.

[Green did not at this time become a contributor to the *Saturday Review*, though he had some communication with Freeman about it.]

I cannot help smiling, my dear Dax, at the contrast between the life sketched in your letter and the life I shall have to describe in mine. You—reading, geologising, slanging Browne, writing papers, organising a Natural History Society, sketching curates, finding a bone-cave in the sermon, off to the British Association,—I petting little Margie on the sofa, and preferring a chat with her to writing my crack article for the *Saturday*. "Do you know, Mr. Green, why mamma has gone to Heaven? Jesus wanted her!" I wonder how much deeper the *Saturday* could have gone than this little philosopher of four. She is very puzzled about the question of recognition. "Mamma is an angel now. How shall I know her when I go to Heaven? Oh, I know, she will come and tell me she is my own mamma. Shall you go to Heaven, Mr. Green? oh yes, you will come with us, and we shall all be together again." Do you ever feel humbled and guilty before a child? I thought, and think still of her, "Shall you go to Heaven?" and know not what to say. I daresay it is very unphilosophical, very "contrary to sound doctrine," but Heaven is far dearer to me now one I love is there. And yet I cannot say, with my little one, "Oh yes." Impressions that seemed so deep flit away so fast, and Eternity that revealed itself across the grave shrouds itself again, and Heaven that seemed so near recedes farther and farther away. Oh, if I love

Heaven I love all; even the affections that chain most men to earth are there to draw me thither. Pray for me, Dax, as I for you, that we may answer this child's question with her "Oh yes."

It is a little additional bond between us that you like *Elia*. Lamb's humour has a delicate and evanescent flavour that can only be described by his own words in describing the flavour of "Roast Pig." Of course you have read that incomparable essay. I knew a Goth once who wrote on the margin of his copy (he lent it to my sister Addie, who showed it me), "I don't believe a word of it." I longed for dear Charles Lamb to rise again and enjoy the joke.

Pray pursue your investigations *de castris rotundis*. In spite of Warre's explanations they strike at the root of his theories. He believes "round camp" to = Belgic; the Belgæ being an invading people from (prob.) Northern Gaul, and this being "their type." Now if the round form be, in a majority of cases, determined by local considerations, it is impossible to draw any radical distinction between these and other camps. They may have been works of the same people under different circumstances. And "may have been" is all he alleges for his own theory. As to the date of "hut circles," it is, I think, a far more difficult question than archæologists generally suppose. Remembering the swarms of *outlaw bands*, at various times of our history, and the degraded condition of the peasantry till quite a late epoch, it requires, I think, some boldness to date them before the invasion of Claudius. However, this is "treason," and for your own ear alone. . . .—Good-bye, dear Dax, affectionately yours, J. R. GREEN.

KING'S SQUARE,
September 6, 1862.

[This letter refers to the *Druid*.]

Your "quiet Sunday" project, dear Dax, has given quite a spur to my never very slumbering desire to see

and chat with you. I have no friends—dogs, horses, cats, or mice—and I can but trust that "gubs" are as rare as vipers.

B.'s paper is "rot," and I have told him so in plain words. His choosing such a subject is a piece of great conceit. Why can't he paddle till he has learnt to swim. However, though a little plain and honest, my note is, I am sure, kind, and will really be of use to him if he will take the advice I give. I, however, send you first the note that you may see it.

L.'s letter is a contrast to its fellow. I shall be glad to see his papers. Have you written to D.? (I ask because I did in very diplomatic style), and will you try H.?

What is this about raising the price to 2s. 6d.? Who in his senses would give half-a-crown for it? I hope next Monday, when the British Museum opens, to set to and complete my paper for the *Druid;* and in the course of next week I shall send those papers for the *Saturday* to Freeman. Will "Somerleaze, near Glastonbury," find him? Write and tell me. I think it very likely I shall have a little book out in about twelve months.—Affectionately yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

KING'S SQUARE,
September 11, 1862.

I trouble you with another note, my dear Dawkins, partly to remind you of your promised visit on Sunday, a pleasure which no excuse will prevail on me to forego; partly to tell you that B. is in a state of hopeful penitence, apologises for his paper, and promises amendment; but more to explain to you the leading features of a new design which I should wish you to think over, and give me your opinion of when you arrive.

You know, perhaps, that my earliest project in the department of history was that which Dean Hook has since carried out—a series of lives of the "Archbishops of Canterbury." The greatness of many of the prelates

struck so vividly on my imagination that it was not till I came to closer quarters with the subject that I perceived, what only the progress of the work has revealed to the Dean, the insignificance of others, and the impossibility of stringing the history of the Church upon so varied a collection of individuals.

I left Oxford, therefore, with the full purpose of becoming the historian of the Church of England. Few, I felt, were more fitted, by the historical tendency, the predominant feeling of reverence, the moderation, even the want of logic or enthusiasm in their minds, for the task of describing a Church founded in the past, yet capable of wondrous adaptation to the needs of the present, the creature of repeated compromises, essentially sober yet essentially illogical. The prospect widened as I read and thought. On the one hand, I could not fetter down the word "Church" to any particular branch of the Christian communion in England; after the Reformation, therefore, all historical unity would have been gone, though, throughout the hubbub of warring sects, an ideal unity might still have been sought and found. On the other, I could not describe the Church from the purely external and formal point of view taken by the general class of ecclesiastical historian; its history was, with me, the narrative of Christian civilisation. And to arrive at a knowledge of this, it was necessary to know thoroughly the civil history of the periods which I passed through; to investigate the progress of thought, of religion, of liberty, even the material progress of England. No existing history helped me; rather, I have been struck with the utter blindness of all and every one to the real subjects which they profess to treat—the national growth and development of our country.

I should then have had to *discover* the History of England, only after my investigations to throw them aside and confine myself to a narrower subject—a subject too whose treatment after the seventeenth century becomes (artistically) impossible and unhistorical.

I tell you all this in so great detail because I fear a charge of vacillation in announcing my purpose of undertaking the "History of England." You will see how there is no vacillation in the matter, but a deliberate development and growth.

I won't trouble you with my ideas as to the History or its treatment. But if you were to change its title into that of "A History of the Developement of Christian Civilization in England," you would not do it much wrong.

Good-bye, if this seems too like an essay, congratulate yourself on being spared an essay in conversation, a talked essay instead of a written one. I am deliberating whether to preach next Sunday, but your dread of "curates" and their sermons may perhaps induce me to spare you.—Good-bye, affectionately yours,

J. R. GREEN.

[In his diary for September 12 Green says, "Yesterday as I read Sismondi, I resolved to abandon the more limited subject which I had chosen as my theme, and to become the historian of England." He then gives an account of his reasons in nearly the same words as those of the preceding letter. He then adds: "With a full consciousness of many great deficiences, I devote myself to the task. The greatest of them is, perhaps, a dislike for abstract thought, which would ever tempt me to subordinate general tendencies to particular events and principles to individuals. But two great helps I can—and by God's help, purpose to bring to its execution,—unflinching labour and an earnest desire for Truth. It has been my greatest joy to see (as I saw in the case of "Dunstan") that I did not hesitate to abandon long-cherished theories before the call of less interesting and attractive fact. I pray God, in whose name and to whose glory I undertake this work, to grant me in it, above all, the earnest love and patient toil after historical truth."]

To W. Boyd Dawkins

KING'S SQUARE,
September 24, 1862.

I don't doubt, my dear Dax, that you have saluted me by many not very complimentary epithets for my long silence. Perhaps my diary would be my best excuse. Hughes's marriage, my brother's visit, sermon writing, and miscellanea occupied from Thursday till Sunday. On Sunday night, on my return from church, it was discovered that the house had been broken into, my cashbox broken open, and £10 abstracted. With the money went, what I valued far more, my letters to and from the dear friend who is gone. As securities for much larger sums than £10 went with it I had to waste Monday in providing against further depredations at the bank, and when Tuesday came I found the day was promised and vowed to my brother and sister, and spent it with them at the Exhibition. When I returned a dirty packet awaited me,—the thief, after examining the letters, had sent them back! Conceive my delight, first at the recovery of what I prized so much, secondly at the revelation of the fellow's own *heart*. Of course X knows he had *a motive*. It is quite marvellous how cunning he is in "motives." The curious thing is that he can only discover *bad* motives for every good act, and does not reverse the matter and discover good ones for every evil act. It is clear that if there is a high probability for an evil motive having prompted the restoration of my letters, there is an equally high probability of a good motive having prompted their abstraction. But then there is the keen delight of sneering at sentiment, honour and high feeling having been rechristened by gentlemen of the "motive" school. Well, he is welcome to his enjoyment.

Your Somerset house payments I will *now* attend to. On Monday I was left with 1s. 6d. in my pockets, and could plead "no assets." As to Durham, unless I

greatly mistake, all that has as yet appeared in the report of the commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of the university, advises a total reconstruction in the secular system. Whatever one's own wishes might be, there is not the slightest probability of the scheme as they propose it eventually passing. It stands over at any rate till Parliament meets.

I doubt (pardonnez moi) your assertion about there being *no book* on *the general geology and geography of England.* Remember that a rather popular and not a highly scientific book is what I want. I am not going to write a scientific treatise, but a geographical preface. Is there not a book by Macculloch? Ask your co-adjutor Avelyn. Then, too, could you lend me your *small* geological *map? i.e.* if you don't want it *at all.* I am really rather bothered about this, as I want to commence at once. After a chapter on the Geology and Geography of England, its bearing on the industry, character, and history of ye people, I proceed to a second on "Prehistoric Britain," from tumuli, skulls, Davis and Thurnam's *Crania Britannica*, etc. Now, this is a subject of yours, on which you probably have some valuable papers. Pray *communicate all the data you have to me*, your own researches included. Do not mind overloading me with references to books and papers, that is what I want. My third chapter will embrace from Cæsar to Agricola. My fourth an exhaustive sketch of Roman Britain from the second to the fourth century. My fifth (the most difficult in the book) on the fall of the Roman Empire in Britain, the rise of independent kingdoms and states, and the early conquests of the Saxons. . . .

Good-bye,—a shoppy letter you will say; I hope you are happy and well, as so good a fellow ought to be, though I feel disgusted at your knavery *in re* the "Nat. Hist. depart. of the Som. Arch. Ass." as you facetiously term it.—Good-bye, affectionately yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

KING'S SQUARE,
October 16, 1862.

[An omitted passage refers to the *Druid*. I have omitted various notes, going into editorial details, upon that periodical. It is enough to say that A. H. Clough was one of the contributors.]

Whatever comes to you never let go your *ideal*. I think it is a great thing and one that "lifts one up for ever," to have laboured with singleness of mind for knowledge. If I could advance History, if you could advance Science by a single fact (it is a (*illegible*) and can never die), I am sure we could both willingly lose all thought of ourselves, and be content to remain obscure, and it may be poor. But knowledge is great riches. And to live face to face with the revolutions of nature or of man is to be wealthy indeed. I am working well at my history, and if I could photograph the thoughts of my brain, you would see the greater part of the two first chapters. But in setting on paper I cannot help being very slow. I see at every sentence some new and better plan of arrangement, some necessity for doubting an old and accepted fact,—or of bringing in a wholly new series of topics,—that here, as in life, *diversa sunt impedimenta;* it is the very wealth of materials which hinders my progress. However, I begin with the great empire of the Celt over Ireland and Britain and Gaul and Italy and Spain,—then it is broken up by the invasion of the Bolg, pulsing on the shores of Britain,—by the growth of Druidism,—by the increase of wealth and civilisation,—by the arms of Rome.

Then Cæsar strikes it down,—but it lives still in Britain and Ireland, and even Agricola when his campaign completes its reduction in the first leaves it still free in the second. Will it not revolutionise our history, to strive from the Irish traditions and poems to recreate

those ages of which nothing is known, to see the Bolg coming in primeval time from the Rhine to the Liffey, the Forth, and the Thames? Even a failure will draw attention and arouse history to fill up the gap. If I can be nothing else I will be the forlorn hope and help to fill the ditch.—Good-bye, God bless you.

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

OXFORD,
October 27, 1862.

[Green was staying at Oxford, where his aunt died on October 23.]

MON CHER AMI—The trouble of arranging details (a task especially uncongenial to *me* as *you* know), of seeing undertakers, registrars, and the "grim train of death" must be my apology for omitting to send you back or to notice your paper on Battle Church. I must say I think the preface the best part of it—that one long crow of triumph over folk "impudent as they are small, who know nothing of tracery or Parker's book thereupon"—a doo-de-doo-doodle-doo!!

There is a fellow here, "impudent" it may be, but undoubtedly small, who wishes to know: 1. Whether the Archæol. Society of Sussex, being one of the best in England, has not embalmed the Church in some number of its Transactions? 2. What authority for "pointed arches immediately after the landing of William"? Parker's book on "Dawkinsius ille?" 3. Concerning that "Purbeck factory," why may not the "gang of workmen" have made the two fonts at their respective localities rather than at the isle of Purbeck? And is not the latter hypothesis a little more in accordance with modern notions than with ancient? Item concerning the "Pilaster factory."

(*Pace* the small impudent man, it may be worth while to gather up facts relative to this last point. Its bearing on industrial progress in England is *most important.*)

4. In your concluding generalisation you say "Never was architecture and carving at a lower ebb in England than in the days of the Stewarts." These "days," comments "homunculus impudens," would range roughly over the whole of the seventeenth century, and include Wadham Chapel in the earlier period and Christchurch Hall staircase in the latter. Looking at these, at the Gothic reaction under James I. and Charles I., at the existence of Inigo Jones and Whitehall, and the rather obstinate fact of the architecture of the eighteenth coming directly after this abused architecture of the seventeenth, Homunculus wishes a little reconsideration of this point.

I forward you with it *fragmenta quædam* of a paper now in process of printing. I have left materials enough for a second. Pardon me for having scribbled your papers over with pencil marks; I rewrote the paper in the train and had no other writing materials. B. is in a state of Heavenly tranquillity and friendship, and has forgiven me for having made his paper Christian. I have prevented him from acting most foolishly in one matter since I have been here,—he abused me but adopted my unpalatable advice. Ah me! isn't there a Providence in the world which watches over Bs.?

Good-bye, remember me very kindly to your mother and believe me yours (*Minime atque impudentissime*),

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

KING'S SQUARE.
November 4, 1862.

[F. D. Maurice had thoughts at this time of resigning the Chapel of St. Peter's, Vere Street, in order that his motives for adherence to the Church of England might be beyond suspicion. He was induced by Bishop Tait to abandon the intention.]

MY DEAR DAX—I re-inclose Falconer's letter, a very frank and honest one. I see no reason for

supposing Roberts aware of the intentions of the Council, and prefer the charitable theory. Most earnestly do I hope for your success—whatever be the fate of our housekeeping projects. I have more than myself to think of now, you know. My sister must, in a year's time, live with me, a fact which complicates matters. Yet I am desirous of a settlement of some sort. I see storms ahead. The rumours of Maurice's rejection of clerical preferment have set me thinking—thinking.—There are clearly two errors to be avoided. 1. Remaining in a ministry without holding the prescribed doctrines of that ministry. 2. The opposite one of exaggerating one's own variance of opinion from the prescribed formularies. And there are two great principles to be kept in mind. 1. To remain in the ministry of the Church of England so long as by doing so one is helping to broaden its sphere of thought. 2. To quit it the moment continuance within it tends to narrow one's own.

I get wretched as I think of it. At the worst indeed one does but become a layman of the Church of England. But this—this owning one's start a false one, owning the failure of one's theories, owning that one's teaching has not been fair to the Church—this beginning again is not all. I hope I look a little beyond myself. If the clergy are bound down and the laity unbound—if the Teacher may *not* seek the Truth, and the taught may, if the Church puts the Bible in the hand of one as a living spirit, in the hand of the other as a dead letter—what is to come of it? I *love* the Church of England. You who know what my historic plans were for it—know this well. But what is to become of such a monstrous system, such a Godless lie as this?

If they would but let things alone! I see every day the light broadening. I see men like Ward letting in new light, admitting, unconsciously, limits to their old dogmatism. I could wait and hope, knowing *Veritas prevalebit*. But Law must be called in to crystallise this embryonic mass. Law must hedge in Truth and

the Conscience. Essayists must be condemned. Jowett is, I hear, to be prosecuted, Maurice is going,—Colenso is to be, I know not what.

I wait—but I think the end is at hand.

"Who are the Gwythol?" "A tribe, individuals of which are scattered over England, one being found at Battle, Sussex. Hence our old word 'wittol' or block-head, from their intellectual qualities."

"Who are Gwyddel?" People whom Basil Jones knows something about—and whom I have learnt something about from Basil Jones.

I go down to Oxford again on Friday. The holiday at Battle I still hope for, if I may be suffered to hope.

Good-bye, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

KING'S SQUARE,
November 20, 1862.

MY DEAR DAX—I fear I have been very neglectful of you of late. It sprang of my being "over careful" about myself. I begin at last to wish to "get on," not for my own sake, Heaven knows; indeed I am most happy and comfortable here. But, as you know, there are others of whom I think incessantly, and whom my promotion would enable me to do more for. While my thoughts were first fermenting came a quasi-offer from Ridgway—my old Tutor—just appointed to the Principalship of the Training College at Culham, of his Vice-Principalship,—£200, rooms and grub, in all £300. No position could have been less to my taste. Indeed, to leave London at all would be a sore trial, both in a literary sense and as parting me from my dear little ones here. However, I braced myself stoically up, and all but accepted it—when, voila, a note from the Bishop's Chaplain, Freemantle—followed by an interview in which, as I understood him, he offered me the Curacy of Fulham, under the Bishop's nose, with a distinct promise of promotion if I did well. I consulted others, and all agreed it was a brilliant opening, so I definitely

declined the other, when this morning arrives a note from Freemantle telling me of another candidate with apparently quite as good a chance, if not better. This is Coxhead whom I think you met once here—very good fellow and very "heavy." I take it for granted that a combination of these qualities will succeed, and don't feel disposed at any rate to make any push for the place (pushing not being in my line), so I suppose the result will be I shall remain where I am—a result not at all disagreeable. Still, all this has broken in on the even tenour of my way, as you may suppose, and has been intensely disagreeable. If I don't get Fulham I shall remain here, doing far more than I have done as a curate, but *definitely relinquishing all hope or outlook for clerical preferment*, and throwing my future wholly on literature. . . .

Next (*quam proximo intervallo*) to the pleasure of having you here is the pleasure of having A., who has entered at Lincoln's Inn, and is full of his new profession. Somebody said that Burke's conversation was equally entertaining whatever its subject, and so it is with A. He is charming alike in mortgages and revivals, and Petronius and Mathew of Westminster, and the first chapter of Genesis, and the date of the Civil Law, and Oxford scepticism, and the Indian Civil Service, and Palæontology, and the Latin Grammar, and the Civil War in America (to mention about one-tenth of the topics ranged over in some three hours last night), in all "nil tetigit quod non ornavit."[1] Of course he equally desires your settlement in town.—Believe me most affectionately yours, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

KING'S SQUARE,
November 25, 1862.

MY DEAR DAX—The Fulham affair has, through a singular succession of mishaps, apparently blown

[1] Johnson's epitaph on Goldsmith: misquoted for "nihil quod tetigit non ornavit."

over, and I am driven to remain (hard fate!) with the little ones whom I love best on earth. Do you not pity me? Fulham turns out to be far more eligible than I had ventured to hope so that there is everything to vex me if I choose to be vext, but I *don't*. And so *revenons au mouton* of King's Square for a year or two more. An awful thing for a "genius"—is it not? You defined "genius" when here as a peculiar aptitude for a certain branch of study. Pardon me, that is Talent. Genius is a much higher thing: the power of bending circumstances to our will. In other words, it is something to have a special aptitude for Stones, like you, or Dates-cum-facts, like me; it is something more to be able to elicit greatness and fame out of a Surveyorship or a Curacy.

Suppose we go in then for Genius, not Talent.

I have no news, save news of the weather—for the last two or three days has made me a Bus-meteorologist in my frequent Fulham voyages in chase of this Will-o'-the-Wisp of a Cure. But as my observations are extremely unscientific, referring principally to the coldness of my fingers and blueness of my nose, I forbear to trouble you with them.

My Incumbent's sermon in the evening, he tells me, was intended to supply simply the deficiencies of mine. Is it not charming to convert an Incumbent into an Editor, and his sermon into an Appendix?—I feel quite proud.—Yours affectionately,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

KING'S SQUARE,
December 9, 1862.

Nothing, dear Dax, could better picture my languor and physical depression during the past week than the fact that I have left your most affectionate note without a reply. Simple as it was, it gave me great pleasure at a time when my thoughts were very gloomy and depressed. The clouds have cleared away now,

but much of the weakness continues; and hovering about is that with me infallible sign of something wrong, restlessness, and a craving to be out of this Babel of brick and mortar in some quiet little country parsonage.

I can say however to all this "It cannot be." Babel must be my home for years, and one must put a brave heart on it as thousands have done before me. Indeed my present plans point rather to a settlement in Babel. I have some notion of getting up a "district" here, and becoming an Incumbent. More, however, of this when I see the matter a little clearer.

And now of yourself. It was charming to hear that the storm had blown over, and your content and happiness come back again. Forgive so un-news-ey a letter, and heap coals of fire on my head in your next. In the meanwhile believe me.—Sincerely yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

KING'S SQUARE,
December 15, 1862.

Many thanks, dear Dax, for your speedy remittance which I hasten to acknowledge, though hardly in spirits for a letter. I have just come from Guildhall, where I have been pleading for a boy who has just left our school with the best of characters, and within six months has robbed his employer. The magistrate was very considerate, and the boy appearing really to have been misled by a fellow-apprentice, dismissed him with a reprimand. There were a group of Pharisees at the door as we left the court, and their comments were pleasant to hear, "Lucky you escaped transportation, my boy!" "A few years ago you would have been hung for that, young sir," and the like. W. was with me, and his eyes filled with tears. "I was thinking," he said, "if it had been one of my boys standing there"—and then he paused, I never liked him more.

Ne nos inducas in Tentationem—sed libera nos a malo—how we all tremble on the verge of the great abyss, held back only by the Grace of God. *Ne nos inducas—ne nos inducas!*

It is what I often think of when these dear little ones here come crowding into my arms, and their white little souls stand out in relief against mine. It is an awful thought that the hours as they pass will bring sin and shame to the little one who nestles to one's breast, and an awful mystery that that very sin and taint seems needful for the full development of man—that the penitent scarred with traces of past guilt is nobler and higher in the scale of humanity than the guileless child. What does it all mean?

But I weary you, and cross perhaps that fresh pure pleasure you are just taking in the love of children. No, I have no "bookish ways" with children. Even now you would laugh to know the eagerness I feel for the love of the little ones here. "Christmas comes, the time of gladness," as the carol has it,—"gladness" indeed when it brings all the loved ones around me. They all come home this week or next.—Faithfully yours, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

KING'S SQUARE,
December 30, 1862.

MY DEAR DAX—This will reach you as the old year is passing away, and bring my best wishes for the New. They are no formal wishes for you, dear friend, whom every year makes an older, but cannot make a warmer or a surer one. It is one of the items in my bill of gratitude to God which the year sends in as it passes away, that knowing my need of a friend He has given me one so loyal and true.

I hope your Xmas has been as happy as mine. Some people in this overwrought age long for the simpler and less complex pleasures of a lower stage of human culture; for my own part I know of one simple

pleasure that no human advance can rob one of, the joy of little children. They laugh with me, romp with me, steal my watch, run away with my sixpences, absorb my time, tyrannise over all my old bachelor habits, bid me "put down my book," and it is put down; "talk," and I abandon my loved silences; "play," and I play; "take them out," and I turn sightseer for the first time in the 25th year of my life. And out of all this comes a happy, most happy Xmas.

This year our schoolmaster, having High Church leanings, has taken the Christmas decorations in hand. I defy any one to see them and remain grave. The ivy buds all over with white roses which are either miraculous or of white paper. The parish is divided on the question; the orthodox like as usual the miraculous view; the Neologians shout "paper." The matter is likely to come before the court of Arches, when we shall at last know what we are to believe.

Another lovely controversy has been raging here on the Quantity and Quality of the consumption effected at the Tea-Meeting or School Treat. Happily this has been satisfactorily settled. A little boy burst on his way home, and obliged us with a post-mortem. Two layers of cake; traces of watery action, supposed to have been produced by hot tea; a layer of bread and butter; two thick strata of seed-cake; traces of renewed aqueous disturbance; a thin dark line (opinions divided, Orthodox say "tea grounds," the Neologians "slate-pencil" nibbled while waiting for grub); alternations of seed and plum-cake surmounted by four tiers of bread and butter, and disturbed by the action of liquor. A superficial deposit of a saccharine nature is supposed to consist principally of "goodies" from the Xmas tree.

Our schoolmaster was superb. He had had a quarrel with the Incumbent, and was in tragic spirits. "Now Mr. G.," shouts the curate, "will you start a little music for the children?" "I should infinitely prefer, sir, to lie down on the floor and die." "Hum,

but you know that wouldn't amuse the children half as much!" "Sir, my heart is broken." "No matter if your voice is not." *Risu solvuntur irae atque maerores*, and the carmen began.

Sad nonsense. Isn't it time for happy nonsense this merry Christmas? There are sad enough thoughts behind it. Thoughts of one who has found other peace than our "Peace on Earth." I wonder *when* that cloud will drift away. Perhaps only when all clouds drift away — in the New Heaven and New Earth.—Good-bye. God bless you. J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

Rev. N. T. HUGHES, LINBY,
February 23, 1863.

MY DEAR DAWKINS—My ride down here so utterly upset me that for two or three days I was in the depths of depression and physical weakness. And in order to meet this I had to dose myself with quinine and port wine, which effected their purpose but of course were the very worst things for my pleurisy, which is still therefore unsubdued. Still I trust much to the air, and I am able to get out, and hope this week will see the end of my ailment. I hope your own vanished in the air and leisure of Hailsham.

The country round here *was* Sherwood forest, the scene of Robin Hood's exploits, and his cave and hut, both in the vicinity, bring them every day to one's memory. The oak stands at the entrance to Newstead, Byron's place, which is close by us. Beyond, on the low surge of hills that close the horizon, is the house of Mary Chaworth, his love. I amuse myself with parallels between Byron and Robin—the outlaws of ancient and modern days.

H. is most kind, and as a nurse deserves a very high certificate. He has learnt a great deal these last few days in the mustard poultice line. His wife is in town,

and he mourns after her like a dove, or a husband five months old. But he is a right good fellow, and a seeker after Truth. (*Pace* the signer of Scientific Protests.)

Direct here, though I may be soon in Town.—Faithfully yours, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

HOXTON,
March 24, 1863.

[I omit the previous letter mentioned in the first sentence, criticising some opinions expressed by Prof. Dawkins.]

MY DEAR DAX—I think if you read my last letter again, you will see something graver in it than the irony of its tone. Indeed if it be not grave and earnest I have nothing graver, nothing more earnest to say now. Pray read it again.

I see no limit to this progress in "religion." It is on the very idea of progress that my faith, my deep and intense faith in Christianity, rests. Like you I see other religions—the faith of the heathen or the faith of the Jew—doing their part in the education of the human race. And I see the Race advancing beyond the faiths that instructed it, so that at each great advance of human thought a religion falls dead and vanishes away. And I judge that this must ever be a condition of human progress, except some religion appear which can move forward with the progress of man. There comes a religion which does this. Take your Gibbon and test what I say. The fresh sons of the Germanic forests break in upon effete Rome—and all perishes of Rome save this. Christianity assumes new forms and a new life, and moulds this chaos into the World of the Middle Ages. Think how different was the "need" of Augustine and the "need" of St. Louis—yet Christianity had wherewith to supply both. And then the Middle Ages vanish away, and the World of our day emerges from the Reformation, and Christianity takes new forms and infuses a new life into the new phase of humanity.

Think how various were the "needs" of St. Louis and Luther—yet Christianity could meet and satisfy both. And now human thought makes each hour advances such as it has never made before; and Christianity, spiritualised and purified by the wider demands made upon it, is ready to meet and satisfy them all. Oh, how this retrospect over eighteen centuries of revolution brings out these old, old words, "I see that all things come to an end, but Thy commandment is exceeding broad!" There are many sides to this thought which may serve to bring it closer home. Compare the religion which is theoretically next in rank to Christianity, the Moslem, and see how it utterly fails to meet the progress of man. Or, again, see the flexibility and adaptability of Christianity in the divisions of the Christian world, and ask what a life there must be in the faith that can satisfy and meet the wants of the Englishman, the Spaniard, and the Greek. Or, again, think what a capacity of advance there must be in a faith which is simple enough for the Sussex cottager and deep enough for problems such as the problems of to-day. I glance at thoughts, each big enough for an essay, that I may hurry on to that view of the progress which one may call the internal as opposed to the external view. Christianity is a religion of the *Future*. The Sermon on the Mount is a succession of "impossible precepts." They are all summed up in a precept still more impossible: "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." And so it must ever keep ahead of man. If there be any truth in our veriest instincts God must ever be beyond us, beyond our power, our knowledge, our virtue. And it is to that "beyond" that Christianity points—it is thither it bids man march. Hence life becomes, not the dead contented indolence of the Moslem, but a vivid activity. Think of St. Paul's images—the race, the fight—or of that nobler passage—the sum of Christian philosophy—where he pictures the growth "together" of the Christian Church, of the Christian world, "unto the measure

of the stature of the fulness of Christ" (see passage Eph. iv. 16).

Yes, the Church, like its Head, groweth daily "in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and Man." Your "doubt," "difficulty," "mess" may ground you the firmer in the Truth that can thus meet and satisfy your doubts. And what if this progress which we see in the Future be visible in the Past? If Man seem but an outcome of the advance of the animal world, "a monkey with something non-monkey about him," what if Science confirms the Apostle's grand hint of the unity of the world about us with our spiritual selves, "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in bondage," etc. If there are hints of a purpose to be wrought out in them as it has been wrought out in us? Well, it is a grand thought—little more as yet—but one which may widen for us our conception of the revelation in Christ—the revelation of God's love to His children. "Is he," said Paul of Abraham, "the Father of the Jew only, is he not also of the Gentile?" —and may it not be ours to say as the breadth of *God's Fatherhood* opens upon us, "Is He the Father of man only, is He not the 'All-fader'" as our old Teuton fathers called him, is He not the Father of the Brute also? Forgive this rough scribble, I am in the horrors of moving, and have no time to *think*. To-morrow or the next day (if any sediment of me remains) I will send you Mr. Phail's direction and the P.O.O.

All is going on well here. I had an interview with the Bishop. He was very kind and *confidential*, which argues well for a certain young curate of my acquaintance. Congregation still progresses.—Faithfully and hurriedly yours, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

HOXTON,
March 28, 1863.

MY DEAR DAX—Your letters, in their frequency and fulness alike, serve only as standing reproaches of mine.

I write so seldom and so briefly because I have so little to tell.

The church here is filling, but my hopes of getting a curate are dashed to the ground, I fear, by the resolve of the Curate's Aid to make no new grants this year, in consequence of the great falling off in their funds. This is the more to be regretted as my chest is still so weak, and the pleuritic pain, which I hoped had fled for ever, recurs now and then with a rather uncomfortable pertinacity. Indeed, any great exertion, a walk to Kentish Town or Whitehall ensures me a return of it. I trust however much to the coming summer and the *outing* I must get then,—and yet I hardly know how.

I am rather lonely,—rather dispirited,—and will not inflict further dulness on you.—Faithfully yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

HOXTON,
April 25, 1863.

MY DEAR DAX— . . . All is going on very monotonously here. The parsonage slowly rises and promises to be as pretty as London smoke will suffer it. A. is learning the organ at Oxford and is already great in the pedals. My little Godchild is cutting her teeth without losing her temper,—or her health, a phenomenon in babyhood. She is making rapid progress towards the recognition stage and will soon know me.

Managing this parish is like walking on a wall adorned with broken bottles. I am blandness itself, with occasional raps sharply put in for impertinent occiputs. They look astonished; but before they have made up their minds for a row I am bland and civil as ever. Convincing churchwardens of their real insignificance while remaining on "the best possible terms" with them is a process which varies the monotony of one's life with stray gleams of fun. The best fellow about here is a rough and ready "Tom Daubeny," a chemist, making heaps of tin, very busy, very blunt and a capital

backer. His shop is the Club of the neighbourhood, and he is equally useful at gathering or diffusing the news one wants. Moreover, he has a notion of "moving with the times,"—is "unsectarian," etc., so that one has free play. Then there are two "goodest" people called Hopleys,—*real gold* but worked up in very old fashion, and incapable of being melted down. They are sure to go to Heaven, says everybody, at which I rejoice; and equally sure, I think to myself, to meet Puseyites there,—at which I smile. Then there is a vehement and voluble gentleman with a slight impediment in his speech, for ever discoursing of "tempemomy schools" and also "temporary." Very curious discoveries, too, one makes. The most polished gentleman here I found in a pork-butcher's shop; the most learned scholar in my clerk. My clerk's wife is a fat Welshwoman, and "has liked you, sir, ever since you pronounced Machynnlleth right in her hearing." She knew the Gibbestian family who were small farmers. One poor old soul, who is a-dying, is "Exeter-born" and talks real fresh countrified Devon in the midst of this wilderness of Cockneydom.—Good-bye, dear Dax, believe me faithfully yours, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

HOXTON,
May 28, 1863.

MY DEAR DAX—I think I have done well in my fight against London air (?) for two years and a half though,—as it turns out, I am better at last. After an illness—fever, weakness, olla-podrida of come-over-abilities—which has kept me sleepless and pretty nearly foodless for the last three weeks, I "cabbed" (as convalescent) to Adams this morning. He sounded me; pronounced the pleurisy "still there,"—lungs sound, at least he could discover no tubercle, but very delicate. Then he proceeded that a low condition of health rendered such lungs most susceptible of disease. Whereupon I

stopped him, "Do you mean that this low condition is connected with my present residence and work?" "I do. You ought to be in a quiet country curacy, or at the sea-side." "You think if I persist in staying I render myself very liable to disease?" "I do." "Then please write that to me in a note which I may send to ye Bishop, and I will resign at once."

The Bishop will be furious, and justly,—but that is the least of it. There is this poor parish, my sister, myself "meteoros." I can't tell what will come of it. However, God will provide. I feel that He has in thus breaking down my plans taken me into His charge.

I spent a day with D. a little time since, who advances in a most odd fashion. When I saw him before he had given up the first chapter of Genesis, but believed implicitly in all the rest. Now Genesis is wholly absorbed, but its disappearance has in no wise affected his faith in the four remaining books of the Pentateuch. So gradual a rate of digestion will keep the Apocalypse for his heirs. He seems to be really getting on well in the Chancery quiddities, and perhaps he regards the critical question as a suit, and opens upon it in a succession of pleas and rejoinders.

You saw H. B.'s "first." I was unfeignedly glad and wrote so, warning him not to "demane" himself by taking a Jesus Donship. As he hasn't replied, suppose he is riled and intends the *descensus Averni*.

Faithfully (feebly, weakly, dizzily, mopily, faintly, dreamily, dully) J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

RANCORN, MARGATE,
June 4, 1863.

MY DEAR DAX—Behold my Patmos, a cockney Patmos,—but then am I not a cockney St. John? This little hamlet lies away from vulgar Margate, whither I journeyed to-day to find a congregation of the veriest snobs eye ever beheld. The cabbies were aristocratic

beside their passengers. But nothing can vulgarise the sea. I sat for two hours this morning alone in a bay beneath the chalk cliffs, with a volume of De Quincey in my hand, and before me the "great and wide sea," dotted here and there with the dusky red sails of a fishing boat, and edged on the horizon with the faint trail of the distant packet. Nothing can vulgarise the sea, not even my writing about it.

I only came yesterday, and so have no bulletin of health to forward, save that I am taking more kindly to cod-liver oil. Why cods—so exquisite in all else—should concentrate nastiness in their liver Science may explain.

Do you want any tin?—my quarterly all has just reached me and I have lots, so *draw*.

I am *quite settled* to give up London. The laws of health (Kingsley auctore) are God's laws, and to defy them is to defy Him.—Very faithfully yours,

J. R. GREEN.

Write, write, write, write,—I have nothing to read.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

RANCORN, MARGATE,
June 8, 1863.

MY DEAR DAX—I see from the tone of your reference to it that you disapprove of my resolve to give up Hoxton. It is, of course, a great worldly sacrifice of prospects, etc. It is a still greater sacrifice of the comforts of a settled home at the very hour when they seemed in one's grasp. But I do not see how I can retain it in defiance of Adams's warnings, and my own common sense. I hope fortune will not set me on "500 feet of clay,"—in fact, I don't know that more is needful than that I should take a curacy on the outskirts, rather than in the heart of London. . . .—Faithfully yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

RANCORN, MARGATE,
June 9, 1863.

DEAREST DAX—Your note of Sunday afternoon has just reached me after the despatch of my own. Exult in having read two books of which I know nothing. F. Cerceau is utterly strange to me. Gibbon gives a fine account of *Rienzi* (who by-the-bye is far from being—to my mind—"the most remarkable character in history"), and Bulwer Lytton's novel *Rienzi* is very accurate as well as interesting. Putting aside his mere quackery I always note as *the* remarkable feature of the man and the time the curious affectation of "Old Rome," and the intense ignorance of all about it. For the man himself I possess the merest contempt. "Lord John," said Sydney Smith, "being little, thinks to make himself big by getting astride of big questions," and Rienzi having fairly got astride of his had no notion "what to do with it," and so assumes knighthood, has a tumble in Constantine's bath, etc.,—*risu solvuntur tabulæ*.

About those Vikings of the twelfth century I own my ignorance. "Eustace the Monk" one knows of, but then he was not an Englishman. I should like to read up the matter, so give me your authorities; *i.e.* for the twelfth century.

Since I have been here I have read W. Scott's *Antiquary*, Jornandes's *Historia Gothorum*, three books of the *Odyssey*, and *Midshipman Easy*, besides two tracts of Miss Marsh. On the whole I prefer the "Middie," but Jornandes is very fine. His lies are such thumpers. The Goths (when they were Scythians) rode off to war, and found it so interesting that they forgot their wives. Said wives got tired of spinning and tried war too, found it as interesting as their husbands, conquered Asia, and became the well-known Amazons! This is Sir Creswell Creswell on a gigantic

scale, a national divorce *a mensa et thoro*. Still as it gets on the book is very interesting. The enormous moral weight of the Roman name on these Goths when they were trampling Rome under foot, is everywhere visible. Then it is curious and instructive to look at the decline and fall, not like Gibbon from the inside, from the Roman standpoint, but from the outside, from the Barbaric standpoint.

But this is very dull and bookish, so now for a bit of geology. Sir C. Lyell was here the other day to see it. An immense embankment of chalk has been constructed behind Margate, and as it passes over a marshy meadow there it has rolled away the ground on either side in great huge cracked waves of soil. The result is a section like this Then the next thing I have noticed is the wonderful sapping of the chalk cliffs going on here. Nature may work slowly elsewhere, she works fast enough here. For some twenty feet from the beach the water is white with suspended chalk. The flints and bigger fragments as the sea washes them about are a vast grinding mill. The flints here (I daresay all this is very stale to you) are only in the uppermost chalk, immediately beneath the soil.

I am getting slowly on by dint of imbibing sea air, cream, and cod-liver oil. But I feel myself at bottom very weak and ill. I doubt whether I shall have any clerical duty during the coming winter, or lay by at Torquay till the spring.—Believe me, dearest Dax, faithfully yours, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

MARGATE,
June 12, 1863.

DEAR DAX—That your last letter isn't to be called a letter; that you don't deserve an answer; that I have nothing to write about, and that if I had it's a

shame to waste it on such a correspondent,—all this is so true that I shall say no more about it, but leave it to your conscience.

"Ramsay is with me, and is inspecting my work." Did he inspect that letter? Did he write across it, "Scamped?"

No abuse of parsons! I went to a village church yesterday, and heard a mean-looking little man, with a squeaky little voice "discoorse" on Everlasting Damnation in the cheerful and exhilarating tone in which parsons commonly treat the subject. I just kept up my spirits with a running fire of "His Mercy endureth for ever," and put down in my prayer-book a few of the miscellaneous blunders. "Hi" pronounced "aye." Adōnīzēdek scanned Adōnizedek, etc. Well, the little man (who to finish all turned out to have been a converted Baptist minister) joined me on the cliffs, talked of "Lyell's last book," proved a thorough Liberal about Subscription, and almost a Neologian about Inspiration, blessed Stanley, and cursed the *Record!*

Well, *per contra*, I met an old Clerkenwell curate, a man of Cambridge education and some real knowledge, who suddenly accused me (on some chance expression) of universalism. I pleaded guilty, and objected to the popular theory that the devil gets very much the best of it, counting heads. "My dear sir," was the reply, "you forget the Babies; one half the human race dies in infancy, and is saved; add that to the proportion of pious adults, and you will see that the majority of human souls are claimed by God." Upon which I ventured to hint that the Gospel was strictly (on this hypothesis) "milk for babes"; and that it solved in most satisfactory manner the most puzzling feature on the Bills of Mortality, if all this apparent waste of babydom was only an economical arrangement for keeping the theological balance even. No answer was vouchsafed to such ribaldry, and I was left as a heretic.—Faithfully yours, dear Dax,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

KING'S SQUARE,
June 19, 1863.

How dull this letter is none but you and I and the fire must ever know. It's a great luxury to have a correspondent with whom one dares to be dull. The fact is I am suffering from a reaction of fatigue and excitement. Last week, what with "evenings out" of the Séance nature and my run to Oxford, fagged me awfully. On the Sunday morning I remembered I had to preach, and was about to run over and devote an hour and a half to my sermon, when a marriage came. My Incumbent was for once—never mind. He refused to take either marriage or sermon. So I had to preach with just twenty minutes' preparation. But the emergency did me good. All my "fag" fell off as I entered the pulpit, and I preached one of the best sermons I have ever delivered here. Incumbent seemed rather ashamed, and willing to make up, etc., but this will not cure the dulness of brain and present depression which followed, and has not quite drifted away since. My revenge was a very naughty one. I have always taken the whole of the afternoon surplice duty, and allowed him a quiet nap after dinner. But now I quietly walked off to Vere Street, and left him to shift as he could. When I have done this once or twice we shall fall back into the old rut of courtesy and good manners all the easier.

I went to Vere Street to hear Maurice—and on Sunday instead of listening to my trash I desire that *you* do the same. The chapel is one of the Georgian Order, a three-decker in the midst, a highly respectable clerk, and a highly affected curate. But there up in the pulpit is Maurice himself, not so venerable, not so grey and aged as from report I had taken him to be, by no means (remember I am bad of sight) striking in appearance, very quiet, very kindly looking, very grave. The sermon is on the last three verses of the Epistle to

the Romans, he fixes briefly on three words in them which contain the essence of the Epistle, "Gospel," "Revelation," "The Obedience of Faith." I won't weary you with the sermon—here are a few of its and his characteristics. In manner—very quiet, very even—terse—an intellect speaking to intellects, but with something which raised it above the mere intellectual, a subdued glow of feeling pervading all, yet seen perhaps in no one phrase or point—above all the calm quietude of *intense belief*. Notable too is the complete inversion of our common conceptions in Maurice's mind, which it requires a little reflection to observe. Thus—religion, he says, is not a doctrine but a "fact." But what is the "fact"—the union of the Human and the Divine. In other words, he so intensely realises Ideas that they become "Facts"—a word which *we* commonly restrict to something more earthly, tangible, visible. Evidently he is one of Coleridge's "born Platonists." Add a nobleness and elevation of tone very strange to the common pulpit; one feels secure against ever being asked to be good on the Heaven and sugar-plum theory, because this man not only cannot preach it, but with all his mental gifts evidently could never understand it. Above all, his preaching is essentially Christian; for it is the setting forth of Christ. All that stands between God and man—even the Bible itself if it be made a barrier—is put aside. You are told that in Christ there is revealed your "relation to God." God and man are brought face to face as I never heard them brought before.

He ended with St. Paul's ending—the Ascription to God All-Wise. "Yes, it was well that Saul should entrust this Gospel to no less a charge than that of God Himself. When we think of what we have made of that Gospel, how we have narrowed its breadth and liberty, how we have degraded its nobleness and life and energy, how we have made it into schemes and theories and fancies of our own—when we think how we in our folly have dealt with it, let us thank Paul

that he left this not in our charge but in the charge of God the All-Wise."—Good-bye, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

HOXTON,
July 14, 1863.

DEAR DAX—My successor is appointed and will arrive in September; my own doom is almost fixed for a curacy in Notting Hill, my daily peregrinations to west and east and north and south over this bothering business have ceased, and I intend to take a spell at correspondence.

As you haven't written for some two months I don't know what subjects you are interested in. But I take it for granted you are deeply interested in me. You will like to know at any rate that Tait has been most kind to me throughout the whole affair; above all, that my successor is Fowle of Oriel, about the best fellow one could have lighted on. I really feel so great a reluctance to quit this post, and am sometimes so inclined to despondence at being again tossed on the winds and waves of mere "curacy life," that I cling to these little alleviations of it all. I have been tolerably well since I returned, but I still feel "shaky." However, September sets me free from airless Hoxton.

On Saturday the bulk of the London clergy were invited to meet the Bishop on the lawn at Fulham. I always enjoy Fulham; nowhere, I think, is so much beauty crowded into so small a space. Compton, Bishop in Dutch Billy's time, was disappointed of the archbishopric and turned in revenge to bury himself at Fulham. Those grand trees, grand in themselves and picturesquely grouped, are the result of this sulk of Achilles. I met Stanley there and rode home with him in his hansom. He was never more himself, never kinder or more interesting. He spoke of an old Moslem, a servant of his in his first visit to Palestine, who hearing of his re-arrival rushed out in joy to

meet him. "He came running along the side of the opposite hill, kissing his hand to us frantically. It was the very opposite of Shimei." I thought the last touch very Stanleian.

There is talk of a great Declaration against Subscription, headed by the Marquis of Westminster, Tennyson, etc. Amen!

Are you a professor yet? Or has the world failed to appreciate you as well as me? Eheu, we geniuses,—people won't believe in us before thirty. On the whole, it is as well. "Recognised Genius" is expected to talk; and really I am beginning to find myself too ignorant to do aught for a long time but hold my tongue.

Good-bye, dear Dax, I am impatient to hear about you.—Faithfully yours, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

HOXTON,
August 5, 1863.

MY DEAR DAX—I omit apologies,—first because they are very tedious,—secondly because I am *ἀναπολόγητος*. Your Pillow researches are interesting,—though the less said about "Celtic zigzags on Roman vases and legionaries tainted with Celtic fashions" the better. The difference between a "Celt" in the Roman epoch and a "Romano-Briton," and again between a "Romano-Briton" and a "Roman," passes my comprehension. Indeed I know no phrase so descriptive of the course of archæological discussion on this subject as the one you used, "Celtic zigzag."

When is the Somersetshire meeting? And *where* is it? I really feel riled at J. not answering my note to him inquiring about these points; and had almost made up my mind to leave the thing alone. As it is, I am very hardly pressed with our Restoration here, and fear I cannot give a paper at so short a notice. Indeed it is doubtful when I can get away.

I was at an odd meeting the other day,—a midnight meeting of girls from the *pavé*. It began at eleven with tea, and ended at half-past two. Some 150 were present, and few other friends save myself and the City Missionary. No scene could have been more interesting, principally because it stripped away all romance from the matter. (1) All I have investigated looked on it as a matter of £ s. d. Some had been driven by sheer want, others by gaiety and the attractions of high wages, others by the "independence" of the life. I did not find one case of *seduction*,—save by similar girls of their own stamp. (2) Most were willing to return if the £ s. d. question were settled. There were few cases of violent disgust or great remorse. That the step upward seemed so little to them, showed that the step downwards had not been great. We must not transfer the gulf which in *our* lives parts virtue from vice to the lives of the London poor. (3) All knew the hymns, "Rock of Ages," etc. Nearly all had been to Sunday School. Religious teaching has reached them, the "fundus" of our population, and the result proves that means "so successful" are fallible after all. A fact at once encouraging and disheartening.

Good-bye,—God bless you. Don't come up to town without seeing me.—Faithfully yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

HOXTON,
August 14, 1863.

DEAR DAX—It is proposed, *i.e.* by myself and a friend of Maurice's, to establish a "Church Liberal Association," with these ends: (1) To establish intercourse between and to promote unity of action amongst those clergy and laity who desire freedom of thought and teaching in the Church of England. (2) To bring before the notice of the clergy and encourage the study of such works of foreign theology as appear to be exercising a prominent influence on the progress of

religious thought on the Continent. (3) To further the free discussion of all current questions of religious interest

The first is to provide a Liberal organization to meet the orthodox organization, answer Protest by Protest, Address by Address, etc. Such quiet Progressists as the Bishop of London need such a support as this in the face of arrayed Conservatism. Again it is to destroy the isolation of free-thinkers, to take away half the burthen of their position by letting them see there are 7000 who have never bowed the knee to Exeter Hall.

All the best works of foreign theology, Ewald, Baur, etc., are wholly unknown to England. The retrograde muddle of Henstenberg and Keil is taken for "German Theology." A series of good translations would be missionaries of progress amongst the clergy.

The thing is to develope into the establishment of some organ, periodical or otherwise, to be termed "The Liberal." It is also to provide for meetings to discuss steps to be taken, etc.

I am sure you will belong; but let me have it under your hand and seal,—with the suggestions that occur to you.—Faithfully yours, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

HOXTON,
September 4, 1863.

MY DEAR DAX—I have been "down again" with pleurisy,—hence my omission to send the books. I forward them now.

Freeman has invited me to his house. I thought at the opening of this week I could not have rallied enough to come, but I am much better again, and hope to see you on Monday.

By the Bishop's advice I shall take a year's *complete rest.*—Faithfully yours, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

KING'S SQUARE,
December 4, 1863.

MY DEAR DAX—Didn't you write to me somewhen? and did or did I not answer you somewhere? To a tap-root (not room) sort of fellow like myself the flighty life I have led of late dislocates one's ideas, jumbles memory up with imagination, and absorbs every faculty in a never-ending looking after luggage. I saw Stanley in Oxford, and had a chat with him over my paper which he etc., etc. He talks of the dangers of "our style" (in a literary point of view) which sent me up into the Seventh Heaven. "I hardly know," he said, "how to leave Oxford,—I have got so wedded to the place. It will cost me much; my only comfort lies in the recollection that it cost me as much to leave it for Canterbury, and again as much to leave Canterbury for it; so I hope to survive." He means to throw open his house for reunions of the young Oxford Liberal clergy,—which is just what is wanted. I suppose Lord Elgin's death will postpone his marriage with Lady Augusta Bruce.

I met Maurice the other day,—he told a good Irish story, brought home by his wife, who has just been visiting her mother, Mrs. Hare, in Connaught. The Bishop of Tuam is so zealous in proselytising the Roman Catholics that he forgets (as great men will) his duties at home. Remembering the other day that he had not held a Confirmation for eight years, he sent to the parish of —— announcing his intention of holding one there the *next week*. Whether the Irish rarity of the Ordinance or the Irish brevity of the notice confounded the parson, I don't know,—but he gave out "that the Bishop would perform, next Sunday, in this church, the rite of circumcision." Service ended, the churchwarden rushed to the door to allay the horror of the congregation. "Mr. —— had made a mistake," he said, "the Bishop would visit them next Sunday to hold a conversation!"

Let me know all about you, dear Dax, and believe me affectionately yours, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

2 VICTORIA GARDENS,
LADBROKE ROAD, NOTTING HILL, W.,
1863 or 1864.

MY DEAR FREEMAN—I am sorry to say that I shall not be able to go with you this year as I had hoped—not from any fear of being shot, for I am a thorough Holsteiner, but because my uncle's executors have routed up an old account of some £300 advanced during my "university career." As I happen to be poor, this will not only swallow up the little fund I should have drawn on for a few tours I contemplated, but has already sent me back into clerical harness here at Notting Hill. I really thought I had done with Oxford, but it seems as if Oxford had not yet done with me.—Faithfully yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

NOTTING HILL,
December 14, 1863.

MY DEAR DAX— . . . I am here with Gell, one of the finest fellows I ever met, full of English fun, English fairness, and English common-sense. A man who "likes his morning sermon to be answered by you in the evening, because then my people hear both sides." What is more, I have Kensington Park close by, and Kensington is a *real* park. I enjoy it the more for the consciousness that as one wanders about beneath the elms there are three hundred thousand people westward of me, and a couple of hundred thousand northward, and as many southward, and a million and a half to the east of me. All pleasure is contrast; and so the many Londoners roar all round me, and one walks in a country stillness beneath the Kensington Elms.—Affectionately yours, J. R. GREEN.

Another letter to Freeman of about this date shows that his correspondent was already consulting him upon an antiquarian question as to the constitution of an ancient monastery. It is too technical to be of general interest.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

NOTTING HILL,
January 6, 1864.

[This letter was written upon an erroneous report that his friend was intending a marriage. Green, knowing nothing of the lady, says that he will discuss the general question without personal reference.]

MY DEAR DAWKINS — The general question is What sort of wife *ought* you to marry? Without any doubt one who can sympathise in your pursuits, one who can help you forward in your work. Without doubt also, one who from character and training alike is fitted to be a wife in the highest sense; one to whose moral and intellectual qualities you could *look up*. Love that is to wear must be founded in reverence. Without doubt also, one who is fit—as few girls *are* fit—to be a mother of your children. Not on you, but on her, will their character and welfare depend.

I ask you to weigh earnestly these requirements. . . . Put them straight before you. (1) Is the present object of your wishes fitted by mental power, by education and training, to be a true wife to you? To share your scientific toils, to take interest in the things in which you are interested—to go heart and hand with you in your devotion to science,—in your seeking for Truth? You have put your hand to the plough, and cannot draw back. You have consecrated yourself to Science, to hours of ill-requited toil, to the search for truth which brings little of the world's fame or success. And you have done well. It is better to be with the few than with the many: better to go alone

on the Truth-road than to join the crowd on the Road of Wealth and Self. But if few will understand, will appreciate, will sympathise, the more need for one at home who both can and will. Mere sentiment, mere affection, will never supply the place of the information, the intelligence, which is needful for true sympathy. (2) Do you reverence, do you look up to, do you see something higher and nobler than yourself in your future wife? This is the test of true love, the test that parts it from mere passion, from mere sentiment. You have your own soul troubles, your spiritual depressions, your longings for higher and better things. The true wife is the type and symbol of the holier and purer things for which we long. It may be without a word ever spoken, it may be in moments of deep and earnest communion, she "lifts him up for ever." Could your future wife do this for you? (3) Again, for weal or woe, you are intellectual, wrapped in intellectual questions, interested in the highest form of genius, of poetry, of art. There can be no true marriage without a blending of interest. "To care for the same things" is the first and simplest basis of union. To have to be silent on points which stir and excite you because they neither stir nor are intelligible to your wife, is humiliating to her and to you. And forgive me for reminding you that your future course will bring you more and more into intellectual society—that your wife must share it. You have known such cases where men sneered at other men's wives; how could you face sneers at your own?

Sympathy, Reverence, Intellectual Equality—these are the foundations of marriage, as of the nobler and deeper forms of friendship. It is only about this last that I would say a word more. As you have been much to me, so I too have been somewhat to you. Look back on our friendship, and ask, Would it have been what it is without that vivid sympathy in our common zeal for scientific and historic truth which made us helpful to one another? Would it have been

what it is if each had not found something in the other which raised and exalted him? If I had not found work and truthfulness and unselfishness in you—if you had not found in me (however I myself fall short of it) a striving to hold up to you the Ideal of work, of Devotion to Truth, of Faith in Truth? What would it have been without that intellectual Equality that made no side of the pursuits of the one utterly unintelligible to the other?

And remember, Friendship such as this merges in Marriage—it is meet and right that it is so. But the Marriage must give you in the wife all,—aye, it may give a thousandfold more than all—it takes away in the Friend.—Faithfully yours, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

NOTTING HILL,
February 1, 1864.

[The next grave to Thackeray's is that of Charles Cheel (not "Cheese"), and is of red brick.]

MY DEAR DAX—*Ubi terrarum*—where in the world are you? is a question that often keeps my pen still when it has a humour to be busy enough. One can't write to a man in space, and to address to you *Poste Restante* as I do now is to do this. Letters have a relation to time, too, and my enthusiasm cools as it contemplates a week's wandering ere it reaches you.

I regret greatly my absence from home when you arrived here, as I should have been glad to hear about your plans. Perhaps they are as nebulous as my own.

I have been this Sunday afternoon on pilgrimage to Thackeray's tomb at Kensal Green; the great master would have smiled at the break-down of my devotion. "You'll find it by the great red brick tomb of Mr. Cheese" was the direction. I found the last resting-place of the lamented Cheese, red and brick as they had said; Thackeray's I could not find. I wandered,

sick at heart, amongst sarcophagi and mausolea and truncated columns and obelisks and urns. "Where do you bury the Christians?" I asked, as I gazed round on the symbols of paganism. "We buries the Dissenters, sir," blandly replied the policeman, "in the t'other side of the Cimitiry!"—Good-bye, dear boy, believe me ever faithfully yours, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

NOTTING HILL,
February 14, 1864.

[Dr. Rowland Williams and Henry Bristow Wilson had been prosecuted for heresy for their articles in *Essays and Reviews*. The judgment against them on certain points was finally reversed by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on February 8, 1864.]

MY DEAR DAX— . . . I saw the Bishop yesterday —he was kinder than ever. He would not allow me to go down as I wanted to a Bethnal Green curacy. (Don't do as all my friends do and think me mad—I *need* hard, uninteresting work; you don't know how utterly I am getting unsettled in mind and in *soul*.) Offered me an Under-Inspectorship of Schools, a good thing in £ s. d.; and when I declined it, promised to find some post for me where I could work by myself.

Of course you know that *Essays and Reviews* have got off. The sum of all the decisions is very well given in the *Times* this morning as this—that there remains now in the Church of England's formularies nothing to restrain freedom of thought. Of course different people will view this discovery in very different ways; very few probably but will feel dismay at an experiment which no Church has tried before, that of teaching without any authoritative standard of doctrine—or rather with standards, but only such as do not fix or determine the questions of the present or of the future.

If I do not share these fears, if I exult at the destiny which God has given to the Church which I love,—it is simply because I believe in the Inspiration of the Church, in its guidance by the Spirit of God. Such a spirit I trace in it in past ages, leading it into all truth, but enabling it to deal with each problem as it arises. The Creed, the Articles in a far less degree, are records of problems which have thus arisen, which have thus been met and solved.

Such an Indwelling Spirit, such a guidance, most admit in words. But, they ask, where are we to find its voice? Not surely in the decision of Churches, for they vary. On which side of their controversies are we to look for the Spirit of God? But is not this to forget that the Spirit dwells in the Church, not in churches, that its voice is the voice of Christendom, not of this or that part of it?

Such a general voice of the Church we do find, I think, in that general Christian public opinion which however vague is none the less powerful. Slavery is one instance where this "public opinion" of Christendom is felt as a power. More and more as the conscience of the world becomes enlightened slavery is felt to be impossible. It is hard to prove it wrong, but it is impossible to feel it right. The sanctity of monogamy is another instance.

That these "voices of the Church" do not point in a doctrinal direction,—but in directions moral, social, political, intellectual, is a fact well worthy noting. Another notable fact is the extreme slowness with which "Christian opinion" forms itself—how many ages it required ere serfdom became an acknowledged wrong —for instance. The history of the Church is the record of its education by the Spirit of God. No wonder then that we are in some respects in a period of suspense now that we see in part and prophesy in part!

Forgive these unconnected thoughts on a great subject, and believe me faithfully yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

NOTTING HILL,
March 15, 1864.

MY DEAR DAX—I feel that, free as I am now from clerical duty, I shall find it impossible to visit you at Chichester. The new district hangs on hand, and drags wearily on from week to week. After all, it is very likely to fall through for want of funds.

My chief object in taking such a charge is simply to become intelligible again. Preaching implies some common understanding between preacher and preachee —without this it may be fine oratory but not preaching. As you know, to be what men call a "preacher" is not one of my ambitions; but to be a clergyman at all requires that one should speak to the people, and I feel that unless in some way this "speaking" of mine becomes more real than it has been, becomes intelligible to those whom I address, it will be impossible for me to speak at all, to remain a clergyman at all.

Thinking over it quietly I see many reasons why I do not "speak" now. One, the most important of all, I pass by. Next to it comes that want of "popular fibre" which leaves me little sympathy with men in the mass. I love Jack, Tom, and Harry, can feel with and speak to them. I cannot love or feel with men as men. A crowded church full of upturned faces is a mere solitude to me. A little group of people I know rouses all my energy and fire. What I did in Hoxton, I did because I *knew* my people—why I failed here is because I did not know them. If I succeed again in the East it will be because dock labourers and costermongers are not mere "faces in pews" to me.

I don't doubt about this—I *do* about the other difficulty. "Drift" is a bad basis for speaking to men about great verities. And yet "drift" one must. Still even here there is a greater chance. A "respectable congregation" has its formula of faith; if yours doesn't square

with it you are practically unintelligible. Costermongers have at least no formulæ.

I rushed Oxford-ward on Tuesday to vote for Jowett, but paired at Paddington with a man who had come forty miles to vote against him. The "majority of 72" is in reality a protest against the judgment of the Privy Council. Another protest has just been sent for my signature with Pusey and Miller's names appended. Meetings of the Evangelical London clergy are being held, and a panic seems spreading. Even the *Record* has to strive to lull its readers' apprehensions. At the first meeting it was gravely proposed that all the Evangelical clergy should resign their livings! We have yet to see whither all this will tend. At present the breadth of the Church is brought sharply out against the narrowness of the clergy. They do not even represent the Church. What then do they represent? Not the educated laity—not the intelligence of England—but its unintelligence. Surely a very serious matter; for is not this just the position of continental Romanism, and is a Romanism possible without Infallibility, without Unity, without a Head?

Freeman at Oxford protested against the "separate action of the clergy" in this matter. The High Church party do not feel this, but a large section of the moderate Evangelicals *do*. So promote by all means *Lay* action in these matters. An address expressing the approval by men of science of the liberty granted by the recent judgment to the Church would be invaluable just now. I was glad to see your name in the Colenso list. Good-bye.—Believe me as ever yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

ST. PETER'S PARSONAGE, STEPNEY,
April 1864.

MY DEAR BOY—I am pinned here as Mission Curate (or English Nigger), and shall find no opportunity of

visiting Chichester, Dean Hook, or yourself. I am not playing "blackguard," nor hero, nor runaway. I am simply a common-place fellow, busy with mothers' meetings, tract distributing, and the other "femininities" of clerical life.

I am up to my elbows in work, and must write no more. But come and see me here (and forget to blow me up).—Good-bye. J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

ST. PETER'S, STEPNEY,
April 18, 1864.

DEAR DAX—I am *not* a *pig*. I *am* a Missionary Curate. I *could not* come to you, because I was hastily summoned to the cure of 5000 costermongers and dock labourers. I cannot write for Jones, because my books and papers (the few left) are "floating at their own sweet will" between Notting Hill and Stepney; because even were they here I am elbow-deep in services—sick-visiting, mothers' meetings, poor relief, and the 100,000 etceteras of a new mission district.

Ergo—Giso must go into type. Jones must be a good boy and wait. Dax must eschew Billingsgate; and I am not a pig, but a mission curate.

I dine with Macmillan some evening this week to talk over something or other. Dickenson is to introduce me to Hardy at the Rolls Office, and has written most civilly to him about me. Tell Dean Hook to read my *Dunstan*, and amend his next edition of that estimable prelate.—Yours ever, J. R. G.

To E. A. Freeman

33 APPROACH ROAD, VICTORIA PARK.

[(Sir) Thomas Duffus Hardy (1804-1878) was at this time deputy-keeper of the Record Office. He edited the *Monumenta Historica*, with an introduction, in 1848.

Benjamin Thorpe (1782-1870) published the *Diplomatarium Anglicum Ævi Anglo-Saxonici* in 1865. Freeman had reviewed it in the *Saturday Review*. John Allen Giles (1808-1884) edited a number of old works upon English Church history. Lord Romilly was at this time Master of the Rolls. James Craigie Robertson (1813-1882) was Canon of Canterbury, and edited *Materials for the History of Archbishop Thomas Becket* (1875-1882); and Stubbs was at this time librarian at Lambeth.]

My dear Freeman—I have just come from Hardy, —the most genial and kind of men, surely—and have made arrangements about my proposal to Master of Rolls, etc. As you wished I did not speak of your review, but Hardy did—that is to say, he spoke with purpose of my writing to you about a passage in it which he seems to feel keenly. Thorpe, from what Hardy tells me and what Stubbs told me before, is simply a very dishonest old man, and the Rolls people have behaved on the whole singularly well to him. In fact it was to Hardy he owed the sight of those transcripts from which (without even looking at the original charters) he has made up his *Diplomatarium*, in the preface of which he makes his last attack on him! Hardy's message (forgive this preface) is about the "copying of Petrie's text." The *Monumenta*, you know, was in print two years before its publication; and Thorpe had free access to it. In the notes to Florence he quotes it by the name *Corpus Historicum*, which it was to have borne; but which in the after publication was changed into its present one. And really I believe there is no doubt about the fact of the copying, any more than about Giles's doing the same sort of low thing. A man who could act as Thorpe acted about the *Chronicle* deserved to be "snubbed" if ever man did. I am quite sure you did not mean to hurt Hardy; but the way you put it reads like a point-blank contradiction, and evidently *does* hurt him.

He told me a long story about the S. Thomas scheme. Giles stands in the way. He is getting old. He is poor. He says he has spent all his money and most of his time on this work, and that it is only now bringing him in a little money. The appearance of a Rolls edition would sweep away this little. He would complain to the Treasury, and the Treasury have already snubbed the Rolls savagely for "reprinting things printed,"—and by a minute have forbidden any "discouragement of private enterprise." Romilly says this minute must be observed, and Hardy is thus rendered helpless in the matter. Were it not so, he said frankly, he would give me the charge of it at once. Do you know your old friend Robertson has (or rather an obscure friend of his has) disinterred *William of Canterbury's Life of Thomas* at Winchester? Robertson is to print all the important things (not in the Fragments of Giles) in the *Archæologia Cantiana*. Stubbs is to hear from Robertson, and I have begged him on bended knees as beseemeth so mighty a matter that if the Canon doesn't want it himself he will let me have it. I think the great Librarian will do it,—the hope colouring the thought perhaps.

After all I haven't told you what I am going to propose vice Thomæ per Egidium suppressi. Hardy advises giving the Rolls a choice,—so I shall propose (1) Diceto,—that "Series Caussæ" whatever it is, is the *one* unprinted thing in the Thomas row; (2) Dunstan, *i.e.* the MS. life by Malmesbury, Bridferth, and the rest of the Biographies. (3) Malmesbury's Lives by themselves,—Dunstan, Wolstan, (Aldhelm is I fear being printed as the fifth book of the *Gesta Pontif*) Patricius and Benignus and Indractus,—the last three being of little good save for a talk about Glastonbyrig.

Either of these would make a good volume I think —but let me hear your verdict. I know you will fume at my heavy dose of "William the Librarian."

I ought to have thanked you for your Reviews, but as it was my last letter was (as we used to sing in Hall)

a "Gratiarum actio." Kingsley's is simply perfect,—fair, I mean, to the really good points in the man as well as smashing on the bad ones. It is, too, the most thoroughly amusing review of yours I have ever read. Hardy's I don't like so well. You are always hard on Malmesbury—many of his misarrangements are simply the result, I think, of his constant tinkering and revision of his work, and his story, quarrel with it as one may, has an interest which Huntingdon for instance is utterly without. From the beginning of the *Gesta Regum* to the end of the *Novella* one is often tempted to be angry but never to stop. And then as to the Chronicle (or as I persist in calling them the Chronicles) surely it does "die out from sheer exhaustion." There has always seemed to me a strange pathos in those broken entries at the close of the *Peterborough Chronicle*, —the only one that lingered on. As to the "great prose bits," I am quite at one with you,—nothing is greater I think than the Conqueror's character and the Stephen-Anarchy. But I can't worship a Chronicle or a set of them which when I look for Dunstan leave me face to face with a name and a date. If the *Canterbury Chronicle* were swept away we shouldn't know that Dunstan was big at all. I was surprised too at your silence about a part of the preface which struck me much, the "Poitevin Literature" part. I remember saying to you when I read it that I thought it very spirited and suggestive. I am afraid that unhappy "Chronicle" lured you away from it. In general I think the book is a great book as such books go,—the greatest of its sort, bibliographically, ever done; and I don't think this is the impression your review leaves.

You see I have already donned Rolls' livery, and do suit and service to my masters! Here is a funny fact by way of propitiation. Camden, in his *Britain*, speaking of Tavistock says "here were Lectures of our old mother-tongue,—I mean the Saxon language continued down to the last age lest, that which hath now happened, the knowledge of it should be quite lost."

This was in Tavistock Abbey—he gives no authority,—but Camden is not a man to speak at random. Do you know whence it comes?—Believe me, dear Freeman, yours ever, J. R. GREEN.

What is old Parker's address? I want to write to him about an Oxford City MS., a "Liber rubeus."

To W. Boyd Dawkins

33 APPROACH ROAD, VICTORIA PARK,
May 13, 1864.

MY DEAR DAX—*Ubi terrarum?* Where in the world are you? Behold above where I have found rest in rooms overlooking Victoria Park, the prettiest of the London ditto, as it is the most unknown. I delight in torturing my West End friends with descriptions of its ornamental grounds, its flower-beds, its lakes, its Chinese pagoda, its fountain, its perambulators, its nurse-girls, its dirty boys. Come and see it, and me. Come on a Saturday and spend Sunday, oh heathen and geologist. I will promise, since it bores you, not to talk parochialia, though I am very parochial just now.

. . . . .

My life has been so parochial that to exclude parochialia, is, you see, to have nothing to write about. So good-bye, do come and see a fellow!—Yours ever,
J. R. GREEN.

Diary

Tuesday, June 22, 1864.

Morning at Provident Fund; afternoon with a new district visitor, Mrs. Nottidge, in Parish. Worked through the evening at my paper on "The Dictum." I find the perplexed chronology so muddled by Lingard, given accurately enough in Coote. Worked especially on the London history of the time in *De Antiquis Legibus*. This should be studied in connection with

that of the French towns, especially those in Gascony, where Earl Simon's policy seems to have been secretly directed to their republican establishment. . . . A history of the English People is greatly wanted. . . .

June 23.—The *Times* gives a session of Convocation, and the "Synodical Condemnation" by the Upper House (4 to 3, Bps. of London and Lincoln in the minority) of Essays and Reviews—a condemnation the more notable for the existence of three protesting bishops than of four damnatory.

Read and noted Lavale's *Histoire des Français*. . . . Read also the "War of the Grand Alliance" in Sismondi. The deepening gloom around Lewis wants a poetic not a philosophic historian, or rather, there are times when poetic insight is the truest philosophy of history; and Michelet here and there (for great crises and epochs of silent decay) is worth more than Sismondi.

June 24.—Worked at the battle of Evesham and the events immediately preceding it nearly the whole of this rainy day, with the exception of a raid on my parish. I felt what I so often feel when a subject presses upon and opens up before me, that sense of oppression from crowding thoughts and suggestions, which made me at last rise in the very midst of a sentence and fly to H.

Our talk was more interesting than ever, but the pace of his chat is too fugitive in grace and beauty for a pen like mine.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

VICTORIA PARK,
June 30, 1864.

[Dr. Stubbs was at this time vicar of Navestock, Essex.]

DEAR OLD BOY—I was knocked up with Sunday work, and took refuge for a few days with Stubbs. Your letter awaited me on my return from Navestock.

Life has turned out such a mad whirl in my own case that I feel a sympathy with the utter madness of your own late existence. . . . It seems to me (I am old at twenty-six) that there is very little worth the longing for in life but a bonnie wee wife and crowing bairns.

I saw Dean Hook the other day at Stanley's; very sleepy, very dull, very good-natured. He spoke of you "as a *very* nice fellow," and Stubbs is curious to know whether you have converted him to a belief in "flint-folk," which might explain his belief in "Liberals." Freeman passed through town the other day. I told him Somerset could now claim the earliest Beast in existence, which greatly gratified him. He sent me a ticket for the Architectural, and I heard his paper on "Swiss Romanesque," which began: "During the time with which this paper deals there was no such thing as Switzerland at all, but Italy, Burgundy, and Swabia,"—an observation followed by the intellectual collapse of three-fourths of the members present.

My Mission is going on very well, but money is the great difficulty. I want a bell, a curtain, and half a hundred other things, but want them I must. I am hard at work at my paper for the Archæological Institute.—Good-bye, dear old boy, faithfully yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

33 APPROACH ROAD, VICTORIA PARK.

[In July Green attended an archæological meeting at Warwick, and read the paper upon "The Ban of Kenilworth." Charles Henry Hartshorne (1802-1865), rector of Holdenby, Northamptonshire, was author of many archæological writings. See *Dict. Nat. Biog.* "Peonnum," the site of a battle in which Cenwalh defeated the Welsh, was identified by Guest with Pen Selwood in Somerset. "Giso" refers to a paper upon "Bishop Giso and Earl Harold."]

MY DEAR FREEMAN—"Dear Gossip," I might have said, for I quite acknowledge your "god-fatherhood" in the Warwick matter. A very plucky thing it was to promise and vow for so erratic a chiel as I, and uncommonly nervous it made me. One doesn't mind smashing oneself, but it's an awkward thing to compromise one's sponsors. The whole affair was very good fun. I had no time here, immersed as I am in tracts and mothers' meetings, to do anything but work at *Rishanger* and the like till the last week. Then I ran down to the Rolls Office. Burt was kind enough, but sneered at "the Chroniclers," and didn't see that I had left myself any time to get much from the "original authorities," which in Record dialect means "Records." I didn't dare tell him the worst of the matter, namely that I had never seen a "Roll," or read a MS. in my life. So I took my kicking quietly, and plunged into "Patent," and "Close," and "Originalia," and "Royal Letters," hoping that I should make something of them, and did. Burt however took a hopeless view of all when I appeared at Warwick, and put me on the list for the first evening, when no swell would be present to "find me out." The end of it you know—Burt and the Rolls men ate humble pie, and begged to print the paper; and I returned having vindicated the "Chroniclers!"

Of course, bore as it is, one must work at the "Rolls"; but it seems to me that the Burt and Hartshorne school forget that these may supplement and correct history, but that they never can *be* history. And the mere study of them without some side-knowledge leaves such a man as Hartshorne open to glorious blunders. He spoke of a "Bishop of Chester" in 1266! "What!" said Beresford Hope, but was stupefied to find "it was so in the Rolls." Now in the Rolls there was a chance of mistaking it, but in all the Chronicles it was plainly enough *Ex-cestriæ*. I will send you the paper if you would like to see it.

"Leofric" is on this wise. There are in Langebek's

Collection of Danish Historians two lives of Siward of the twelfth century. Both tell of a like encounter with a "Draco." May not the Guy story have been a transfer of this to Leofric, or the story have run of both? a thing you see little better or brighter than I. b. I.'s *Dena-Gau*.

I have seen very little of these meetings, but it struck me they try to do too much. Warwick and its surroundings were quite enough to *work* out. Fancy there being no paper or preachment on the Earls of Warwick. What would Robert de Meulan have said if he had taken his guinea Ticket? The only thing attended to in St. Mary's and the Beauchamp Chapel was the stained glass. A few entries from the Records were all we heard about Warwick or Kenilworth Castles. In fact there was a great deal of "pottering about" and "admiring pretty views," and very little real work.

As to *Peonnum*, I don't like talking random about Guest, and I will read his paper again ere I say a word about it. But I remember three years ago not agreeing with him in his conclusions about the Conquest of Somerset. "Giso" will come out in the Somerset *Transactions*. I have no copy of it.

I have thrown over that project of Macmillan—the *French History*. Dawkins says I am a "quixotic fool," but I *can't* do mere book-making. My line and calling is to *English* history, and I have just begun the *History of the Great Charter*, John's reign, and Henry III.; the last instalment of the *Opus Magnum* I mean for my life-work. It is very bumptious; but I really feel in a puzzle-headed way that I can do this, and it would be a glorious thing done. The close I have already partly done in the Dictum paper. This is mere "ego-talk," but you always make me talk "ego."

Dax swears he won't go to such a hole as Burnham, but he will come if I do; and I can't prevail on myself to forsake my first love. If Stubbs comes—come I will. Anyhow, I should like to spend a few days with you; for I am weary, weary of hot dusty lanes and

fetid courts and "fever cases" and "district visitors" and "infant schools" and the thousand other bothers that Mission Curate flesh is heir to.

I have sent for the *Gentleman*, and reserve my comments till I have something to comment on.

Good-bye. Kindly remember me to Mrs. Freeman and all at Somerleaze.—Yours faithfully,

J. R. GREEN.

A note of this date gives the plan of his book. It is to be called "*England under Foreign Kings*, or (what the book is in reality England and the Great Charter: a history of the final formation of the English people, and the final settlement of English liberty and the English Constitution; in three volumes. I. From the Accession of Henry I. to the Complete Establishment of the Angevin Empire. II. The Angevin Empire to its Final Fall in 1204. III. The Charter and the Fight for it to 1265."

To W. Boyd Dawkins

VICTORIA PARK,
July 29, 1864.

MY DEAR DAX—My letters have all been waiting for answers till my return from Warwick. I only spent two days with the Institute, as I am bothered with an infinity of things here and could not feel comfortable away. My paper made a sensation and placed me among the swells—a thing I care less and less about as I more and more discover what a false pretence antiquarian swelldom is. On Monday I renounce Macmillan's scheme for a *History of France* (a piece of bookmaking I ought never to have entertained), and begin my *History of the Great Charter* (in reality the last instalment of my *Opus Magnum*, which must come into the world as a baby does head first if it is to be read, I fear).

I cannot tell you how I long that, if it could be done without injury to your real future and fame, you should settle in town. People here are kind, but they cannot share my crochets as you do, or understand my "quixotisms," which are really the only part of me worth understanding. Something you wot of, while it can never satisfy one's thirst for love, cuts one off from any other mode of satisfying it, and leaves one a lonely, moody fellow. My good humour is going. I am impatient, fretful, and a bore to everybody. And something, which I know I must resist like grim death, is constantly bidding me isolate myself among my books, and leave the world to shift as it will. Everything seems slipping from under me — faith, doctrine, all becoming unreal. Men talk of me as a "rising" clergyman, and little know how near Deism I am drifting—*usque quo!* And meanwhile I fling myself into mothers' meetings, and the exact dates of Royal writs. — God bless you, old boy, affectionately yours, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

[1864-5.]

I shall be curious to see your review of Palgrave. I have only cut open the volumes here and there. It seems amazingly unequal. It has, in fact, all the merits and demerits of a chronicler. Sir Francis writes like a man who had lived in the times he was writing about, but he moves with the crowd and never climbs a step to get a *general* effect. His philosophical part seems great twaddle. I was surprised to find so little new information about London, Scotland, and one or two other specialities of Palgrave. And of course a history of Normandy and England with Hastings practically omitted, is like *Hamlet* with Hamlet's part left out.

To E. A. Freeman

33 Approach Road, Victoria Park,
(1865).

[The Rev. Sir George William Cox was an old friend of Freeman and Bishop Colenso, whose first volumes on the *Pentateuch* appeared in 1862. I do not know what was the proposal in question.]

My dear Freeman—Many thanks for Cox's note and your own. To use his rather Zulu phrase I have at once "tabooed" the matter, not because of worldly prospects, or even from affection to my Plantagenet diggings, but because I think I can do more good for Liberalism by staying at home. If I hadn't known the origin of this "Natal Emigration for Liberals" scheme I should have credited it to the craft of "Samuel Oxon." It is like the Liberia scheme of President Lincoln, and one cannot forget that it was just the impossibility of getting rid of the nigger which made him "irrepressible." If Mordecai will but sit at the gate he will see Haman swing at last.

I have just come from Colenso, having listened to the plan of the new volume in the press with hazy results as far as knowledge is concerned, save a general impression that the Hebrew religion was but a form of Baal-worship, and that the round towers of Ireland are symbols of an old Phallic worship there. I am afraid you will be as doubtful of the last fact and as profoundly ignorant of its connection with the former as I am.

My own scepticism extends equally to Hetero- and Ortho-dox. I agree with Colenso and his lot as to the destructive part; but when he comes to reconstruction, he seems to me little more historical than his great inventor, Samuel himself. Isn't it better to do with the Hebrew what we have to do with all the other national origines, and read the early traditions of the Jew as one reads the early traditions of the Goth? I

own I think Jornandes is the more hopeful subject for reconstruction of the two. But I don't see the necessity for reconstruction in either case. I always respected the slow, sceptical boy at school, who when tempted "will you guess," replied firmly, "No; give it up."

When will the Shepton meeting be? and are you at Somerleaze in September?—Believe me, yours ever,

J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

33 APPROACH ROAD, VICTORIA PARK.

MY DEAR FREEMAN—I write in the hope that you are returned from Dutch-land, and again treading your own Somersetshire acres. If it be so I should greatly like to come and spend a little time with you before the Archæological at Shepton. Nobody is in Town, of course, but still with this heat above, around, and beneath, one manages to find a great number of cross, hot, angry non-existences about the streets, and I feel that my own temper won't stand the contact much longer. So if you have an empty coal-scuttle or other cubiculum, whistle and I come.

I suppose you and Stubbs parted *en route*. He seemed to wish to see *all but* the very things you were going in for; so I predicted a Lot-and-Abram parting in which he would descend into the Sodom and Gomorrah of Hanover, and you would cleave to the Hanse-towns. . . .

Have you seen the *Fortnightly* with Merivale's (Herman) demolition of the Paston Letters? Also a paper on "Black Death" which my informant (a fluent "general literature" fellow) told me showed quite clearly that "two-thirds of the people have died, you know, and the third left were all Flemings"—which settles all the "Anglo-Saxon Forefathers'" talk for ever, and accounts (with the heat) for my present intense desire for a glass of beer, which forces me to

conclude with kind remembrances to Mrs. Freeman though she *didn't* see the Hippopotamus !—Good-bye,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

VICTORIA PARK,
1865.

DEAREST DAX — Sick — ill — suicidal — blank — ignorant — can't come — can't write anything — will promise a history of Jack the Giant Killer for the next meeting, if held at a decent place.—Good-bye. Yours faithfully, GONE TO POT,

To W. Boyd Dawkins

VICTORIA PARK,
September 10, 1865.

MY DEAR OLD BOY—I have been wretched and ill, but am better now in body and mind. You I suppose are deep in secretary's work, which they assured me at Warwick to mean "the making everybody happy." I find the task very easy with everybody save myself. How in the world do people bear with my whims and fancies? That kind fellow Freeman writes quietly to say, "Well, if you can't come now, at any rate come some day."

Rabelais gave a description of The Island of Queen Whims. I don't think the natives are people likely to get on in this world, poor devils.

Did you see the *Times* calculation that the chances against a curate's getting a living are 19 to 1?—Yours faithfully, $\frac{1}{19}$TH OF AN INCUMBENT.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

WELLS,
September 28, 1865.

MY DEAR DAWKINS — Your letter finds me at Freeman's, and Freeman has not the "Materials," etc.,

but I don't think it matters much. The matter, as you probably know, is in this wise. There were rumours of a purpose on Augustus's part of invasion which ended merely in his establishment of customs duties in the trade between Gaul and Britain. The articles mentioned were probably the first items of this custom-house list which Strabo had seen. The duty was levied, as he says, on both imports and exports, but I take the ivory and glass (certainly the first) to have been *im*ports into Britain. Probably the ivory came from that famous route from Marseilles over Central France to Britain, Marseilles being one of the entrepots of the trade from India by Alexandria. There is at any rate nothing in Strabo's words to show that "ivory was in Britain," if you mean that it was found there. He is clearly copying the general list of customs-paying articles which would of course make no distinction. I think Diodorus gives the principal exports from Britain, but no ivory. Strabo adds that this was wise of Augustus, for the expense of the smallest garrison would have swallowed up whatever revenue the island would yield had he occupied it, and besides there would have been constant risk had violence been used in its subjugation.

I hope this is what you want, but without Strabo to look at I speak of course vaguely. I am delighted to hear you are on the brink of fame. Tristram has mentioned you in his book on the Holy Land. But that is little to the Magnum Opus of your "Twin-Wisdoms," as the Germans would say. Really I shall clap hands at least as heartily as the world.

Forgive the dinner episode—I know that I have never attached a right English importance to that great Rite—still I have a conscience, and it smites. I forgot all about this particular sin, but I *confiteor—mea culpa—mea culpa*. Freeman has just come in, and he has no doubt about the impossibility of assigning the articles to Britain or any country on the face of the earth. If you print, beware of your Greek, the

passage is full of blunders, but that is probably haste on S.'s part. I fancy if you are near the British Museum it might be as well to refer to Sir G. C. Lewis's book, which has a lot about this and other passages, but whether to your purpose I know not.—Believe me, dear Dax, yours ever, J. R. GREEN.

Don't be cross, old boy, and write like a Megatherium next time.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

VICTORIA PARK,
October 6, 1865.

MY DEAR DAX—I am so greatly disappointed in not hearing from you that *I* must write to you again. I can't believe that you mean to drop me altogether after so long a friendship. One has so few real friends in the world, so few who would really care six months afterwards whether one was alive or dead! I think I feel this more as I live longer, and get "to know and be known by" more and more. I care for their knowledge and acquaintance less and less every day. I cling every day the more strongly to the one or two in this world who would open their doors to me if all the world turned their backs.

Trevor Owen spends Friday 13th night with me. Come and spend it too, if not do write.—Write angrily if you will to yours ever, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

VICTORIA PARK,
October 9, 1865.

MY DEAR DAX—I have just come in (8 P.M.), and don't know whether this will reach you before you start on Monday. I *can't* come to your dinner, because Monday and Tuesday are both *blocked* days by mothers' meetings and penny banks; but I look greatly forward to seeing you on Friday.

I can't tell you how glad I was to get your note and see what a fool I had been.

The Carucate—"the plough land," as it is better styled—like the Hyde and all old English local measurements, varied in different parts of the country and under different circumstances. It may mean 180, 100, or 60 acres with equal propriety. Strictly it is "land for one plough through a year"; but this varied according to the system of cultivation and the physical conditions of the country, etc.

What on earth *could* make *my* hairs stand on end? They are too accustomed to *me* to be shocked at anybody else.—Good-bye, dear old boy.

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

VICTORIA PARK,
November 17, 1869.

MY DEAR DAX—Why, when all the world cometh out to meet me, bringeth Dax no congratulations? Doesn't he read the *Times?* Is he ignorant that A. C. T. has recognised the merits of his faithful curate and has crowned him Incumbent. My Dax, with all your bones, your poetry, and your flirtations, there are huge fields of knowledge yet to be explored by thee. In plain English, I am Incumbent of St. Philip's, Stepney, which the work of Blomfield here has made the "crack" parish of this end of Town. There is a good church, a fine choir, a capital parsonage, and good schools—16,000 people, of whom 6000 are cut off to form a mission district. Two curates work with me at the church, two more are in charge of the Mission. There is an Institute, Church Association, and what not. The nominal stipend is £300, but various deductions reduce it to two-thirds of that amount; but I hope to get part of my burthens borne by other shoulders.

Trevor Owen expects to see me "before the end of the next ten years Pope of Rome, or something even

higher than that"—the latter clause, I suppose, means "dead."

I long to see thee and show thee my Kingdom Come.—Yours ever, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

33 APPROACH ROAD, VICTORIA PARK.

[George Frederick Pardon (1824-1884) was a prolific journalist. See *Dict. Nat. Biog.*]

MY DEAR FREEMAN—Pity me! Though I write from the road at whose name you scoff I am under sentence of Transportation; my books in boxes or lying in wild heaps about the floor, I looking out for new lodgings. I have just cleared a bit of table to reply to you, lest I should be set down at Somerleaze as one dumb or barbarous.

Tait is wonderful, but then Bishops *are* wonderful. Burnet, for instance, having got Bonner safe in the Tower points out his "bloody and savage nature" as shown in letters even there. "He invoked the Devil on those who sent him not Pears"; or, stript of Reformation-colour, he (Bonner) writing to the Lechmeres for a basket of fruit adds, "which if between you all you send not, then will I say, as my chaplain Messer to his stumbling horse, '*A diabolo—ai tutti diaboli!*'" Don't add this to your paper on the "Mythical and Romantic." Would C. Lewis like a paper on "Bloody Bonner" read backwards?

Did I ever tell you that certain London parishes still receive £12 per annum for "fagots to burn heretics"? There is yet a chance for Cox. He wished to come and fire away at my place—supposing I had a church, but I have none (not even as Tait would say—"not even a Chapter-House"). My 70 or 80 dock-labourers would hardly suit his views, I think. What a wonderfully good fellow he is—if he is the same in flesh and blood as in ink and paper!

Lo! between writing this and that I have found me lodging, partly attracted by a desire to study the proprietor of the house in which I purpose settling. He is one Pardon—the "Captain Crawley" of *Handbook to Billiards*, the editor of the *Boys' Own Book*; in fact, that odd beast I have long wished to study, a

"LITERARY MAN."

But what tin the fellows get—£50 for a shilling handbook to London, written in less than a fortnight; £80 for ditto of the Exhibition, written in still less time; £50 and a half profit for the Billiard Book, already in a third edition. Ai me! ai me! if one could only worship the golden calf!

I can do nothing in the Rolls line till I see the MSS. at the British Museum, which I shall be able to do Monday next.—Believe me, dear Freeman, ever yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

VICTORIA PARK,
December 5, 1865.

MY DEAR DAX—I want you to manage for me a rather delicate and important matter. There has been for some time talk among the Liberal clergy of London of the starting of some organ of Liberal religious opinion—not of any sect of Liberals, such as the *Spectator* represents—but covering the whole field of Liberal thought.

We held a preliminary meeting the other day at F.'s house, and resolved on the general plan of such a paper.

(1) That it should be a daily paper, in form about the size of the *Spectator*—on the same plan as to news as the *Guardian*—but with a greater proportion of original matter, for which space might be obtained by the suppression of *purely* ecclesiastical news.

(2) That it should touch on all topics of the day—

political, social, as well as ecclesiastical—but from a liberally religious point of view.

(3) That on topics where a definite line of opinion was essential a large space and latitude should be given to the Correspondence, so that those of opposite or divergent sentiments might fairly appeal to public sympathy without compromising the apparent consistency of the paper.

(4) That while serving to illustrate the essential unity amidst all divergencies of Liberal Church opinion in England, it should also represent its unity with Liberal opinion abroad. Correspondence to be sought from Germany, America, France, Italy, for this purpose.

Jowett will help and Stanley, but we shall principally rely on the rising talent of the universities.

I want you to talk this over, not as a definite but as a *tentative* scheme, with Daldy; see what he thinks of it, whether his house would be likely to undertake it, and if so on what sort of terms. *Let me hear by Monday* at latest, and believe me in haste.—Yours very affectionately, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

9 PRINCES TERRACE,
BONNER'S ROAD, VICTORIA PARK.

[The Rev. Harry Jones (1823-1890), a popular London clergyman, published *The Regular Swiss Round* in 1865, which was reviewed by Freeman in the *Saturday*. The "bears" are those at Berne. The C. C. C. is the "Curates' Clerical Club." Robert Maguire (1826-1890) was at this time a popular preacher at Clerkenwell, and author of many anti-Popery works. See *Dict. Nat. Biog.*]

MY DEAR FREEMAN—I ought to have written—if only in gratitude for much mirth given—who your victim Harry Jones is. I presume his real crime was in making fun (Jonesian fun) of the Sacred Bears,

perhaps too in admiring the "scenery." Harry Jones is a parson of the Charles Kingsley school, with a sort of forced muddy-boot originality about him, who does very good honest work in a most awful district by the Haymarket, writes silly papers, and belongs to our C. C. C. We sup there on Thursday, and Cox goes with me, so he can give you his verdict on the despiser of "Bars."

I have just ceased from a most scandalous piece of business—on this wise. Maguire, once an Evangelical, now a "Bishop of London's man," goeth out of Town, and leaves his paper behind him—a certain obscure *Church Standard*—given to mild Protestantism and the Apocalypse. Two or three curates of the Liberal sort get hold of it, and write for aid to me. I send two articles, one proving theology to be the only utterly useless branch of study for clerics, and the other vindicating "Ritual and Ribbons" from a Liberal point of view, which drive the Constant Readers mad, and fetch back the Editor from the salt sea-waves. Of course his arrival blew up the little plan for annexing the paper, but I hope it will end in the establishment of something in its place.

Send back—when done with—that autobiographic pamphlet on Curates which I sent you. When does the Middle appear? If it is sufficiently abusive I will buy a few copies for distribution among my four curates, whereof one is a "Catholic," another an "Anglican," the third Musical, the fourth Literary. The first breakfasts at 12.30 in a cassock and biretta; the second spends his day in getting signatures to petitions to "the Lord Primate"; the third has just set our General Confession to a most special and intricate opera tune; and the Literary Curate sits at home through the week reading Balzac, and fires off an "Eagle's-wing" sermon on Sunday to the dock-labourers at the Mission. They are very good fellows, but sich a team to drive!

Are they returned home?—Believe me, dear Freeman, ever yours, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY,
August 13, 1866.

("Date your letters," E. A. F.)

[Green often neglected to date his letters, but the dates have been sufficiently fixed by postmarks or allusions in the letters.]

I couldn't let a post go to Somerleaze without a line to you, my dear Freeman; the more so, as I had a friend of Cox's here last night, and he drove me mad by quoting Cox as his authority for a series of propositions which ran thus: "It is either so, or it ain't so." Do tell Cox that this is wretched reasoning, whether in religion or anything else. And then we who *won't* talk such rubbish are "equivocators," which is pleasant to hear. "Any intelligent layman would say you quibble." Judge, O intelligent layman! *Credo in Jesum Christum . . . qui*, etc., is one fairly committed by this to any historical belief of the statements followed by the *qui?* Suppose it ran, "I believe this about Jesus Christ, that He," etc., the matter would be clear, but *credo in* is not *credo de.*

My view of the Creeds is this. I am definitely asserting my belief, *i.e.* trust, faith, in a Living Being. I go on to repeat certain historic statements about him which may (or may not) be affected by critical research, which are subjects of intellectual credence and not of religious faith. I repeat them—as I repeat phrases in the prayers,—as I read publicly legends from the Bible, —as I repeat damnatory psalms; that is, I take them as parts of old formularies whose literal accuracy may pass away, or whose tone may now jar against the Christian consciousness, but which have still an ideal truth, embody a great doctrine, continue the chain of Christian tradition. Thought will be always altering—we cannot be always altering our formularies—and so (if we are to retain formularies at all) there will always be a break

and dissonance between the two. But men take things in the rough. Because "worship" has changed its verbal place and ascended into heaven, we don't cease to call a mayor "his worship," and we laugh at a man who refuses to "worship" his wife. Judge, O intelligent layman!—Ever yours, J. R. G.

Things *much* better.

Let me know Dawkins's opinion on this "quibbling" question. In spite of a late event he may still be regarded as "intelligent."

To E. A. Freeman

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY (1866).

MY DEAR FREEMAN—I reserved your letter till I could look over the Battle accounts, and see whether anything looked new in the light of your plan, etc. But I have hardly had a moment to do it. I am so tired now that I am cut out of my favourite hour's reading—in bed.

William of Jumièges says, *locum editiorem præoccupavere, i.e.* your height. *Montem sylvæ per quam advenere vicinum*, I suppose that means "through which the English advanced"—the scrub of the Andredsweald. The *ardua clivi sensim ascendit* is, I take it, the front attack. The flight of the Bretons and auxiliaries on the left wing, pursued by *multam partem adversæ stationis*, would uncover the right of the English; while Robert of Beaumont's flank attack on their left seems to have been successful, *cum legione quam in dextro cornu duxit irruens.* All this squares with your account. Will Jumièges's account seems to me in duplicate, and the "stratagem" of the duke a mere after invention, a bad version of this flight of the Bretons. But you will know better than I. . . .

And I have kept thanks for your cheque till now! I have spent every halfpenny of it in brandy, beef-tea,

arrowroot, etc., etc. Isn't this the best way of thanking you? Things are bettering here; getting worse elsewhere.

To E. A. Freeman

October 19, 1866.

My dear Freeman—Don't think me a bear for my silence; I have been simply choked up with work since my return. As for "papers" and "Neo-Bretons" they are out of the question for another fortnight yet. The fall of the year has brought its usual sick-list—the Institute is starting anew, and its classes have to be arranged; our District Visiting Society to be set again on foot; the Sunday School has lost its three most useful teachers; the Church Decoration Society on the other hand is *too* energetic and requires holding in; we are setting up two night schools; and I have the whole parish, Sunday and week-day, on my hands without aid. This for a lazy beggar is rather a grind. However, I have found time to do a little reading, and to-day am easing my epistolary conscience by a little writing. . . .

I fancy I shall be wanting you soon to help in a raid against Jesus. It is a secret, but may be told to you. A young Jesus man has just got a fellowship at Queen's, and proposes a Crusade, in which of course I am too happy to join. Don't confound this with any "crack" of mine against *Oxford*. It is a wholly different matter. £5000 are spent annually in that vile place on "Welsh education." They have nibbled down to nothing the reforms proposed by the Commissioners. They have it all their own way. What, then, do they do for the education of Wales?

First, they exclude three-fourths of the Welsh people from all participation in the benefits and endowments of the place by the exclusion of Dissenters. Secondly, they give such an education that of the Anglican fraction left only those who can go nowhere else go to Jesus. No headmaster in Wales will allow a promising

boy to go there. Harper at Sherborne, an old fellow, openly avows that he sends only his "third-rate" Welshmen. It comes to this, that they have forty exhibitions of £40, and twenty scholarships at £80. They are sure therefore of sixty men, but the number is seldom much greater, and the fringe is wholly made up of men waiting to step into other men's shoes. During my four years at Jesus I knew of hardly a couple of men who came there without being paid for it.

But the first point is the most important. It is simply scandalous that after all this patriotic prate about Wales, these men should in effect turn the bulk of Wales from their doors. It is done for "the good of the Church." But what does Jesus do for the Church in Wales? Does it send a higher, better-toned, harder-working, more learned set of men than Lampeter or St. Aidan? The Bishops shake their heads when one asks the question. Moreover where do the Jesus livings lie, on this side of Severn or that?

As for their attachment to Wales, there is hardly a man of them who can speak Welsh; not a man who knows anything of Welsh history or literature. They let Lady C. Guest publish the *Mabinogion* from their library where it lay unread; and when one of their fellows (Ap-Ithel) tries his hand at history we get *Comes Paschæ*.

What Browne will propose I don't know; probably only the admission of Dissenters to all the benefits of the foundation. This is wiser perhaps than going further, especially as I think we can move the "Dissenting Interest" in this way, and so get leverage. . . .

Good-bye, my dear Freeman. Give my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Freeman, Margaret, and the rest of the family, and believe me, faithfully yours,

J. R. GREEN.

I am in feud with the British Museum people; I have lost my ticket, and they hold out against granting a new one; tell one to "search," etc. This is a bore for your references.

To E. A. Freeman

St. Philip's, Stepney,
October 29, 1866.

My dear Freeman—Your books entitle you to thanks, and your "Genesis of Curates" to a letter. I suppose I may write impartially in that you rank me either among the rare "Sensible C.'s" or still rarer "Learned C.'s" whom you so carefully distinguish from the Curate world and from one another.

I quarrel with the very heart of your article,—the distinction between Incumbent and Curate. "You cannot prejudge a Rector." "There is a presumption against a Curate." And this because the one may have been a Classman, while the other must have taken a Pass. Now, putting aside other objections, is the fact itself true? It could only be true if every classman got a Fellowship,—but is this so? What (even granting that all "Firsts" get their Fellowship) what becomes of the Seconds and Thirds? I ran my eye over the list of those ordained with me, and of the Oxford men one-half were classmen. Two for instance were Oriel scholars. One was a scholar of Brazenose. In fact then, you *have* a proportion of classmen among curates, and counting noses you have *as great a proportion* among Curates as among Incumbents.

But, after all, this is a merely Oxford way of looking at the matter. The truth is, you have never *left* Oxford. If it were not for cattle plagues you would be as much in Oxford at Somerleaze as you were at Trinity. Now, taking off Oxford spectacles, what has a Fellowship to do with the question? Nothing at all with the question of a Curate's *practical* usefulness in a parish,—that you seem to grant. But what has it to do with his preaching? Really good speaking,—and preaching is nothing else,—is a perfectly distinct and independent gift: in the Union in my day it lay pretty evenly between Classmen and Passmen. As far as

my experience in London goes the Passmen are, head for head, better preachers than the Classmen. Rowsell is the best preacher intellectually in London; Bellew the finest ad-captandum orator. Rowsell was a passman, Bellew a "plough." Recurring to my list,—the proportion is the same among the Curates ordained with me. But look at Oxford itself. Half of its churches are filled by Fellows. On your theory nowhere ought there to be better preaching. In fact nowhere is there worse. *Crede experto*,—believe an Oxford boy. After all, practical experience is the best test. If I wanted a "preaching Curate" a College Fellowship would be the last place I should look for him in.

The truth is—for preaching you want general culture rather than special culture. Great refinement, extreme accuracy are useless in what must be in its essence an appeal to the feelings. However one may argue in a sermon it must all centre itself in the closing appeal to religious feeling. And the force of this appeal can only come from a power of sympathy,—the one power lacking in "dons" and weaker in men, I think, as they grow into some special subject of study. The croquet you despise, the cricket, the frank mingling with all the joys and sorrows of men and women about them,—this is the real training of a preacher. And of this the Curate has a far greater chance than the Fellow of a College.

Of course I am not asserting that we have "14,000 good solid young orators." All I say is that (1) the presumption of a Curate's being a Classman is as great as that of an Incumbent being a Classman; (2) that eloquence and the power of speaking is a special gift in no wise identical with the power or wish to get a class; (3) that in fact the training which a Curate receives in practical work is more likely to make him a good preacher than the training of the Fellow of a College.

I must not write any more. Stubbs comes here today; I know he quarrelled with Sidney Owen's paper, and I suppose he will be on my side about yours. I

went about your references, but found him answering them for you. When will your first volume be out? I do hope you will consider whether it would not be wiser to defer its publication till the second is ready. Men seldom read prefaces, and your first volume by itself would be like sending simply a preface into the world.

I am proud of having you two letters in my debt. Good-bye.—Ever yours, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY,
January 23, 1867.

[Green's second article in the *Saturday Review* called "Watch and Ward at Oxford," appeared on March 9, 1867.]

MY DEAR FREEMAN—I have just returned from Little Bowden, where I have seen much ice and heard much Barlow. I only stayed a couple of days, and came away rather overpowered with the number of parsons invited to meet me. It was like dining in full Convocation. They were all "beneficed clergy" but (*pace* your article) I found them, with the exception of one, Osborne, very little the wiser for that. However, in the intervals of Barlow I managed to read the *Merchant and Friar*,—the first book which gave me, in my boyhood, a notion of what history was.

Do you know where I could get in a paper on the struggle between the University and City of Oxford,—treated as one episode of the history of municipal freedom,—call it "Oxford, Town and Gown"? I have done about ten pages of print of it, but I shan't go on without some notion of its getting into print.

I had to leave Naseby to the snow and Goldwin,—but I managed to get over to Northampton, with an eye to Thomas. Unluckily, Barlow got me late for my train and so I had hardly any time, and missed the site

of the Priory (?). I was *most* interested in S. Peter's,—but I *can't* believe the date given in the glossary (1120) unless you certify. I see you don't question it in a paper by "E. A. Freeman, Scholar of Trinity," which Barlow has sent me in MS. and which is full of corbels and drip-stones, and such like marks of "early work." Anyhow I hope Thomas might have seen it,—S. Peter's, not the paper.

Mrs. Barlow seems to have travelled much, and has lived two years in America,—which delighted me,—but lived in the North as a Southerner, which took away my delight. More and more I feel myself sheering away from England and English politics,—it may be from English religion too. I have just made one of a deputation to the Council Office about "poor schools." Conceive a Minister of Education who didn't know the *very rudiments* of the matter,—a Vice-President who had to ask us for information supplied from his own office! I came back thinking much of many things. What hinders Reform? The want of education among the people. And what hinders education but the present attempt at a sectarian and not a national system? And what hinders a national system of education but the Church? People say,—lyingly,—that the clergy once withheld the Bible from the people,—now they may boast truly enough that they withhold the spelling-book.

The present system of Education has done much,—yes, but it has done all that it can do. No mere quarrels about Conscience-clauses can touch *that* matter. Nothing *can* touch it but a general system of compulsory National Education, supported by a national rate. I wish people could see the *waste* of the present system,—half a dozen schools, British, National, Private, where one good large school would suffice at *one-third* of the total expense, at double the present results.

But what chance is there of such a change? Just none whatever. The clergy know that a thoroughly educated people and that people without any uneducated

class would be the ruin of their Establishment. The squirearchy see that with it a squirearchy would be impossible. And so they fight every point,—the Conscience-clause is a little thing,—but with them it is a fight for life. They won't win in the long run,—but I am sick of looking forward to a free England which will appear about a century and a half after I am dead. And so more and more I can't help looking to the West. There is the world as the world will be. There are all the things one hopes for and cares for and lives for. There is a people,—there, and not here in England.

Don't be angry with me because I see that things hang together, and that it is no good pegging away at one little point and another little point as I am doing here. Socially my work here and good men's work everywhere is simply thrown away. The working men do *not* go to Church or Chapel; and as they grow in knowledge and self-respect they still stay away. "Missions,"—"open Churches,"—are for all practical purposes a simple failure. Schools half educate the children we do get and leave untouched the masses that want them most. Heigho!

I have just begun Cox's article on Rawlinson. As yet I like it marvellously.—Ever yours, dear Freeman,

J. R. GREEN.

The distress is waxing great about us.

To E. A. Freeman

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY,
January 28, 1867.

[Hunt is the Rev. W. Hunt, since distinguished as a writer upon history.]

MY DEAR FREEMAN—Have you seen a wolf—or why don't you write? Hunt is here with me, and we talk much of you and your doings. Hunt's presence, too, brought Bryce; he turned in to service last night,

and heard what our Welsh friends would call my "éloge" on S. Paul. Then he supped and talked. Much of our chat turned on a scheme Hunt and I thought we had hit out together, but which (it seems) Bryce had anticipated—the starting of a purely Historical Review. He had consulted Macmillan, who believed it would certainly succeed, but recommended the form to be an annual volume like the Oxford Essays. This however is not Bryce's view; he would prefer a Quarterly; for my own part I believe in a shilling Monthly. Ably done, as Bryce says, if it did not find an historic interest abroad it would create it. He had spoken to Stubbs, and Stubbs was warm in support. He thought of Stubbs as Editor.

What are *your* views of it? For myself I think it might succeed if we avoided the rock of mere archæology, and the making it too much "First Period." A summary of foreign historical literature as it is published would save no little trouble. Would you back it? I fancy one of the difficulties would be what to do with the Stanleys and Kingsleys. If they were shut out the thing would fail. And yet would you let them in?

My "Oxford" still waits to know where it could "get in." Hunt read me his beginning on Bristol; he hasn't learnt yet to give up dreams about "Roman cities," and be content with the facts God gives him. What I like about him historically is his enthusiasm. He really loves the thing, and is willing to work at it for the love of it. And in himself he is so bright and cheerful that his presence does one a world of good. What is most amusing is the influence Lord Radstock seems to have won over him—he has "evangelised" him to the nth. But I remember suffering from a similar attack myself once in the Revival time, and it passed away—as all things pass away.—Good-bye, dear Freeman, ever yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

St. Philip's, Stepney,
January 29, 1867.

My dear Freeman—This is no letter nor reply to your letter, but simply an acknowledgment of your kindness. Dickenson has just sent me £5, and Stopford Brooke £20, so that loaves will wander free over the parish for a week or two.

Is Oxford drunk? "The Professor of Ecclesiastical History will this Term lecture on the Ethics of Aristotle, and the Age of Socrates." I cherish a fond hope that it may be the Christian Socrates and not the Æsculapian, but I fear much. But then is Oxford only drunk? Dawkins is reviewing a book on Greek Art for Cook, which almost equals Mansel. My most Musical friend is just made Lecturer on Ancient History at the Queen's College in Harley Street. "Where *was* Marathon?" he moaned to me over White's Analysis.—Good-bye, ever yours,

J. R. Green.

Be at Stubbs's Inaugural, and I will be there.

To E. A. Freeman

St. Philip's, Stepney,
Sunday, February (1867).

[Green's first article in the *Saturday Review* on March 2, 1867 was a review of Dr. Stubbs's Inaugural Lecture as Professor of Modern History at Oxford.]

My dear Freeman—I have come back from Oxford—a fact to me less wonderful than that I should ever have gone there. But Stubbs piped unto me and I danced. I daresay you will hear very different reports of Stubbs's piping—Sidney Owen for instance looks on it as a sort of "wild shriek of

Toryism," a long "abuse of Goldwin," and the like. But on the whole it seems to have made a favourable impression, not merely on our set, but on the world. Rolleston told Dax that he had heard it "shewed great power"; in fact I think it has demolished the "mere antiquary" notion altogether.

Vigorous it certainly was. About the middle of it the learned Professor went off in crackers, epigrams flew about wildly. To me the chief attraction lay in its being so thoroughly unconventional—so perfectly Stubbs. I don't suppose Oxford understood the modesty of the beginning, or the religious glow of the end. After describing the love and patronage of historic literature in the Hanoverian house, he dwelt on the long sleep of the Professorship, its premature awakening under Arnold, the new position in which it was placed in the present day by the general arousing of the historic spirit, by the opening up of new material, by the development of the modern history school at Oxford. That school had already begotten Bryce, *and* Burrows! After a few words of real love and pathos about Shirley, he dwelt on the mode of studying history, and the educational result to be expected. Here came the crackers. The chair was not to be a chair of Politics, but of simple, sheer work. Perhaps the great political lesson to be learnt was not that "the stupid party" were on one side, the intelligences on the other, but that both sides had their stupid, their intelligent party. As to the educational result, he distinguished Modern from Ancient History. The one was dead; we were living in the other. But if this made the last less valuable, we bringing our prejudices, etc., the other fact that in Ancient History all the materials were known, and nothing required but their classification; in other words, our bringing our theories to their arrangement—while the constant discovery of fresh materials for Modern History made us patient learners rather than theorists—restored the balance. Modern History shared with Physical Science the

"pleasure of discovery." This remark was just thrown down and passed by,—to my mind it was the finest in the lecture. Then came the religious close—very odd it must have seemed to Oxford, as it did even to me, but so true to Stubbs—the old simple lesson that the world's history led up to God, that modern history was but the broadening of His Light in Christ. I remember when this was my clue to history once—I am afraid I have lost it without gaining another. But conceive the thoughts of Young Liberalism!

Tuesday, *February* 12.—A little note to you has gone since I wrote the foregoing. Stubbs's great error, it seems to me, is concerning the distinction between Ancient and Modern History. He did not say where the latter began, whether (with you) at the Call of Abraham, or (with Burrows) at the Flood. Anyhow, unless he adopts Burrows's definition, I am certain the distinction is fraught with infinite mischief. I am not likely to be prejudiced in favour of the age of Pericles; but is it true that that Age is dead to us, and the Age of Dunstan living? In the sense of "social and political institutions" I take it it is dead; but if we take the deeper facts of the world's life, with one single exception, it is more living than the later age. Its thoughts on philosophical, artistic, literary, scientific subjects are our thoughts—Dunstan's are utterly alien to ours. And as to the "one subject," Christianity—I think we are likely to give it a factitious importance by making it *the* factor when it is but *one* factor of modern society.

Anyhow, the distinction was most unfortunate in an *Oxford* Inaugural. Oxford seems to me the one place where this distinction vanishes. There in its very system of training the old and the new worlds are brought together as they are brought nowhere else. Men find that they can still speak the words of Demosthenes, and think the thoughts of Aristotle.

Of course, the results are sometimes very odd—just as the mingling of the old and new in the Book of the Revelations begets very queer "beasts" and odd thunderings and lightnings. Still you do get, manifest to men, a blending of our day with the days of old that you get nowhere else. Now—had I been Modern History Professor—I would have tried to bring out the historic value of this fact. In the old world you see certain truths under one set of conditions, in the new world under other sets of conditions. What is the value of the truths?

Heigho, what a ditty. Let me review Stubbs for the *Reviler*, and I will say more. I have much more to say.

The Chronicon "Malleacense" is a Poitevin Chronicle—so called from an entry at the close about the foundation of that monastery, from Caroling times to 1134—fragmentary at close. The entries are brief, but good for Poitou, and with a reference to Angevin matters here and there. Given in Labbe, *Nova Bibliotheca*, ii. 190-220. I fancied it was in Duchesne, if so missed it in looking hastily to-day. Better name "C. S. Maxentii," so Labbe.—Good-bye. Ever yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY,
February.

[Cook is John Douglas Cook (1808-1868) editor of the *Saturday Review* from its start till his death.]

MY DEAR FREEMAN—Stubbs sent me the proof of the greater part of his Lecture, and I have finished all but the close of my review. It will go in to Cook to-day. Cook has replied to my note in the jolliest way—promising me *your* book—sending me *Bruce's Roman Wall* (which I shall like to say a word or two about much), and asking me to come and see him, which I will do next Monday. "Johnny" or "Jack"?

I had not intended to say a word about Stubbs's "politics," but I will just a word now as the Oxford curs are barking at his heels. They are in reality not politics but idealism. "I don't want to teach you to be a Tory or a Whig, but whichever you are, be a *good* Whig or a *good* Tory." Why do the heathen rage against this? But I am greatly distressed by the tone of Stubbs's note, because I see how he is worried.

What I am most struck with in *reading* the lecture is its *literary* merit; all the first and middle part is wonderfully clear and orderly in structure, and there are bursts of really eloquent writing such as I never looked for. However you will see and judge for yourself.

Macmillan's letter (thanks for sending it) is very keen and good, just because it expresses the thoughts of an average clever reader. That is just the sort of criticism it is so difficult to get, and yet which in the long run settles the fate of a book. You know it is my old principle that a book, whatsoever else it be, must first be readable. What I am sure you have done in yours is to lay a sound foundation for all after historical attempts.

I am so much better than I was, and one great anxiety has rolled away by my getting a Curate. This will give me time and rest. But it is a real question whether I had not better resign this place. It exhausts both my means and my strength.—Ever yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY,
March 2, 1867.

[The first volume of Freeman's *Norman Conquest* had just appeared.]

MY DEAR FREEMAN—You will see "Stubbs" in to-day's *Reviler*,—and must give me a little advice about it. Frankly to speak I like it myself, but I don't

think I have quite caught the tone of the *Saturday*,—the "periodical" tone,—it is too "essayish" ("slightly priggish," as an Oxford Liberal would say). I will try and amend this in *The Roman Wall* which must be shorter and more chatty in tone. "Clever talk across paper" I take to be what is wanted, but I shall find it very hard to hit. However I will try.

Your book (*i.e.* the *Saturday* copy,—not *yours* to *me*) came last night, and between dinner and a Committee meeting I read what I could straight away, omitting the notes. You know that like Gibbon I have a hatred,—a sort of *physical* antipathy to notes, There is something to me in the very *look* of a page: and I daresay this is what unconsciously told on Macmillan and gave him the notion which puzzles you of the book being argumentative rather than narrative. Still there is something in what he says. Take the very opening (I am writing from memory), the first two sentences are narrative,—the third is at once argumentative. The keen appreciation of analogies and differences which strikes me as your peculiar merit sometimes acts in this way, interposing a little dissertation (wonderfully good it always is) when the statement ought to be moving on. I thought I would read out the opening part to my sister and brother. The first is historical in taste and enjoyed it mightily; the second who has no special taste or knowledge of the matter, but has a good deal of sense and the average information of men said: "I understand and like the general drift of it,—but I can't follow the allusions." I take it he meant to express very much what I have said.

But you know, my dear Freeman, it is simply a glorious book, and destined to give the tone to "those that come after." This is the way I think of treating it rather than in looking for what I have as yet failed to find—errors of detail,—its value, I mean, as affording a sound base and laying down right laws for the histories that must follow. My mode of work may be very different: but my work must be on the same line,—

the line, that is, of the essential unity and national development of our history. But I feel awfully young and crude as I read your pages, and feel inclined to belie the kind words of your preface.

To E. A. Freeman

St. Philip's, Stepney,
March 25, 1867.

[In a letter of March 17, Green says that he is laid up with a sharp attack of pleurisy.]

My dear Freeman—I am a man again. Yesterday I woke up better, and to-day I wake up well. So now to work which is sadly in arrear. Last night I wrote off the best article I have ever written on those Fontevraud tombs; I hope Cook will put it in next week, because I happen to know that the matter has created far more irritation in France than we have any notion of, and I should like the French folk to know that the English folk had nothing to do with it but only the Smiths and the Bonapartes. But the priggish ignorance of Smith junior beats belief. I have poked at him as well as I could,—but with all reverence. Thanks for the Savile on the Angevins; he is very amusing, especially in his use of old Mezeray whom he seems to look upon as an original authority. Still I am merciful to anybody who knows *anything* about Fulc Nerra. That is my weak point you know; so he shall have the benefit of it.

As to the Norman-Angevin trip, all must hang upon Hunt. If he can come and act guide, philosopher, and friend, I will come in his pocket. If not, not. I can't speak French, and I have never passed the Custom-house, and my distinct conviction is that I shall get seized for smuggling something or other, "bein' innercent as a child unborn, yer worship,"—or else that in my efforts to meet you at Falaise, I shall find myself face to face with the Corsican in the Great Exhibition.

Then I should of course have to die for liberty, and Mrs. Stubbs would drop a tear. You see it's a question of detail, and if I can get a nurse I will come. But alone and without friends I am a mere orphan, distinctly lower in the travelling scale than an unprotected female.

"Who," asks the indignant Barlow, "would have had a window down in a railway carriage on such a day?"—"He might" (mark the subtlety of this suggestion) "he might have required the same in a First Class." Oh, Barlow, Barlow,—the cunning and craft of that guileless man! You send me, through him, a tract about Ritual,—what for?—Ever yours, dear Freeman,

J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY,
April '67.

[The article upon the tombs at Fontevraud appeared in the *Saturday Review* for March 30, 1867.]

MY DEAR FREEMAN—I have just made a fatal discovery, fatal—that is—to all projects of a post-paschal excursion. Our grand day here,—SS. Philip and James,—falls, of course, on the 1st of May, and that is only a fortnight and two days after Pasch,—moreover there be flowers and singers and preachers to be got in the meantime. I should really be glad to get out for I can't get right,—the least thing seems to upset me,—but it's no good crooning over one's ailments. The worst of it is that they really stand in the way of one's work. I am ashamed of my delay about your book, and your book is one among many; for whenever I am at my worst Cook sends me a packet of "books for review," which reduce me to imbecility. Moreover that abominable Irish Curate keeps putting off coming into work, and till he comes all the sick-visiting, etc. rests on my shoulders and the worry thereof.

I think that having to do the thing oneself helps one

wonderfully to understand the excellences of other people's work. That is, although I always liked your reviews amazingly I now begin to understand how *very* good they are. For my own part I like writing "Middles" best, but I will do my review work, like it or no. I have always looked on "reading and writing" as so wholly a matter of pleasure and caprice, and as lying so far outside of one's actual work, that having to do it as a matter of business in certain time and within certain limits is far harder for me than you can think. But it is as good for me as it is hard,—and I don't forget that I owe it to you. If you can really get me into harness,—into practical steady work,—in this line you will have done more than any one has been able to do yet. But I doubt,—as Scotchmen say. You see, I am essentially dreamy-headed, and a plan loses most of its charm for me when it is realized. I like amazingly dreaming over the fire about a little wife and children, but I know that if ever wife and children come they won't be the wife and children of one's dreams. And so of writing matters. It sounds like pure imbecility to confess that I have got all the materials for a first volume of my book, save for two chapters, actually in my note-book, and every detail of each chapter arranged in my head, and yet that I don't write a line the more for all this. I am always so miserably disappointed with my work when it is actually in black and white. Take that article in this week's *Reviler* on the "Tombs at Fontevraud." I enjoyed awfully the thought of it —but all that I really enjoyed seems to have disappeared now I can read it as it is. I suppose this is the cry of all weak, conceited folk,—and that you will just say "Do your best and don't think how much better it certainly might have been." And this is of course just what a steady resolve to write something every week will do for me. But somehow I feel as if life had got a little grayer and more colourless now as if my few pleasures had died down into "grind." I know that I have taken a little more to music of late,—and I think it is

from a sort of latent notion that a fugue or a septett can never take shape as a "matter of business."

Now—if you are not in an awful rage, my dear Freeman, it is only because you are,—well, never mind what I think you, because nobody but some dozen people would believe me, and they know without my saying it. But it's very odd that I can croon to you as I can croon to so very few people in this world.

It's rather funny that you who "swear by no party" should always want these poor Dizzy-folk out when they are in; while I, who vote my "Liberal ticket" on principle, am very peacefully inclined in spite of the *Daily News* and the *grandis epistola* from Somerleaze. I don't see any reformers on the Gladstone bench any more than on the Dizzy bench; and as I think the whole strength of the question lies in its own tendency to drift, I think it will drift better under the present ministry than under the (probably) next. You will see (*Coquo volente*) how moderate I am in my review of those *Essays on Reform.* How they have bored me I will not say.

. . . . .

A chemist in the Mile End Road has *seen* me elevate the Host and wear a large Cross on my back. Last Good Friday a lady left the church because I preached "with a crown of thorns on my head." I believe both to be very truthful people, and neither to have any personal aversion to me. I wonder how you and Dax would deal with this. "Either they did see it or they didn't," etc.—Ever yours, J. R. GREEN.

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY,
April 8, '67.

[The review of *Essays on Reform* appeared in the *Saturday Review* of April 1867.]

MY DEAR FREEMAN—I am extremely sorry that you should have to trot about alone, and quite agree that the Philippian and Jacobite worship is fond

and vainly invented. But it is simply impossible for me to be away, or away I would be.

I see Cook this morning, and your first part—if he will allow me two—shall see light next Saturday. I thought it best to do that Reform business first, as the essayists had a notion that Cook had adjourned it till the forthcoming of the second series.

I am a little distressed about your censure of me for not mentioning Bryce. I tried to gather up the general tendency of all the essayists without mention of any. Rutson and Hutton I did mention the names of in passing as far the ablest of all. But I criticised none in detail, and if I had done so I should not have touched on Bryce, for the simple reason that his essay lay off the line. So to my mind did Goldwin's and Pearson's. The opening of Bryce's I thought very fine indeed, and some things at the close. He wrote to me last week about that false rumour I spoke of as to Cook, and mentioned your note about an Historical Review. But if he doesn't push it himself, I don't know any other man to do it. He *could* do it because he has a name. I cannot help because—unless I am by good luck mistaken for Green of Balliol—I have none.

But I am sure after all that you don't think I passed over Bryce for any bad reason. I wish I knew him better; but I am sure I could not admire him more. I would give much to be half as clever—or a tithe as good as he.—Ever yours, dear Freeman,

J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY,
April 11.

[Green's review of Freeman's *Norman Conquest* appeared in the *Saturday Review* for April 13 and 27, 1867.]

MY DEAR FREEMAN— . . . I accept to-day a professorship on something at the Queen's College at

Harley Street to preach unto young women; so if Mill's amendment passes, and if Church and State dissolve partnership, and if the anti-Horne-Tooke Act be repealed, I may yet be the Honourable Member for Crinolinopolis.

Cook—"if that foolish Gladstone will let me"—is off to Cornwall to relieve his—— (I spare you the medical details). He wrote asking me to come and see him on Monday, and we had a most amusing chat. He wishes me to stick to the *Reviler*, and not write for anything else, as he will give me as much work as I like to do. He "so much liked" my (*worst*) article on the Reform Essays that he wanted me to think over the question of writing politics in the big-type part, and have a chat about it when he returns. I have no morbid hatred of big type, but how *my* politics would look in it is another matter. In all this present muddle I hardly know what I am; but I am certainly not a Beresford-Hopeian; a "Poker," perhaps, but not "a Stoker." Now isn't *that* in the "Jovial" style?

If the first part of my review of the *Opus* don't appear in print this week it is no fault of mine. Ditto for the second part next week. I do hope you will like it because I have taken pains about it; though when I read it through it seemed just as if *from that very cause* it had an "uppish" look about it. But you will understand that, even if it looks so. I am so glad the book has taken so well. Good-bye, dear Freeman. —Yours in all Johnnyhood, J. R. G.

Lady Cranborne's motto for the Jamaica Committee: "This is the Eyre—come let us kill him."

To E. A. Freeman

St. Philip's, Stepney,
July '67.

[The articles upon the "Bishop of Durham (Baring) and his Rural Dean," and "Whalley, De

Profundis," (*i.e.* G. H. Whalley (1813-1878) of anti-Popery fame) appeared on July 20; and the Chateau-Gaillard on July 27, 1867.]

MY DEAR FREEMAN—I ought to have answered your note long ago. (1) As to Geoffrey Martel's *incestum conjugium*, I find that Mabillon and the continuation of Bouquet, vol. x. say all the row was about G.'s marrying Agnes "immediately after" her husband William's death, but there is no proof of such a thing; the dates are (as you have no doubt discovered) wildly at sea, but I believe that the match really came off two years later. Besides, in spite of "the Church's abhorrence of marriages in early widowhood," I don't remember such being styled *incesta*. There was in fact a relationship, though a queer one: dating from Theobald the First of Blois, the father of Theobald the Trickster (Palgrave's friend). His daughter (Theobald First's) married Fulc the Good of Anjou, Geoffrey Martel's great-grandfather. On the other hand, his granddaughter Emma, the daughter of the Trickster, was by marriage the mother of William the Great of Aquitaine, our Agnes's first husband. Agnes was therefore by marriage second cousin to Fulc Nerra, Geoffrey's father. This is the nighest I can get—perhaps you have got nigher. I took a journey into the Burgundies to look up Otto-William, Agnes' father, and who he came from, Adalbert of Lombardy, etc., but not being Bryce I got "moithered," as Mrs. Poyser says, and came back again. All this week I have been working hard at Fulc Nerra and Geoffrey: the work was really hard because one has to wade through such a tangle of blunders. The biggest blunder is Mabillon's about the *Carmen Satyricum* of Adalbero. I wish I knew where to get a paper in about it; it is really (I am *sure*) a record, and *the only record*, of the curious politics of the marriage of Robert of France (v.-Constantia-Robert) with Bertha, which Gregory V. had to knock on the head. Mabillon printed it and attributed it to 1016,

and the row between Anjou and Otto of Chartres which ended in Pont-levoi. But his examination is a perfect tissue of really disgraceful errors. Ah me, the gods tumble about when Mabillon nods! But really I think I have made out a good deal about that very hazy time of French history, where Palgrave who is so hard on Sismondi can fall into Sismondi's blunders after all; and that my first chapter on the rise of Anjou, every bit of the material of which is now ready, will be really an *Accessio historica.* I know you will be glad to find me at work on my book. Last week was in fact a work-week. Besides these two volumes of Bouquet, etc., I did *three* middles for the *Reviler*, "Whalley," "Baring" (did you recognise *them?*), and one on "Chateau-Gaillard," which has not yet appeared. I am sure you will like the last, and will see in it a sketch of my views about John and the French Conquest of Normandy. As to the "Whalley" I writ it at Cook's desire—ignorant that Cook had turned Mohammedan. But it is so. While examining Whalley's mind I wrote—"We must wait, however, for a disciple to do for the great Questioner of our days what Plato did for the great Questioner of *his.* But has not such a disciple and expositor appeared? There is but one Whalley, but Murphy is the prophet of Whalley." Cook's new convictions were hurt by this parody of the faith of Islam, and he struck it out.—Ever yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To the Rev. Isaac Taylor

1867.

Many thanks, my dear Taylor, for thinking of me; but even if I had the time I could not go. I am simply horrified at the things I see going on this winter. That scoundrel,—with his "gold hidden under the ruins" and the like, and all I can do is to hold aloof and shriek. I must shriek, for I have held my tongue for fear of hurting the poor. Think of that West-End

Pauperising Fund with its "loaf and tract" system! I am working hard to organise something like a Committee supplementary to the working of the Poor Law in Mile End; and I think it will work. But this newspaper appeal dodge is sapping all independence. Fancy men well-to-do in business refusing to help their own poor because "there's plenty of money will come if you advertise." This actually happened. How I wish the clergy would strike and throw up the relief business altogether! I know you feel as I do,—so pardon my shriekings, for I am heavily burthened and stricken in this matter.—Ever yours, dear Taylor,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY,
September 6, 1867.

[The British Association article appeared on September 14, 1867.]

MY DEAR DAX—I was wrong and silly to have shrieked over my distress, but it is a very real and painful one, and your little note is more welcome than you think. I won't say more now, but I think if you come over I may be able to tell you something. . . . Come and tell me about yourself and your work,—nothing would cheer and relieve me so much. I have just sent a dull leader on the Brit. Assoc. to the *Saturday*. Why are you not there? I have been very regular in my writing, and an article on the Ritual Commission seems to have made a sensation; but I have fallen into a trick of writing from 2 to 5 in the morning which is bad enough. I am engaged by George Grove for a paper in *Macmillan*; he is the new Editor, do you know him?

Stubbs is here on Tuesday evening. Will that suit you? Dine at 5, or name any other day next week, but do come. I am alone here.—Ever yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

CAMELFORD, CORNWALL,
October 7, 1867.

[Cook had a house near Boscastle, where Green was staying. "H." is Beresford Hope, proprietor of the *Saturday Review*.]

MY DEAR DAX—I have had the most jolly fortnight at this Cornish retreat of C.'s; boating, driving, walking along the finest range of black slate headlands and wreck-inviting bays I ever saw. The whole land here is full of Arthur; we are here at wild Dundagell,—his birthplace; close by is Camelot, quiet Camelford now, streaming up a green hill-side in a lane of white houses; not far from it is the legendary scene of Arthur's death at Slaughter-bridge, in a broad, rolling, featureless vale. I have had a terrible cough and cold, but am all the stronger and brighter and better for the change. The H.'s have been here the whole time. I don't know which is the jolliest,—B. or Lady M. or the girls. And I have chummed with Prof. Owen, who is a real man, old boy, whatever you Huxleyites swear, and a good man too. To-morrow I go on to Freeman, and thence to Hunt, and thence by next Sunday home. Come and see me in town and talk over your "Prince." I read it with all the pleasure I should have had in reading something very good of my own. Kind things to your wife.—Ever yours, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY,
December 16, 1867.

MY DEAR DAX—It is an age since I saw you or heard from you. What are you doing, saying, thinking? E. A. F. seems equally in the dark and calls wildly for news of you. I have a notion that you are busy with your book, in which case "Silence is Golden."

I turned thirty on the 12th. The day brought a sort of gray-hairy feeling with it. After all one has done something in the ten years since one stood in Jesus Quad. But there is lots more to do.

Stopford Brooke, a friend of mine, has undertaken to push the *People's Magazine*,—a Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge publication,—into a higher style of thing. I have given him an historical paper, simple but of a high class. But his great wish is to get good scientific contributions, such as intelligent artisans and parsons could equally read. If you could spare the time (I suppose that is your difficulty as it is mine) he would be much obliged by your giving him a paper on some scientific point of *current interest*, avoiding the Flint Folk for Christian Knowledge sake.

With kindest remembrances to your wife and Mrs. D.—Believe me, yours ever, dear Dax,

J. R. GREEN.

Did you like my chaff of Huxley in the *Reviler?*

To E. A. Freeman

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY,
January, 1868.

[Green had himself written an article in the *Saturday Review* of January 18, 1868, upon Stanley's *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*. From a later note it seems that he confessed the authorship, and was forgiven, though Lady Augusta Stanley for some time resented some rather sharp and probably too accurate criticisms.]

MY DEAR E. A. F.—I really fancied I had acknowledged your cheque. I have devoted it to a most distressing case, a respectable old woman whose husband used to be a swell about here, and did much for St. Philip's, and now her son has swindled her of every half-penny and left her to absolute starvation. Five shillings a week from your fund will just tide her on

till I can get the poor old soul something. I will do what I can at Westell's, but I know nothing of the subject or books. Stubbs the Omniscient will know all about it, and I shall see him soon as I have promised to visit him for a few days at the beginning of March. By-the-bye Cook tells me you are amazed at having the review of Stanley laid at your door and made that the theme of a little preachment to me. I can't imagine how I could have helped it—however I went down to Stanley's the other night to a "crush" on purpose to make all straight, and had a talk with Lady August in a corner, who moaned much because "she admired Mr. Freeman so much, and there was no man whose praise of the book she should have valued more," etc. She really remembered, and talked well about, your Battle piece. So I said that I knew you had not written a word of it, and she was rejoiced and went off to tell the Dean, and the Dean said he had heard it before from a friend of yours, and all was peace.

It was a comfort to know that Boyle, of whom I knew not, knew of "Green of Jesus." My character I am afraid has perished under the vengeance of woman. "He must be not only wicked, my dear," said a lady who used to like me, to Mrs. Haweis, "but if I may say so of a friend of yours, maliciously wicked." Sidney Owen mourneth over my reviews,—you over my middles. Cook as usual "rejoiceth in iniquity," and for myself I am moody and discontented with everything.

How I wish I could spin about the country like you instead of being penned up here and driven mad with "Pauper Dietaries" and Stoneyards! When I was resting and idle down at Hope's I got as well and plump as possible,—*here* I get physically weak and depressed. All is going on well in the parish, and we are just putting up a new school for our poorer children,—but——

I met Denison, by-the-bye, at Stanley's. He is a very jolly, simple-hearted fellow. Julian the Apostate, —he says,—invented the Conscience Clause in 362,

Lingen only copied it in 1862. Did you ever come across the Imperial Conscience Clause?—Ever yours, dear Freeman, J. R. G.

To E. A. Freeman

BEDGEBURY, KENT,
January 23, 1868.

MY DEAR E. A. F.—Don't be hard on my poor middles. I am not frittering myself away, for I never send in a thing of that sort without some serious paper with real work in it, such as my papers on East End distress, which have done real good. And secondly, as Cook urges, one ought to feel a certain loyalty to the *S. R.*, and it absolutely needs "trivial middles" to keep it up and induce people to read our weightier musings. And lastly I see no harm in writing down mere after-dinner chaff, requiring no thought or time, and evidently not meant to be taken in earnest.

I am doing a good deal of *S. R.* work; this week again I sent in three articles; and I have very heavy parochial work just now—so other things have to wait, and I am very glad of these few days' outing. Hayward is down here, and is good to study, he talks very well, but then he means to talk very well, which spoils it. . . .

I sent a paper on Cuthbert to a thing published by the Christian Knowledge, whose Editor is a friend of mine and in strait for papers. At the close I spoke of Durham as looking down on the Church of "Selwyn and Keble." Spottiswoode's folk printed it "Selwija and Kebler"; and the proof went to a Dr. Curry, one of the S.P.C.K. swells, who wrote thus: "The names of Selwija and Kebler, however illustrious, are hardly sufficiently familiar to the *general* reader to be mentioned without a little explanation!" I shall have this framed and glazed.

When are you coming to town?—Ever yours, dear Freeman, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY,
[*May* 1868].

[The review of C. H. Pearson's *History of England during the Early and Middle Ages*, appeared in the *Saturday Review*, in May 30, 1868.]

DEAR E. A. F.—I have spent this week with Stubbs at Oxford, and have been much mocked at by that modern Mabillon as "polished and burnished" for which he quotes *you*. I really must try and do something to justify your praises (which sadly need justification in the eyes of common men). Hardy is delighted with the abuse of the Rolls folks, because it enables him to tell everybody that it is no fault of the Rolls, but that after cutting down the original grant by a £1000, the Treasury have actually handed over a third of the remainder to those Scot thieves.

Oxford is a most enjoyable place. . . . A charming place, but oh! so idle! Even I, the indolent one, am kindled to indignation at men beginning work at 10 and ending at 1, taking 6 months' holiday, and imagining they have no need for new reading after Baccalaurs. I got into the City archives—saw the charter of John, and the Old English copy (as I take it to be) of the Charter of Henry III.; some autograph letters of William of Wykeham, etc. But what with dinners and luncheons and walks and talks, idlesse was too much for me, and I did no more of all the things I meant to do.

I will do Pearson this week. Concerning my plans, I have been waiting for yours. I want to be at Lincoln to preach before Venables in June (17th or 18th), and I want Hunt to come up here at once; but I want to go oversea with you and do Aungiers. Now *when* go you, and *how* go you? You shall do middles on the buildings and the battles, and I will do middles on the beadles and the sous-prefets, and so the world goes round, round, round!

My outing has done me so much good that I quite

long for another. — Good-bye. Ever yours, dear Freeman, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

[Fragment in June 1868.]

Thinking over your paper as I ran away to Lincoln, I wondered whether you had brought out in all its force what your "Fight" makes me feel so vividly, I mean England and Harold's outlook during those terrible six months before the two battles,—two great Armadas getting ready at once from two different points of the compass to sail for English shores.

Why do you think the Barons marched to the fight of the Standard? I quote the *Eastern Morning News* —"because St. Cuthbert had been ravaging the land." However, this was nothing to the account of my "startling theories" in the other Hull paper which I unfortunately left behind. Hepworth Dixon told me that he really could not agree with me in thinking that there was nothing but Celtic blood north of the Humber. Altogether my attempt to be intelligible seems to have been a great success.

Lincoln is wonderful. I am simply grateful above measure to my "Constitutional King" Stephen for choosing as the scene of his capture those low slopes north of Foss-dyke and Witham, with the great steep behind them, and Castle and Minster looking out over all. And I had the great luck of falling in with a local antiquary by sheer chance, who while binding the Corporation charters had been allowed to copy them, as well as a Custumal which is among the civic documents. The first charter is Henry Second's, but it refers, as I expected, to one of Henry First's; every step I take confirms my theory about the latter. I *think* the "*law men*" go down to John's time. Foss-dyke, the canal which joins Witham and Trent is credited to Henry First; that the Lincoln burghers should have carried out thirty miles of canalising gives

one a view of the twelfth century and its industry very different from ordinary notions.—Good-bye, ever yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To Edward Denison

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY,
August 6, 1868.

[Denison was standing for Newark.]

MY DEAR DENISON—Your position at Newark is wonderfully like mine at St. Philip's, and if one made one's position in this world, I think both of us would deserve a good whipping. But we don't make 'em: we step into them, and so we have a right to a good grumble. . . . My ignorance of Newark is complete. I once ate a bun at its refreshment-room, and was told over the counter that King John slept in a four-poster in the chief town inn. I know no more about the place than that great historic fact, and the more modern one of the extreme staleness of that bun.

I am most unpopular now for two reasons; first that I have aided vigorously to start Newton; secondly, that on Sunday I praught a sermon on the sins of electors—apathy, immorality, selfishness, party-spirit,—which hasn't found a single friend, and sent the offertory down to zero. All this I prophesied, and if only their irritation sets them thinking a little I shan't object to their irritation. What depresses me most is the low tone rather than the wrong tone of the better men here. They wouldn't suffer a really bad man, or pardon his advocating a really bad cause; but they have no objection to making a little profit over the support of a good man, nor to his making a good thing out of a similar course in local or national politics. To higher arguments they are utterly insensible; I could not help feeling how differently an audience of artisans would have received what I said last Sunday. Of course the latter have their faults, but they have a certain enthusiasm from which the

Mile Ender proper is wholly free. But the long and short of it is that I am in a false position here—that, like you at Newark, I could be perfectly comfortable with the Protestants outside; while my Catholics only back me because my preaching amuses them, and because they can't get the true Catholic ticket. Only, thank Heaven, I can say as many "imprudent" things as I please.

. . . . . .

I am awfully tired with our excursion yesterday to Rosherville—a great success—the children delighted, sunshine, and nobody lost or hurt. One never realises what the monotony and narrowness of the life and thoughts of the ordinary shopkeeper is, till one spends a whole day in the midst of them, as one does on the excursion day once a year; twice a year it would kill me. Luckily I have immense social powers with these people, and they all voted me most chatty and agreeable; but the blank burthen of the day was indescribable. I retreated from it coming home into a corner and found a charming little maiden of 17 who prattled to me of everything in heaven and earth, with a great many "Mr. Greens" in every sentence. I told her I usually carried a book in my pocket in case I had nothing to do for half an hour. "Oh, yes," she said, "I suppose it is the Bible." Ah, me! it was the *Physiologie du goût.* But are these the thoughts of little maidens concerning parsons—are we ideals with perennial Bibles in our pockets?

Forgive this long chat and believe me yours ever,

J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

NEW UNIVERSITY CLUB,
ST. JAMES'S STREET,
August 19 (1868).

[Morkere and Eadwine are the Mercian earls to whom, according to Freeman, Green was too favourable on account of his birth at Oxford. Green's Review of

Freeman's *Norman Conquest* (vol. ii.) appeared in the *Saturday Review* for August 15, 22, and 29, 1868.]

MY DEAR FREEMAN—It is too late for to-day's post, but I can't put your book aside without a word. It reached me last night, and I have been working at it to-day; doing the Harold-Reign, *i.e.* the accession to April and the Stamford Bridge chapter for my first review. The William-life and Senlac will make a second, and Harwood *must* give me a third for the Inter-regnum and general talk. What I have read I think *up to your best mark.* I remember seeing some proof of the coronation part at Cox's, and thinking it too long. Either you have condensed it or I was quite wrong. Indeed the one change I should have recommended would have lengthened it; *i.e.* I should for the general reader's sake have dwelt much more on the Investiture part of the Coronation Service, and worked in all the history of each vestment which at present you have left in the references of your notes. I can't quite understand your theory of the Chronicles; I think you unjust to the Norman writers as far as the Bequest and Election are concerned; I still think you a perfect monomaniac on the subject of Morkere and Eadwine. But I will forgive you even sins against my own Earls for having brought out that Northumbrian hesitation to accept Harold (*I had never noticed it*), —the real difficulties of Harold in that long wait on the coast,—and the moral effect of the Comet. As for Stamford Bridge I am almost certain I shall like the style of your battle-painting better here than when I come to Senlac. It is *good prose*, and I like good prose better than all that "strenuous" prose which to my ear is neither prose nor poetry, but like somebody holloaing. However I shall know better when I reach Senlac. Moreover your telling the old saga and then rejecting it and giving a tale which is a great deal better because it is truer, is the best moral lesson for young history beginners I ever saw. I doubted about

the saga a bit when you read it to me, but now I read it in print I see you were *quite right;* it is a good bit of relief against the other picture. As far as I have gone in the appendices I like the Tapestry one best, the "Bequest" one least; it is too "special pleading" in tone, and Florence is worked to death. The most important historical discovery seems to me to be your suggestion about the date of Harold's marriage. I feel like a fool for not having thought of it. As to its accuracy, though I daresay I shall find more about it in your Norman negotiation part, I am simply converted to an intense belief. People never write *sheer nonsense*, and I see what sheer nonsense those Norman statements must be but for this. How very odd they never suggested it to one before.

. . . . . .

As to Switzerland I simply go there on my way to Italy, not to see it or study its people, but simply as a concession to Brooke, and to get a little tone and air. *You* shall take me some day to the Landesgemeinde. At present I am thinking more of Italian municipalities than of Swiss. But I would much I had seen the Aldermen of Kenfig. I read it out to Bryce, and we both voted them more Italian than anything we knew in England. *Who* is A. B.? Was he a modern history first? There was somebody I know got a modern history first out of Jesus, or a modern history second or something; I know it cured me of any wish to distinguish myself in *that* school. Do you know, when I was at Oxford last term, the dons asked me to dinner and Common room, and positively *crawled.* One brute who bullied me into an illness years ago told me I was "an honour to my College," and God knows what! And then you wonder that I despise Welshmen! Let me put you up to a secret. I don't love Edward First (as I showed t'other day), but I wouldn't abuse him so, if he had really hung those bards. But he didn't.

Good-bye. I am so glad this volume is out—you

will take your place now. What a stiff business you will have in the next. I don't see at all why after it you should not give us the history of the two Norman kings, and *then* wind up with a *sixth.* Think over it. Henry I. belongs as much to a History of the Conquest as Cnut, and is a deal better worth doing. Amen!—Good-bye again, ever yours, dear Freeman,

J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

NEW UNIVERSITY CLUB,
ST. JAMES'S STREET [*August* 1868].

MY DEAR FREEMAN—This is simply to tell you I have *done it*—appendices and all—and vote for the greatest living historian we have. Not that that will astonish *you*,—or that if I say it as I shall in print you will do anything but write an immensely long letter blowing me up! But never mind, that "Senlac" is magnificent. It isn't a bit overdone; and I won't say anything more irreverent about "holloaing in a wood." When edition 2 comes, run your pen through two-thirds of the "Now"s and three-quarters of the "Then"s. The first always makes me think you have just awoke from a five minutes' nap and set to again; the second is what I call "the showman's demonstrative." As to the Earls you are as mad as a hatter or else all England was as mad as a hatter; and as to Florence I can fancy that libellous shaven-pate patting his paunch in Purgatory and saying, "Tell a lie—tell a lie—tell—a—lie, and in some seven centuries you will at last get a swell to believe it."

But never mind—you are the Gt. Hn. now living, and you have a right to be as mad as a hatter, and to believe what you please. Q.E.D.—Good-bye.

J. R. G.

Love to old Dax. Tell him I have got his bank-book, and his balance is preposterous!

To E. A. Freeman

New University Club,
St. James's Street, 1868.

My dear Freeman—I have just read the *Edinburgh* article on your first two volumes: is it Cox's? Anyhow and whosesoever it is, although *I believe it is written with good will*, it is very lop-sided and unfair in its merely negative tone. I don't know that there are many flaws pointed out which I hadn't pointed out before, but I aimed certainly at pointing out the merits of the book as well, and about these the article says very little indeed, although it gives one the notion of its writer really appreciating them in some latent way. Moreover there is a good deal of ignorance in his censuring the very best point in your book—I mean your taking the Conquest out of the category of isolated events and showing its beginnings in Cnut, Robert, etc. So too in what he says about the Apulian Conquest. What, again, does he mean by "the mythical times of Hengist and Rowena"?

Of course I adhere to all I said of old about style, etc., and there is a good deal on that point very soundly put in the article; but it is most unfortunate that it should have come out just before your "Battle" volume. It has half set me longing (in spite of my vows) to do that and its predecessor for some Quarterly —"the" Quarterly perhaps which has done nought of you since the first volume. What do you say?

Anyhow, I just wanted to say this, my dear Freeman (baited thereunto by the *Edinburgh*), that there are no books oftener in my hands than yours; and that without a bit recanting what I said at first about them my admiration for them grows every day. *That's* the best way to test a book, see how it wears when you work at it; and *yours* wears *well*. I wish I was down with you to talk over these matters —it's poor work writing. . . .

Comfort yourself concerning Charles Kingsley. Like Nebuchadnezzar he has gone to grass—has abandoned history and taken to Botany and the sciences. *Sic pereant inimici Domini!* The rumour of his resignation of the professorship is true enough. Is there anything to prevent *your* going in for it?—it isn't confined to Cambridge men so far as I can gather; and if it were, a guinea *ad eundem* would settle the difficulty. You see, it isn't likely that Stubbs will go into the sixth heaven of Deaneries now. . . .

Good-bye; forgive me all my trespasses as you hope to be forgiven and believe me, my dear Freeman, yours in all loyalty, J. R. G.

To Edward Denison

St. Philip's, Stepney,
September 21, 1868.

My dear Denison—Higgs has been here this morning with a sheaf of your speeches, and left my conscience sore with remembrances of a certain unanswered letter. What a thriving business you seem to be doing at Newark, with your bodyguard of working men and "lady canvassers" seducing the immaculate voter! I am really delighted, though I fully expected it. So far as I see anything of them here, they seem more sensible and less of the potwalloper type than I had looked for. My cowardice was a little frightened at first by your plainness of speech; but it seems to pay, which brightens one's views of human nature a little. Anyhow, as far as the papers go, your prospects seem encouraging enough. Here we are in the most awful political muddle. Beales I take to be a certain M.P., the working men backing him *en masse*; Ayrton and Samuda to be quite out of the running, Coope having spoilt Samuda's and Newton Ayrton's chance. But both will go to the poll, and if they do it will be a very difficult business to get Newton

in and keep Coope out. Beales and a Tory for the Tower Hamlets will set all the ingenious Morleys and Huttons speculating for months on the "new constituencies."

Higgs is certainly getting your roughs into smooth habits. I think the school is going on well. I have been down there this morning to see whether I could inveigle the other trustees into allowing me to use the back room two mornings in the week for a sick-kitchen. A grate in the empty fireplace and the use of your soup apparatus would be all that I want. Higgs could manage to leave us the little room on Wednesday mornings, and on Saturday it is of course free. My new nurse will do all the work; and I think the money would do more good than it does now in tickets. I hope you haven't forgotten my prayer for a "lady visitor." I will take all the work off her hands, if only I may rest *sub nominis umbra*. We must get up Penny Readings (without the penny) through the winter at the school church. I have plenty of help promised, and you must come and read *Pickwick* as an M.P. Oh! if one might only put it on the bills.

I am buried in corn and flowers; our harvest festival is on Thursday. If I knew your people better I would ask them to send me flowers. But I really am growing the mendicant "parson," whom I am so fond of squibbing.

Good-bye, with best wishes for your success at Newark.—Believe me, faithfully yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To Edward Denison

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY,
October 18, 1868.

MY DEAR DENISON— . . . I am mighty uneasy about the look of things. Here we are, no forwarder than last autumn, and though business is brisker people have got more habituated to mendicancy. The parsons

of our rural deanery held a meeting about it on Tuesday. Unhappily my confinement in town has told on my head, etc., and I was obliged to run out if for a few days. I had half a mind to run down to Newark and see what you were doing; however I went to Essex instead, and am better now. It is these money-matters which wear my life out. Imagine the end of our school year coming, and my having to pay out of pocket a deficiency of £43. It simply leaves me without a penny. Do forgive my groaning. I put as bright a face on it as I can in the parish, but these incessant money-worries simply kill all vigour of life and thought in me. How can I do my book when this next quarter to escape bankruptcy I shall have to send in every week two articles to the *S. R.*, and write an article for the *Quarterly*, besides my parochial engagements? I think my pride must have come down in the world when I actually asked a man for a living the other day. However it went elsewhere—to a very good and fit fellow.

By-the-bye—as you are a prisoner at Newark—might we put in the grate you purposed in the Baker Street school? I am anxious to set about our soup-kitchen at once, and to break finally with the "meat-tickets." It will be a great economy and a better principle.

. . . . . .

I heard good news about you from Newark itself. A schoolfellow of my sister's (Tory people) writes to her that they regard you as a "second Gladstone." Take care not to be a Judas Iscariot like your illustrious first. Here Newton's chances have gone backwards; the artizans rallying round Beales, and the Beales's party breaking thoroughly with Newton. . . . A certain Potts, a Limehouse grocer, proclaims his secesh from Newton "in consequence of his alliance with a Puseyite priest." The *Tower Hamlets Advertiser* sarcastically adds, "The *friends* of the reverend gentleman declare the charge to be unfounded!" You see what Glad-

stone is and what I am. What are you? Good-bye; all possible good wishes.—Yours ever,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY,
October 20, 1868.

MY DEAR DAWKINS— . . . The most amazing thing which has happened to me since I saw you is a sermon which Haweis praught at a church hard by here on "Apathy on Politics." It was the first of a course in which I am to figure; and although we had agreed that party politics, as such, were to be excluded, and only the general principles urged upon which all political life—if it be sound—must rest, H. R. H. got up and for an hour delivered a wild platform speech in favour of Red Republicanism and Beales. There was a great slamming of pew doors, and the whole scene was chaos. What the —— I am to say next Sunday heaven only knows.— . . . Ever yours faithfully,

J. R. GREEN.

To Edward Denison

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY,
October 27, 1868.

MY DEAR DENISON—I ought at once to have acknowledged the receipt of your cheque, and to have thanked you for kindness so considerate. What you say of the parish is perfectly true, but I find it easier to get money for anything than for schools. What between the parsons and the Government grant all sense of local responsibility seems to have disappeared. I am however going to make my third trial, and to call together a private meeting before formally canvassing the neighbourhood. What I should have done but for you I really hardly know. But those school accounts once cleared off (as they are) I see my way as I haven't seen it for months.

. . . . . .

Could you throw into shape your thoughts on the lessons taught by the French relief system and our own as to the question you hint at in your paper, viz. the advisability of leaving pauperism to the common social conditions of pity, etc., rather than of any organization, legal or charitable? Is not this your contention?—Ever yours, in great hurry, J. R. GREEN.

To Edward Denison

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY,
November 19, 1868.

MY DEAR DENISON—I need not tell you how heartily I congratulate you on your election. It is in fact the one cheering fact for me personally in the whole business. So far as the men I care about are concerned, with the exception of Fawcett and Somerset Beaumont, Newark is the only place where I have not had a sound beating. The last was a Palmerstonian Parliament, but this out-Palmerstons Palmerston. "No philosophers, no artizans," seems to have been the winning cry.

Here at the last moment every one rushed to Ayrton and left Newton in the gutter. The votes he actually polled were really Tory votes, and would have gone to Coope had he retired. Samuda goes in by the force of the same Liberal shop-keeping class which returned Butler at the last election, and by the force of the higher artizans, shipbuilders, and the like, "Demos," as Fowle called it, all below the upper artizan went *en masse* for Beales. Coope's 7000 are, to me, a very real and astounding fact,—not less so than my discovery that had it been a contest between Coope and Beales, ¾ of the Samuda voters would have gone to the Tory. The fact is the governance of England is still in the same shop-keeping hands, and their sympathies are just where they were, with a quiet Liberalism which changes as little as possible. In other words, I expect nothing from the next Parliament.

But it is an immense pleasure to think that one M.P. at least is not an elderly soap-boiler, and that if not a pessimist as I am you are at any rate not a middle-class optimist. I suspect you are the one person in the bank who knows and can grapple with that ghost of Pauperism which is destined to trouble the slumbers of a Palmerstonian St. Stephen's.

Good-bye,—I have written a cool letter, as I usually do when I am most delighted; but you will understand it.—Ever yours, J. R. GREEN.

To E. Denison

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY,
January 8, 1869.

MY DEAR DENISON— . . . I suppose you will hardly be back till the next session sees John Bright on the ministerial bench. It is possible that by that time my plans may be fixed: they are very hazy now,—a possible appointment at King's College looming in the distance. I have a great wish not to part cable altogether,—the hold the Church has over me, however slight, is a really healthy hold to a mind like mine. Moreover, I have still a great faith in the capacity of *Ecclesia Anglicana* to meet the *national* requirements of England in a way that no sectional action can do. And then, too, there is the feeling of honour which tells against quitting a ship when she looks as if she were getting into rough water.

I can't tell you with what hope I look forward to your future,—not the immediate future, for men will go on eating and drinking till the flood comes,—but when the flood *does* come. And come it will.—Ever yours faithfully, my dear Denison, J. R. GREEN.

My Daughters on the Beach

[These verses are undated. They refer to the daughters of Mr. Stopford Brooke, who was one of his oldest and warmest friends, and in whose house he was hospitably received in periods of illness and depression.]

Pretty rosy legs
Paddling in the waters;
Knees as smooth as eggs,
Belonging to my daughters!
Sixty toes are twiddling
In the sandy ocean,
And six hearts are fiddling
With a child's emotion.
All of them are pushing,
Shrimping nets before them:
Thoughts of tea are rushing
Like the sea-waves o'er them;
Tea with shrimps and butter
Toast and water-cresses;
Hearts in such a flutter
In their holland dresses.
As ten feet come plashing
Through the brimy billow,
See the crabs go splashing
Each to seek its pillow,
And the tiny fishes
That would a-wooing stray
'Gainst their mothers' wishes
Much frightened, fly away.

O who would not sorrow;
He would be a stock else!
When said Maud, "To-morrow
I shall hunt for cockles."
All the cockles shivered
When they heard her talking;
Closed their shells and quivered,
And gave up their walking.

Then each little maiden
Trotted to her dwelling;
All their baskets laden,
All their bosoms swelling:
Honor led the marching,

Maud came proudly after;
Evelyn walked, arching
Her pretty head with laughter:
Then was Olive smiling,
Little girl so funny;
Sybil most beguiling,
Smiles as sweet as honey;
Rosalind, whose pleasure
Was to laugh for ever;
In her baby leisure
Touched with sorrow never.

Home they came enraptured,
And arranged the table;
Boiled the shrimps they captured,
Ate while they were able;
Had a romp uproarious
With the chairs and dishes;
Stripped and took a glorious
Bath like little fishes;
And at last quite cosy
Laid upon the pillow,
All their cheeks so rosy—
Dreaming of the billow
And the ripple argent,
Where the foam had motion,
On the sandy margent
'Twixt the rocks and ocean,
And of water playing
Round their ancles tiny;
And of next day slaying
Shrimps and urchins spiny;
Crabs and cockles hiding
In the rippled ridges,
And sea-flowers abiding
Underneath rock edges.
So they lay a-dreaming
Pleasures without number;
Till the day-light streaming
Roused them from their slumber.
To the beach and waters
They again descended;
For my six young daughters,
Thus my lay is ended.

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PART III

THE "SHORT HISTORY"

THE following series of letters belongs to the period (1869-1874) during which Green wrote the *Short History*. When the strain of clerical duty was finally taken off, he intended to devote himself to the history of England under the Angevin Kings. He was, meanwhile, to support himself chiefly by contributions to the *Saturday Review*. Towards the end of 1869, however, he had to consult Sir Andrew Clark. The diagnosis revealed a very serious condition of his lungs. Clark in fact told him a year later that it had been so serious that arrest of the disease seemed improbable. Green learnt enough to be aware that his life was precarious. He resolved to write a book, which if he lived would serve as an introduction to future work, and ensure that, if he should die, his labours should not have been entirely wasted. He was already known to Alexander Macmillan, who became a warm friend and who appreciated his talents. Macmillan now agreed to pay him £350 for the book to be written with further payment in case of its success. This enabled Green to set to work, and, though he still wrote occasional articles, the composition of the *Short History* became the main task of his life. He laboured with singular energy during the next five years. The state of his health frequently disabled him, and caused occasional

fits of depression. He was compelled to go abroad during the winter, and had therefore often to work at a distance from English libraries, and under the inconveniences of hotel life. He had discouragements of a trying kind. He showed the work as it went on to various advisers, and their judgments were by no means uniformly favourable. "He never forgot," says Mrs. Green, "that during this time there were two friends, Mr. Stopford Brooke and his publisher, who were unvarying in their belief in his work, and hopefulness of the result." It will be seen that Freeman, too, encouraged him at a critical point when an unfavourable estimate had caused misgivings. Freeman, however, shared the objection which seems to have been most generally felt. His friends thought, says Mr. Bryce, that he had contracted too much of the *Saturday Review* style. He was writing a series of brilliant articles rather than a continuous narrative. He was himself so far sensible of some truth in this that he cancelled a great deal that had been stereotyped and rewrote the whole, "re-creating, with his passionate facility, his whole style." He gave up the *Saturday Review*, though he could ill spare the loss, to master the task; and revised and corrected until his friends at last complained that he was too fastidious and induced him to bring out the book. While admitting, however, that there was some ground for their criticism, he could not have accepted it unreservedly without abandoning his whole conception of history. His critics had in their minds a manual for schools. Such a book, they thought, should adhere closely to chronological order, give direct statements of dates and events; and hold by the conventional landmarks, the battles and personal incidents which determine the lines of an ordinary history. They complained, therefore, that Green often omitted such

facts or alluded to them indirectly; that the student would be at a loss in an arrangement which occasionally disregarded the division by reigns; and in short, as Freeman put it, that the book would be useful to those who had already considerable knowledge of history, but would not provide the ignorant with elementary knowledge. Green was opposed to this view on principle. It was his aim, as he said in his preface, to pass briefly over many of the incidents which constitute the main staple of the old histories, the court intrigues, wars, and diplomacies, and to bring out "the incidents of constitutional, intellectual, and social advance, in which we read the history of the nation itself." He strove never to sink—as he said in a phrase which has become popular—into a mere "drum and trumpet history." This aim involved a new grouping of his materials. The strong sense of literary form, which is conspicuous in all his work, led him to bring together topics, which, if treated at all, are broken up and become discontinuous on the old system. He wished to bring out the unity and continuity of great religious or literary movements or of economic changes, such as the growth of town life, in which the leading moments are not defined by the accession of kings or the event of battles. The narrative had, to a great extent, to be reorganised; and the stress laid upon a different series of events. It was impossible, therefore, that Green should fully satisfy critics who desiderated a manual on the old model. Green had, in fact, written something quite different, and something which, as Freeman cordially admitted, was admirable from his own point of view. He had written, within a brief compass, nothing less than the first history of England which would enable his countrymen to gain a vivid and continuous perception of the great processes by which the nation had been built up; and which had

been overlooked or incidentally noticed in the histories which adhere rigidly to sequences of outward political fact. Green's own view is given in some of the following letters. I have said so much because the fundamental difference of view may explain why he had to meet discouraging criticism. He took it with admirable candour, and endeavoured to profit by it as far as it was consistent with his aims. The extraordinary courage and energy with which, in spite of ill-health, distracting circumstances, and doubtful approval from his friends, he managed to carry out the task which he had set himself, will best appear from the letters.

The success was remarkable enough in itself. It would be difficult to mention any case in which an achievement at all comparable has been accomplished in the teeth of such serious obstacles. The letters suggest other points, which may be made clearer by a few comments.

Green's first visit to the continent was in 1867, when he accompanied Freeman on a tour to Normandy. In 1868 they paid a visit to Anjou. "It was a wonderful process," says Freeman, "to go through such places with such a man, each of us studying for his own ends, ends which had so much in common." In the autumn of 1869 he went with the Stopford Brookes through Switzerland, and had his first sight of Italy, coming back, he says, with a new sense of the beauty of the world. In 1870 he made his first journey in search of health, and spent the winter mainly at San Remo. The winter of 1871-72 was again spent at San Remo, Freeman accompanying him on the outward journey through Germany to Venice and Ravenna. In 1872 he joined the Stopford Brookes at Florence, and thence went by Rome and Naples to Capri, where he passed the winter, visiting Rome again on his return. The last

winter before the completion of his book (1873-74) was spent in London. He was living at 5 Beaumont Street, Marylebone, where he took lodgings after leaving Stepney.

Green had one disqualification as a traveller. He had no facility in learning languages. Although his memory for facts and for the substance of books was remarkably strong, his verbal memory was weak. This was a hindrance to him in his classical studies, and probably accounts for this linguistic weakness. He could, of course, read French, but never learnt to speak it fluently. Of German, according to Mr. Bryce, he was quite ignorant, though he had certainly read some Goethe at college. He learnt Italian at San Remo in order to read Dante, but could only talk it sufficiently for hotel purposes. Yet his joy in taking in fresh impressions enabled him to turn every journey to the fullest account. Fellow-travellers describe him as the most delightful of companions. He was interested in the physical characteristics of the country—in the people, in the politics, and in the strangers whom he met. In the railway carriage he was always springing from one side to the other to catch new aspects of the country. He bought all the newspapers, of which he was an insatiable reader to the last. He could "squeeze all the juice out of a paper," says Mr. Bryce, "in a few minutes." He was, at the same time, reading a book and keeping up a lively conversation with his friends. He had, at all times, a singular power of concentrating his attention so as to read a book by pages at a glance. Mr. Loftie tells how he looked casually at an essay while keeping up a lively conversation with some ladies, and afterwards showed that he had absorbed its contents, and formed an opinion upon its merits. This amazing intellectual agility enabled him, it seems, like

a juggler, to keep up several balls in the air at once. He was constantly imbibing and communicating all the complex impressions of a journey. Many indications of this faculty will appear in these letters. They illustrate, in particular, one characteristic—his intense interest in the history of towns. Mr. Bryce tells how he reached the town of Troyes early one morning with his friends. He explored it, "darting hither and thither through the streets, like a dog following a scent!" In two hours the work was done. In the afternoon the party started for Bâle, reached it late, and went to bed. Green brought down to breakfast next morning an article upon Troyes, describing its characteristics, and tracing its connection with the Counts of Champagne during some centuries. He then walked with his friends through Bâle; and Green, on the spur of the moment, gave them an equally vivid history of the town, though he was seeing both places for the first time, and had made no special preparation. "He could apparently have done the same for any other town in France or the Rhineland." Another anecdote tells how he was called upon, quite unexpectedly, to speak at an archæological meeting of the history of some English town (Bury St. Edmunds, I believe). He rose at once, and delivered an address of more than a hour, giving a brilliant account in perfect form of the history of the town and its relations to the abbots or barons.

Freeman was especially impressed by Green's powers in this direction during their Italian tour. "It was," he says, "delightful to be with him; it was delightful to listen and learn from him. . . . It is needless to say what were Green's primary objects in Italy. Here was municipality on its grandest scale. Never was he so thoroughly at home as in the stately town-house of an Italian city. One of the great days of one's life was

the day when I first went to Ravenna with such a companion. . . . And well I remember how we stood, side by side, before the tomb of Henry VII. in the Holy Field of Pisa." Freeman, in his quaint fashion, ever afterwards spoke of the town-houses as "Johnny Houses," to commemorate Green's revelation of their interest. "And now, O Johnny," he says, in a letter ten years afterwards, "as I have been rambling over endless cities, telling the towers thereof, let me once more thank you for having first taught me to do a town as something having a being of itself, apart from the churches, castles, etc., within it. I have given you thanksgiving in a preface, but you deserve another every time I go over such a place."

Freeman remarks that Green's visits to Italy had a marked effect upon him. They widened his conceptions of history. His dislike to the Oxford system had led him to undervalue the importance of the histories of classical Greece and Italy in their bearing upon more recent periods. The sojourn in Italy removed this limitation. On the other hand, Freeman complains that his enthusiasm carried him too far. He learnt to "despise English things and Teutonic things in general"; and Freeman, therefore, looked upon him as a wanderer from the Teutonic fold. "His nature was, in fact," says Freeman, "rather Southern than Teutonic," and he found the social as well as the physical atmosphere of Italy more congenial than his own. Green's letters indicate his own view of this change of feeling, which to Freeman appeared to be a desertion. It may be doubted how far Green's love of Italy was due to the want of a Teutonic element in his nature. So many Englishmen of genius from the days of Chaucer to those of Browning have been profoundly impressed by Italian travel, that sensibility to

such influences might be claimed as a specially English characteristic. In any case, the impression made upon Green was undoubtedly as profound and enduring as it was natural. An intense delight in the beautiful was one of his most conspicuous qualities. During his life in the East End of London he had felt the ugliness of the long rows of monotonous houses as a perpetual burthen upon his spirits. With all his appreciation of Puritan virtues, he was keenly awake to the ugly outside of Puritanism, and his sympathy with religious instincts did not extend to the directly ascetic forms of belief. The artistic treasures in Italian picture-galleries and churches appealed to him as well as the historic interest of municipal buildings. He had not, indeed, any technical knowledge of art. He loved pictures as the true man of letters loves them, not for the skill displayed, but for the emotions which they excite. It was "the human element," says Mr. Bryce, "that fascinated him." His keen sense of humour was often tickled by the vagaries of the "æsthetical" painter and the conventional raptures of the common tourist; but he could speak of painting and sculpture with "extraordinary power" and genuine enthusiasm. His keen eye for the physical features of a country would seem to imply an equally genuine love of nature. Mr. Bryce, indeed, thinks that he was comparatively without the "passion for pure nature unsullied by the presence of man"—for the objects, that is, in which the "mountain lover" delights. But then Mr. Bryce is presumably infected by the heresies of the Alpine Club as becomes its most distinguished president. Green, like Freeman, looked askance at that monomania, and was not qualified for its special modes of nature-worship. That he could enjoy the beauties of Italian scenery, and even of mountains at a proper distance, will be sufficiently

evident from these letters. "Though he was not a botanist," says Mr. Humphry Ward, "I never heard any one speak with more genuine and poetical enthusiasm of the flowers of the Riviera." What seems to be clear is that, in his mind, nature was not "sullied" by the presence of man; but, on the contrary, most interesting when it appeared as the environment of some human society, the background which made some fragment of history stand out more clearly and intelligibly. It was scarcely possible for him to look at any scene which did not call up memories of the historical events with which it had been associated. His quick sympathy enabled him, in spite of the difficulties of communication, to associate himself with the pleasures and sorrows of the living inhabitants; and it will be seen how thoroughly he made himself at home with the fishers at Capri, and was amused and interested by their characteristic manners and customs.

Green's wrestle with the difficulties of the *Short History* did not prevent him from forming a variety of other literary projects to which some references will be found in the following letters. He discussed many of them with his friend Macmillan, at whose house he frequently stayed, talking till late hours over these and other subjects. One plan was for a series of lives of great men, anticipating a system which has since become popular. The scheme for a *Historical Review* has been already mentioned (letter to Freeman of January 23, 1867). It was frequently discussed by Green with Freeman, Mr. Bryce, and Professor Ward, but could never be got into shape. Green was invited to be editor, but ultimately declined for reasons which will appear from his letters. It was not started until 1886. A third scheme was devised in co-operation with Macmillan. Green became editor of a series of

historical and literary "Primers." This was not started until the publication of the *Short History* had made Green famous. A primer on *Rome* by Creighton, the late Bishop of London, appeared in 1875; and among later contributors upon various topics were Gladstone, Sir R. Jebb, Professor Dowden, Mr. Stopford Brooke, Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, Professor Mahaffy, and Dr. Peile. "I can assure you," wrote his friendly publisher to him in 1877, "that hardly any enterprise we have ever been engaged in has been more satisfactory to me personally, and not less to other members of the firm, than your Primers. Believe me, my dear Green, that you are loved, and honoured, and trusted among us all in a very high degree, and we count all that you do with and for us as among our most precious work." I may here mention that Green first proposed the formation of an Oxford Historical Society, and drew up a paper of suggestions for it in 1881. It was not started till 1884. For the present, however, the *Short History*—"Little Book" or "Shorts" as he calls it, represents Green's main occupation, though the letters will show how the extraordinary vivacity and versatility of his intellect prevented even that occupation from absorbing his whole energies.

To Miss von Glehn

St. Philip's, Stepney,
January 13, 1869.

My dear Olga—I appeal to you as being not merely the wisest, best, and most thoughtful of human beings, but also as the most charitable, benevolent, and compassionate, to tell me without prevarication or evasion or subterfuge or cunning craftiness of speech, but plainly, straightforwardly, simply, and intelligibly.

What has become of my Little Black Bag?

In that bag — I confide the sacred secret to your honour — in that bag — I repeat — but here again I appeal to that nobler and diviner sense of sympathy which warms your buzzum — in that bag was (or were, but I scorn grammar with a *friend*, yes, a *friend*)

one small and much worn
pair of
BOOTS!

Olga! my feelings are too much for me — still, one word! That BAG and THEM boots I left in your ancestral hall when hurried away by a dæmon in human form. Was it his purpose to abstract them? I ask in agony, has *he swallowed my Boots?* Oh, Olga, I weep; but farewell, one long, last, laster, longer, longest, lastest Fare-better, Fare-best.—Your ever more and ever morer, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY,
January 13, 1869.

[Percy Smythe, 8th Viscount Strangford (1826-1869), the eminent philologist and orientalist, died on January 9, 1869. He was a frequent contributor to the *Saturday Review* and *Pall Mall Gazette;* but published no book during his life. His *Selected Writings*, edited by Lady Strangford, appeared in 1869.]

MY DEAR FREEMAN — I am sure you have felt very deeply poor Lord Strangford's sudden death. How inadequate what he has left behind him seems to what was in him! I felt it in some ways like a call, "the night cometh" — I wonder whether I shall die as he has died, and leave merely a name among a few?

Sometimes I think I have been playing at mere Papistry, and that my work and voluntary burial down

here has been a mere notion of making up for my self-indulgence and revolt. Who knows? I can't read my own book—sometimes the pages seem all black, and then my better knowledge rises up and says "No, not *all*," and then I don't know which are black and which are white. And indeed there are moments when black and white seem one.

I am going to run down on Friday to Cox but must be back by Saturday even, so we can't talk much —which may be as well as such "talk of the lips tendeth to penury" by the simple process of forcing one to give up one's living and the like.

Here is a good story for all my moans. I praught at the Savoy on Sunday morn, and thundered against the imbecility of Poor Law administrators. When I came out the Chaplain congratulated me on my pluck, "the attentive gentleman three seats in front of you was Goschen, the President of the Poor Law Board." Fancy *my* playing Elijah to such an Ahab!

I have been musing much over your excursus on the Earldoms. I think I see pretty clearly that the old provinces were rigidly preserved in all that seeming chaos; and that those blessed Godwiningas were not merely throwing England into hotch-pot as I thought at one time. For instance that "Middle Anglia" which is my pet province just now seems from early days to have had a connection with Northumbria, *in Legecestriensi et Snotingensi quorum Christianitas ad archiepiscopum Eboracensem spectat*, says Florence i. 278; hence its broken relations with Siward and his house as an Earldom. So too that awful puzzle, Swegen's Earldom with Oxford in it, looks amazingly like a restoration of what I take to have been the old Wessex north of Thames of which Dorchester was the seat, and which must have occupied pretty much that area before Wulfhere's conquests.

What I am *certain* of is that up to the Conquest these provincial divisions and provincial feelings played a far more important part than you historians have

given them credit for. I may be too Mercian, but all of you *cut* the *political history of the Mercian Supremacy* from Penda's day to the sudden rise of Ecgbert—some century and three-quarters. Now I believe that it is just in the political and ecclesiastical forms which England took then, that one can find out all such queer puzzles as those Mercian Earls you rave against *more West-Saxon-ico*. The difference between South-Anglia—that is Old Wessex north of Thames, prigged by Wulfhere, and got back by Alfred—and Middle Anglia + Mercia + E. Anglia — is the secret of the Treaty of Wedmore, and its seemingly arbitrary line. Of all which see more in a grand excursus on "Mercia, the Mercian Kingdoms, and the Mercian Earls," which will probably never be written. — Yours ever, dear Freeman, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY,
January 29, 1869.

[Refers to proof of Freeman's account of the coronation of Harold on January 6, and to the victories of Wulfhere, King of Mercia, over the West Saxons.]

MY DEAR FREEMAN — I am glad you are at Mortemer. Your Epiphany proof reached me, as you meant it, at Cox's. I greatly enjoyed my visit there, what a pleasant place he has, and what a delightful—surprise shall I call it—in that little chapel. I suppose it is the strength of the old Adam in one which makes one connect somehow the saying of prayers with the saying of creeds. We talked much of things *not* in the Norman Conquest, but I won't talk of them now while I have the ticket porter's cry of Battle in my ears and the roll of William's sea. For I have just come back from Hastings, and have done pilgrimage to Anderida. What a wonderful place that Pevensey is—one great circuit of Roman wall and the two bastions of the Decuman Gate through which Ælla and William must

have passed. I lay there in the winter sunshine, and drome much of that long inroll of wave after wave of conquest and settlement that saw its beginning and end in those broken walls. Few places have struck me so much—I wonder why it is that *places* bring one this peculiar pleasure? Do you remember our tramps over Angers or our walking about Le Mans, and telling the towers thereof? Hastings too with its old town squeezed in between the two hills and round the two churches has its interest as a Cinque Port. I have been dipping into the history of that said federation—imagine their having the right to send a bailiff to Yarmouth during the herring fishing, who displaced all the town officers and held pleas and what not. Do you know any other instance in England of this Berne-like usage?

I am forgetting the proof of the Epiphany-Coronation, of the *style* of which I wanted to say somewhat. Oddly enough, its tone reminded me of my sermons when I was a deacon, it wanted measure and variety. I was thinking about style the other day, and it seemed to me that David's notion of a procession expressed my notion of style, "the singers go before, the minstrels follow after, in the midst are the damsels playing on the timbrels." Now you give us the singers, capital "anthems" they sing, but there is a certain want of the plain prose of the minstrels, and I haven't caught a note of the timbrels. No doubt you will say that I give the world quite enough of the damsels myself! But seriously I often wish in the middle of a grand page that you would write *as you talk*, with all the variety and impulsiveness and humour of your conversation. "Strenuus" is a good title for a king, but hardly so excellent for a writer. Perhaps it is a slight remnant of the "dignity of history" feeling that makes us all go a little a-tiptoe! At any rate that particular proof did seem to me very rhetorical and monotonous in style, and to want a good deal of cutting down.

As to the facts, my mind is so disturbed by the thought that before Wulfhere made me what I am I was a West Saxon that I fear to commit either of my selves and will give no verdict till I look them up for the close of my little volume. I think it likely I may be *free* in a month or so to set about it. Macmillan is willing enough. Good-bye.—Ever yours, dear Freeman,

J. R. GREEN.

I saw Venables yesterday—he is our new Bishop's Examining Chaplain.

To E. A. Freeman

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY,
(1869).

[Archbishop Longley, to whom Dr. Stubbs had been librarian, died on October 27, 1868, and was succeeded by Tait.]

MY DEAR FREEMAN—Thanks for your testimonial —Stanley has written, so has Stubbs; while that dear old Hardy, the only other person I asked, has written me the jolliest letter in the world, adding to the expression of his own good wishes his assurance of the good wishes of—Lord Romilly! which things are too wonderful and excellent for me.

Still there is little hope. Stubbs has written in the most lucid and convincing way (!) to explain this to me. It seems that he proposed to Longley after the row and reopening of the Library—to appoint two librarians—the one to attend to the correspondence on literary and ecclesiastical subjects without necessary attendance at the library and without stipend—the other an under Librarian who should have the stipend and attend five days in the week at the Library to do the special Library work. The last was to be permanent—the first to change as before with the change of Primates. The Archbishop so far accepted this that he appointed Kershaw—a subordinate of Bradshaw's at Cambridge—

to the second office; the correspondence remained in Stubbs's hands but without any regular appointment.

Now the stipend is no matter, and I have writ a second note to Tait asking for the senior Librarianship; as I have no doubt he will confirm Kershaw in the Library itself. What I really want is the *position*, a place which I can flee unto, and which may be my answer when folk ask "Who is he?" But I don't think Tait will see the fun of two Libs., and of course his offer of an unpaid office to me would give me a claim on him which he may not care to incur.

The title of these transitional people is always a subtlety, like the raised pies of the Middle Ages. My notion was that till the person is elected, he is nothing —then he is Archbishop elect, his confirmation makes him Archbishop, his consecration only giving him the spiritual functions. But this may be Erastian, and we Erastians should be modest just now when we have put your candles out.

I longed much to have been with you at Andredsceaster—your letter set me dreaming and I drome that you and Ælla and Cissa were besieging Jesus College, and that I showed the Principal in the Chronicle the precedent for not leaving a Welshman alive. But lo! I awoke; and like all pleasant things in this world, it was a Dream.

How odd that our two Irreparable Pasts should be turning up together in the matrimonial way. I, too, have had a slight attack of memory, but it has been mitigated by a photograph, which showed that the chin of the I. P. had become double in the hours of desertion. Neither my morals nor my constitution are equal to a double chin.—Ever yours, J. R. G.

[Fragment, probably suggested by the visit to Battle.]

1. William's policy was to bring H. to an engagement—and that on the open coast where his cavalry could act. This was why he stayed at Hastings. Had

he marched on London (1) he might have been attacked in the difficult Weald, or (2) have reached London to find it and the line of Thames barred against him, and Harold even in weak force able to hold it while receiving reinforcements. To draw H. to him Wm. waited, sent irritating messages, ravaged. Had he seized Battle, it could only have forced Harold to *decline* fighting. W.'s object was to get him to fight.

2. Harold's best strategy to play Fabius. We don't know why he sought an engagement so early—it seems as if he purposed to avoid being joined by the Mercian Earls. He was certainly irritated by W.'s messages and ravage. But having resolved to bring W. to battle his policy was masterly. He took post near enough to force W. to concentrate his force, that is to cease foraging. W. had to starve or fight, and to fight he must attack H. on H.'s own ground. Hence he foils W.'s plan while seeming to fall in with it. He does accept the battle challenge, but he draws W. out of the plain into the broken Weald.

3. The position—threefold. (1) On west highest ground, steep in front and rear. A beck beginning in two springs by the Abbey Gate on the north deepens and curves round this northern end, defending it on every side but that of the general plateau. (2) Further along plateau it dips gently, the slope becomes easy of attack; but here the face of the hill is thrown forward in Malmesbury's "tumulus," the key of the position. (3) Still farther east the level rises again gently to the Abbey. Here stood Harold's standard. The slope in front of William and beneath the standard rises gently from the bottom almost to the brow of the plateau; but the brow itself is abrupt and defensible. (4) On the extreme east the plateau forks and dips gently into the general level of the rolling country. Here too the bottom between the two armies ends in a rise of ground which links the two positions together.

This (4th) eastern end is easiest of attack; it might

be turned. But to do this William, whose base of communications was at Hastings and must be firmly held, must have weakened his force in front of Harold. This he could not do; hence the fights on this side had little effect on the battle. (2) On the opposite flank the Bretons seem to have pushed round by the ravine, and to have got smashed there by Harold's right wing. Their defeat . . .

To W. Boyd Dawkins

St. Philip's, Stepney,
February 2, 1869.

[Dr. W. A. Greenhill (1814-1894), a well-known physician and antiquary, and one of Newman's friends at Oxford, was living at Hastings.]

My dear Dax— . . . Freeman's third volume is well on its way to the printer's. I saw one proof which was far too rhetorical and diffuse; but E. A. F. with all his greatness profits very little by criticism. I commended to him as the type of good style David's notion of a procession—"The singers go before, the minstrels follow after, in the midst are the damsels playing on the timbrels"—and told him he gave us plenty of "anthems" from the singers, but little of plain prose from the "minstrels," while I couldn't catch a note of the "timbrels." He and I did Battle together: we caught the Duke, but took him for a gardener. The "joggrafy" of the battle itself came out perfectly on the spot. Since then I have run down for a week to Dr. Greenhill at Hastings, and peeped at Pevensey with its great Anderida-circuit all complete. Few ruins have impressed me more. It was odd to stand in that Decuman Gateway, on the very ground which Ælla and William must both have trodden, and to feel that that one spot had seen the beginning and end of the great series of conquests. In Greenhill's drawers too I found a lot of Stanley's letters from Rugby, with

boyish vignettes of Arnold! I have written to Grove and hope to get them into *Macmillan*.

I think it likely that Easter may see me at King's College as Chaplain and Censor—not a very valuable post (£120, grub and rooms), but relieving me of the worry and work here, and giving me *plenty of leisure* for serious work. Moreover it will relieve me from a position which thought renders daily more impracticable. It is possible too that Tait may make me Senior Librarian at Lambeth; if so, my status is assured, and that terrible question, "Who is he?" receives an archiepiscopal reply. Anyhow, I have made up my mind to quit these eastern climes, and for a while to withdraw quietly from any conspicuous *clerical* position. King's College will be pleasant enough, if only because it is so very accessible to a certain friend who will find it at no great distance from the Geolog. Soc. rooms!

Good-bye, dear Dax; give my kindest remembrances to your wife. I hope she is quite reconciled to the Cotton City.—And believe me, affectionately yours,

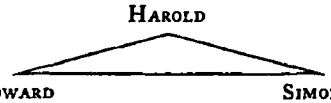
J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY,
(*end of February* '69).

[The review of Longman's *Edward III.* appeared on February 20 and 27, 1869.]

MY DEAR FREEMAN—You are right about the librarianship. I am Tait's man, and did homage for my fee before the portraits of Warham yesterday. Thanks for kind words of yours which no doubt helped much this consummation. I leave St. Philip's at Easter, and woo poverty and freedom, a sort of combination of St. Francis and John of Leyden. As to my Jacquerie, I thought I had preached unto you beside the field of Senlac on my hatred of that Edward-

time. I have pitched into it again this week *à propos* of Longman's *Edward III.* It has the singular merit of combining into one everything that I hate. Of your 

trinity, Simon is the only one to my liking, and that partly because those cussed barons hacked him so at Evesham in your Edward's service. But he *did* love the "minor populus," the "Littlegregus" [?] as you will translate it, and didn't like Edward back up the Aldermen. I am like that De Rochefort who owned himself a Napoleonist, but begged leave to choose his Napoleon and chose the Second "because he levied no taxes and waged no wars." Of the three Edwards, the second is the man for my money.

I send you *Marie de France*, as I don't quite know which passage you want.

Won't it be jolly to have no sermons to preach on Sundays!—Ever yours, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

St. PHILIP'S STEPNEY,
end of February 1869.

[This refers to an attack upon Freeman in the *Athenæum*. Hepworth Dixon resigned the editorship in August 1869. The Librarianship was unpaid.]

MY DEAR FREEMAN—Mary tarried in the kitchen owing to my servant's negligence, to whom I had committed her for postage. She goes to-day. The Censorship was the King's College appointment, which vanished before my "notorious broad-churchism." I get no pay nor rooms nor mutton-chops, but I get the Librarianship which gives me a "steak" in the Church still. Stubbs rejoices, but from his letter I discover for the first time that he half-expected the offer of the post to himself. The Archbishop I am sure didn't

know he had the slightest notion of this or he would have given it to him at once. And as for me, am I a dog that I should do despite to Stubbs? However, he is very pleased at his successor; and to me, of course, half the value of the post lies in its being a following of Stubbs.

For in spite of your homilies, my dear Freeman, I am loyal to my masters, you being one. I knew nothing till last night about the vile conduct of Hepworth Dixon, and have not yet seen the preceding attack of Surtees. Of course *I am entirely in your hands*—if you would wish me to own the papers I will do so at any risks. But in spite of Dixon's brutal note I think your reply conclusive enough. As you tell me now and then I do not "know how to review," but I pray all the Gods to let me try my hand at Hepworth's next volume. If I slay him not, let me die the death of a cow. As to my own "attack" it was (1) an acknowledgment of the prodigious difficulties you have had to contend with, and to contend with unaided and alone; (2) my opinion that without the special preliminary work such as I was advocating "even industry like Mr. Freeman's" could not cover the *whole* field through which he passes; (3) that not Mr. Freeman *but* "one and another of our historians" is driven by want of these aids to either leave out or not attach sufficient importance to certain influences which *I* consider important. Which of these three statements do you deny?—which is an "attack"? Don't you see that if you will write a great book and become even as Gibbon or Palgrave that you must expect to pay the penalty of greatness and to be quoted as a type, as an illustration of a school of history, or of a certain mode of conducting historical research? As to the "old almanac," surely you remember the phraze—a famous one of Lord Plunkett's—not mine.

Still had I known of that *Athenæum* row I would have put some single line in which would have settled the question of my opinion of your book. As it was

I avoided doing so, and even struck out in the proof the epithet "noble" before the words "account of the Conquest," because I imagined people would say "there is the *S. R.* buttering Freeman." Moreover, as to "moral and spiritual," don't be hard on a *parson* for using words of his craft. You see I have to tell people twice every seven days that the outer circumstances of life are as nothing in comparison with its "moral and spiritual" tone and character; and I haven't yet found out why this, if true to-day, wasn't true under Harold or William. Nor do I quite understand why "talk" about "moral and spiritual" need be "vague" in their case, unless it is vague in ours. And if it be vague in ours, then why do I preach every Sunday? And why does a great historian go to Bec to look for the "spiritual," and page after page *à propos* of poor Napoleon and Nebuchadnezzar pitch into us the "moral"?

Now I sulk not, neither do I whine, neither do I write a Sophistical (but rather a Socratic) defence. I believe that I served as whipping-boy for Hepworth Dixon, and that the stripes of them that rebuked thee have fallen upon *me*. So I shall in due time "pass it on" to the said Hepworth's account. By-the-bye the blessed Stubbs mourneth and languisheth because of my treatment of Longshanks. I sing aloud my pet verse of the Magnificat: "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek," and shake hands with the ghosts of the second Edward and the second Richard. I can forgive a King when he is deposed, and admire a Priest when he has resigned his living, as I did two days ago.—Ever yours faithfully, dear Master, J. R. GREEN.

To W. B. Dawkins

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY,
March 3, 1869.

MY DEAR OLD DAX—How immensely jolly of you to come and have a final chat before you go to

Manchester and I leave St. Philip's. For I *do* leave at Easter. The Archbishop has appointed me Stubbs's successor at the Lambeth Library, and so I avail myself of it to steal away. I will tell you all about it and my reasons when you come. Anyhow, I have now got a settled literary status, and that without *ostensibly* quitting the line Ecclesiastical, do you see? I can't tell you how glad I am, and if anything could have pleased me more than the offer of the post it would have been Tait's extreme kindness in the way he made it. We dine at 5.30 on Monday, and expect you. My sister's kind regards.—Ever yours, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

ST. PHILIP'S, STEPNEY.

MY DEAR FREEMAN—Dawkins gave me the most amusing account of your wrestlings with an antiquarian map-maker whom you had reduced to imbecility and tears. I proposed to him a new paragraph for his paper on the "Retreat of the Lion from Europe," thus, "A solitary specimen of this noble but ferocious animal is still to be found at Somerleaze. He has lately devoured a geographer"; but he was ungrateful, and wouldn't put it in.

I am going down to have a bit of dinner with Macmillan to talk over many things. He has some "Past and Present" maps—as I call them—on hand: whose end I could not at first make out, but which should come in useful. The idea is to have, as it were, both the modern map and Spruner under your eye *at once*, modern map being the base or ground work, and Spruner laid upon it. Moreover, I think of writing a book on Lambeth Memorials or some such, which Macmillan is keen upon, and which will pay, pleasing likewise the Archbishop. It would take a very little time, and there is a certain amount of new stuff to work in. Likewise there may be some pretty

pictures, such as Queen Bess bidding farewell to Mrs. Tait, with "Madam, I may not, and Mistress, I will not," and a sketch of Archbishop Cornwallis's Ball which never came off; which one might label "the Failure of the First Lambeth Conference."

Oh, Freeman, my good fellow, how I wish you were here. I am in such tearing spirits at the prospect of *Freedom*. William Tell, ora pro nobis — Oh, Leonidas, Garibaldi, all illustrious Bards of Freedom, hoorah-te pro nobis !—Good-bye, ever yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. B. Dawkins

4 BEAUMONT STREET, W.,
April 24, 1869.

[Two papers on Gildas appeared in the *Saturday Review*, on April 24 and May 8, 1869. The "Rolls-book" was upon Dunstan. Green ultimately handed over his materials to Stubbs, who used them for his *Memorials of St. Dunstan*.]

MY DEAR DAX — . . . I hardly know as yet whether I am on my head or my heels. It is so odd to be without a parish, without a parsonage, without a hundred bothers, interruptions, quarrels, questions to decide, engagements to recollect, lectures to compose, visits to make, sermons to plan, etc. etc. Then too the quiet of the Lambeth Library is like still waters after the noise of the East. I enjoy even the cleaner streets, and above all my morning's trot through the Parks. It is such a change too to get a chat when one likes, to be able to get a peep at good pictures, and to have one's mind free for the things one cares about.

Well I am writing like a Sybarite, and perhaps after eight years in the East End Sybaris has its charms, but I am getting into work as well. I began *Sat. Rev.* again this week with an elaborate paper on

Gildas, which I should like you to look at if that naughty periodical comes your way. Then too I have begun my Rolls book, and done my papers for the Institute—in fact, I am getting into the literary rut pretty well. Good-bye, old boy. Remember me most kindly to your wife, and believe me.—Very faithfully yours, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.,
[*August* 1869].

[The paper on St. Edmundsbury appeared in the *Saturday Review*, for July 31, 1869.]

DEAR E. A. F.— . . . I am going on Monday with the Brookes to Switzerland for three weeks, then for three weeks to Venice, then I hope for a fortnight to Verona, Milan, Genoa, home. I was doubtful about going as I hadn't a penny; but I have writ much, and made £45 this last fortnight and I shall add £10 to it this week so I can start in peace. . . .

I am so glad you liked the Bury paper in *S. R.* I hadn't written anything for so long that I doubted much about it. But what a new field these burgher matters open up. I am going to study them in Italy a bit. I have *very* queer theories about the influence of the Italian communities on English town matters. The *dates* fit in so oddly. Without being fanciful, Italian influences seem to me to have played a far greater part in English history than we have yet made out.

I writ to Cox, and Cox writ in pleasantest fashion to me. Hull is utterly out of the question; if you had had as much preaching as I have, you would detest the merely metamorphic form of it which is called lecturing. If folk want to learn let them read and work—as for gaslights and small jokes and knitting needles in a Lecture-room, God forbid!

Look in the *Monasticon* for Abbot Baldwin — I think what you want is in one of the Appendices.

I know nothing about Luzern and those places or else I should be able to get much municipal stuff out of them. Is there a book *in English or French* that I could get? Write and tell me by return so that I may get it before I go. Italian things I know about, and shall write to *S. R.* upon.—Ever yours, dear Freeman, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

NEW UNIVERSITY CLUB,
ST. JAMES'S ST.,
early November 1869.

[Smith is (Sir) William Smith (1813-1895) then editor of the *Quarterly Review.*]

MY DEAR E. A. F.—I came back last week, very tired, but with a new sense of the world's beauty, and—what will you say to me—a resolve to go to Italy every year till I die. The land has cast its spell on me as it did on Theodoric and the Ottos. But first to business. Bryce is eating his dinner downstairs, so I don't speak *ex-cathedra*, but I saw Macmillan on my return and found him cooled about the *Historic Review*. The new organization of the *North British*, with its wonderfully good summary of the historical literature of the quarter, and the appearance of the *Academy*, certainly cut into our original plan. Moreover, thinking quietly over it in Switzerland, I doubted whether the sum Macmillan offers would really do—it would only give a modicum for papers, and nothing for editing. And again Bryce and Ward must come to much clearer terms as to the work they will undertake or I must hold back. It is far too big a job to start without clearly seeing one's way. So you will see one need not think just yet of papers. (2) I write to Smith to-day to tell him I have come

back too late to give him the review for Christmas, I will send it in for March. To make up, I have got to do your little book for *S. R.*, and both your immortal works for *Pall Mall.*: so I shall be awfully tired of you without a quarterly article. As to "little book" an Oxford fellow writes in admiration: "It is a charming child's book, for children of twenty-four." Is this as true as it is witty?

I have been worriting myself these last days with those Welsh chaps and our early history, but I am getting more and more to think that one is lured into cloud-land by them. Of course Gildas is all right, and there are nuggets in Nennius, but when one tries to work in the Welsh traditions or songs, somehow or other my "historical tact" begins to cry "Cave." I doubt even about Guest's attempts that way — his guesses about Arthur, his use of Llywarch Hen in "the Severn Valley" and the like. It is a great disappointment, for I have worked a good deal at them, especially at those lives of Dubricius and David, Kentigern, and so on, and I still see there is something to be made of them; but it wants the lifetime of a man like Reeves before they can be really smelted down. I still cling to a few things—such as the religious dissensions of Britain,—the war between Gael and Cymry in Middle Wales,—and *perhaps* the Roman and anti-Roman parties of which Guest speaks. But I am less sure of these last than I used to be. And I am less sure of my Chronicle before Ethelwulf's time. You know Stubbs has pronounced it an English translation of a Latin Compilation principally founded on Bede, and the *Northern Chron.* which followed him. So far I think I go with him, but it seems to me there were original annals of *Wessex* which were used as basis of the compilation; and I have a sort of notion that H. Huntingdon had those annals in their original state with the "poetry" embedded in them before him, and simply translated them if they *were* English. Just look at him and note his purely "Wessex trans-

actions," just as might be before Swithun or Alfred put in the Bæda bits and the Northern events. But then there's the sort of preface about "Kent and Sussex conquests," over which I muse, not exactly seeing my way. Your giving up "Port" (I don't mean in a total-abstinence way) was a great shock to my faith. If "Port" is legend, why am I to look on Cerdic as historical? So long as I have Gildas well; but after Aylesford and before Bede, I don't see quite as clearly as I did. And Guest is not quite as conclusive as he used to seem.

But these be thoughts of darkness which shall not affect the "tone of the *S. R.*" Let anybody breathe a doubt about Horsa, that's all! And meanwhile, it was *so* jolly to see Venice and stand before the Ducal Chapel and see the pretty marbles that "our Lord and Emperor Constantine" sent to S. Mark. It was so odd to cross the Empire, to start from and arrive at the two places where a western Cæsar didn't come, unless like Barbarossa he came to be scolded. I saw in the Archives the original treaty between the Dukedom and Charles the Fat, but they talk like two strangers. *Romanis ipsis Romaniores* — "true Roumans" these Venetians used to call themselves. It seems to me the one bit of the older Empire which remained politically, socially, religiously unchanged. Rawdon Browne was very civil. He knows lots, but about later times than what most interested me. Fancy taking up a great volume of the *Agenda of the Council of Italia* for 1301, and finding the whole series going calmly on to the French Revolution! At Verona I made a charming hit—I guessed the real Roman town, Catullus' and Theodoric's Verona, must be on the other side the Adige to where town and Duomo are now; and there in a neglected Church I found the real old Episcopal Basilica with sixth century tombs in its crypt and in its apse "high over the people" the real bishop's chair of marble—disused ever since Emperor Otto moved the Duomo over Adige to its

present post. No bishop had sate in it since nine hundred and odd!

As for Switzerland, I got rid with Relliet's help of all that mythical stuff, and just lay in the pass beneath the cliffs of Unterwalden looking out on Schwytz and Uri and the bay of the Three Cantons. Never such a day again!—Ever yours, J. R. G.

To E. A. Freeman

NEW UNIVERSITY CLUB,
ST. JAMES'S STREET,
(1869).

[Freeman's *Old English History for Children* appeared in 1869.]

MY DEAR FREEMAN—I owe you some hours of enjoyment, for I have just been reading through the sheets of your Child's-Book up to the coming of the Danes. I can't tell you how much I admire it; it is certain to be popular, and to do an immense deal of good. I hardly know which I like best—its chat and ease or the Biblical quaintness of the stories you tell. The poorest chapter I have got to as yet is that on the English Conquest. I still demur (of course) to the Bretwaldas; and equally of course to your summing up the Anglian centuries of Supremacy into a period of West-Saxon rise. But these be nought compared with the boldness of your introduction of your children into the whole criticism of authorities, etc. *This* constitutes the real originality and value of the book. I should never have dreamt of doing it; but done as it is it is a simple triumph. We can never go back in children's books to the old *Ipse dixi.*

I spent Sunday with Macmillan and G. W. Clark, who told one pretty story of Neate and Dizzy. Long after Free Trade had come in Neate remained unconvinced, and at last wrote a pamphlet advocating a restoration of Protection, and got a friend to submit it

to Disraeli. "Tell him," replied D., "that Protection is dead." "But Mr. Neate," replied the friend, "believes in its Resurrection." "Then tell him," Dizzy whispered, "tell him Protection is not only dead but damned."

. . . . . .

Bryce is keeping our review-programme in the vain hope of finding another word for "scientific," which he hateth; also that he may explain more at large that we are not going to employ the French correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* to do our summaries of foreign matters. Let us trust he may make it clear. What a bright, jolly fellow he is when one comes to know him!

Good-bye. In all Curtiusy and Conscience.—Yours very truly, J. R. G.

To E. A. Freeman

(*Decr. of* 1869.)

[The "Venice and Torcello" appeared in the *Saturday Review* on December 11, 1869.]

My dear Freeman—I am afraid I must again disappoint you (and still more myself) in the matter of my Christmas visit. I have just been stethoscoped by Dr. Andrew Clark, and he has discovered that there is some serious damage to my right lung which will require a good deal of trouble to fight down, if it is to be fought down at all. At any rate he wishes me to remain quietly under his charge for the next month, till he can judge what system of treatment to adopt.

Please keep this to yourself. I don't want to set up for an invalid; though I am afraid that if all went for the best I must be content to live that sort of life for a long time. I am not so scared as some people might be; my only regret is that I have not done more in my life, if it is to be a short one. But at present there is very good hope, I believe, that the mischief can be really met.

It is a sad disappointment not to see you and chat with you. But you will manage—as you always do manage—to write to me now and then; your letters are always so great a pleasure to me. After all I yielded to the Academicians and reviewed Charley Pearson, but in such wise that they have not dared to put it in. And yet I was very civil. I hope you liked my "Venice and Torcello" last Saturday. I forgot to tell you how I enjoyed your "Kenfig"; those "peasant boroughs" are an odd English feature of municipal life of which I know nothing. Is there any instance of a purely "Bishop's borough" here save Wells?

Good-bye. Write and tell me all your plans for Christmas diversions. Don't you dance yourself at the Christmas ball? Good-bye.—Ever yours, dear Freeman, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

1 MANCHESTER SQUARE, W.,
(*end of* 1869).

[This is the first mention of the *Short History*.]

MY DEAR FREEMAN—Frank Palgrave has just been down at Hatfield, Lord Salisbury's place, and has brought back some charming "Notes on Froude." In the library are ten presses full of the Burghley papers, whereof two are shown to the "casual visitor" by the housekeeper. Anthony looked a little into the two but never discovered the existence of the other eight! Lady S. says he is "the most indolent man" she ever knew. Shall we call him "Indolence in a dozen volumes"?

Note in vol. xii. a passage about Sixtus V. "cursing and swearing" at his servants; and then look at the Spanish beneath with its simple *malas palabras*. Does F. never scold a servant without "cursing and swearing"?

My general health is far better; thanks above all

to the incessant care and kindness of the Brookes, who have insisted on my stopping here with them—and my lung is "certainly no worse, probably a shade better," says Clark. I daresay that with patience and care I shall be patched up; but "patience and care"!! Life has never been very amusing, and now it will be greyer and duller than ever.

I am going to drop *S. R.* writing, as "too exciting" and so on, and only drop in a paper now and then when the spirit moves. So to live, and also partly that I may set down a few notions which I have conceived concerning history, I have offered Macmillan to write a *Short History of the English People*, 600 pp. octavo, which might serve as an introduction to better things if I lived, and might stand for some work done if I didn't. He has taken it, giving me £350 down and £100 if 2000 copies sell in six months after publication.

He seems delighted with the sale of your little book —1200 gone already. You have got fairly into port at last, my dear E. A. F., after all your long brave battle with adverse seas. Why not republish the best book you ever did in some ways—your *History of the Saracens*—now when the tide is in?

Write to me soon—letters are so precious now. All good wishes for the coming year.—Ever yours, dear Freeman, J. R. GREEN.

To Miss L. von Glehn (Mrs. Creighton)

Thanks, dear Louise, for the paper of notes. . . . [My notes] are simply hints for good English not got at in a day. Simplicity is half of it, I think, and in simplicity I am as far to seek as anybody. But the true way to write well is to write constantly,—ease of style can only come by habit; and grace of style can only come of ease. . . . Above all, don't let any idle fun of mine make you think me careless about your work. I am quite certain that earnestness of aim and

energy of spirit lie at the root of right womanhood as of right manhood. If I laugh,—it is only by way of protest against the occasional exaggeration even of earnestness. Grace of temper, beauty of tone, are of the essence of life as they are of the essence of style—and there is sometimes more to be learnt out of books than in books. But perhaps these thoughts are thoughts that come later than twenty, and I am exacting in asking for a balance and moderation, a just appreciation of the true conditions of life, which only time and a bitter experience can give. It is sorrow that gives the capacity for laughter, I think; it is the darkness and the brokenness and the disappointment of life that enable one to look on coolly and with a smile even when one is most in earnest. Neither toil nor the end of toil in oneself or in the world is all vanity,—in spite of the preacher,—but there is enough vanity in both to make one sit loose to them.

What seems to grow fairer to me as life goes by is the love and peace and tenderness of it; not its wit and cleverness and grandeur of knowledge, grand as knowledge is, but just the laughter of little children and the friendship of friends and the cosy talk by the fireside and the sight of flowers and the sound of music. . . . —Believe me, yours, J. R. G.

To Miss L. von Glehn (Mrs. Creighton)

(1869.)

My dear Louise— . . . I am coming back on Tuesday morning all the better and fresher for my run out. With all its faults of idleness and littleness there is a charm about Oxford which tells on one, a certain freshness and independence ("it has never given itself over to the Philistines," as Mat. Arnold says), and besides a certain geniality of life such as one doesn't find elsewhere. Perhaps its very blunders,—and one meets a blunder at every step if one regards it as a great educa-

tional institution,—save it at any rate from falling into the mere commonplace of the *Daily Telegraph*. The real peril of our days is not that of being wrong, but of being right on wrong grounds; in a liberalism which is a mere matter of association and sentiment, and not of any consistent view of man in his relation to society; the Liberalism of the daily papers, I mean, and of nine-tenths of their readers; a Liberalism which enables the *Times* to plead this morning for despotic government in Greece, or Froude to defend the rack. And with all its oddities [Oxford] seems to give a wide toleration and charity to the social intercourse of thinkers; Comtist and Romaniser laugh together over High Table and are driven by the logic of fact from the shallow device of avoiding one another as "fools" or "madmen."
. . . J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

VICARAGE, MINSTER-IN-THANET,
February 3, 1870.

[A Devonshire man, in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of January 18, had challenged a statement of Huxley's that "Devonshire men were as little Anglo-Saxon as Northumbrians were Welsh." Huxley had quoted Freeman in his reply, and Freeman now supported Huxley. See *Huxley's Life*, i. 325.]

MY DEAR FREEMAN—Where am I to begin?—I am overwhelmed with your productiveness. I read my hostess here the "Windham" letter, and we were both charmed with it. What capital speaking his must have been! Froude, No. 2 is an improvement on No. 1, but why don't you hit him in the big things and not in the little? The big thing is that Anthony has written a history of England with England left out. As to the "Huxley," you have been led away by reverence for Professors who reverence you, and you have not done justice to the Devon fellow. His point was that of—

not so much the language which might be an after-importation, as the local names of Devon which couldn't,—and to my mind the point is an absolutely conclusive one, none the less so that Huxley said never a word about it. Nor do I go with you in the great weight you attach to the designation of the two counties,—it implies a difference, but what amount of difference must surely be ascertained from just the Devon-man's sort of arguments. Ah me,—when I exhorted you to be civil to Huxley I didn't mean you to go and slay innocent folk in order to reconcile him to his own execution.

The news of Volume IV. is delightful, but why pound me with your virtue and your Alfredian "systems" when you know I am pinned down to three hours a day, "and no more," saith Clark the Despot. I am getting on with Little Book in the said three hours, much quickened by the sight of Ebbs-fleet and a walk every noontide to the upland just over the village where Ethelbert met Augustine (sayeth the legend). Imagine Sitwell, with whom I am staying in the most charming of parsonages close by one of the noblest of churches, having Ebbs-fleet within his pastoral charge,—being as I told him to his great bewilderment "Spiritual Supervisor of the Origins of Church and State." I fancy he thought it was a Chinese title of some sort.

Ebbs-fleet is a little lift of higher ground on the brink of Minster Marsh,—a mere gravel bank with a few homesteads clustered on it, cut off from the sea nowadays by a meadow and a sea-wall. But the scene has a sort of wild vast beauty about it,—to the right the white curve of Ramsgate cliffs and the crescent of Pegwell Bay,—far away to the left over the levels of Minster Marsh, where the smoke-wreaths dispersing the thin brooding mist tell of Richborough and Sandwich, the dim distant line of the cliffs of Dover and Deal. As one walks away from the sea, one follows the road which must have been Hengist's and Augustine's along the little gravel-ridge north-eastward to the chalk uplands above Minster, and then there breaks on one a

noble view of the great belt of sea round Thanet, and far away over the marshes the tower of Canterbury.

You dear old sceptic,—you'll say that's tall talk,—but it *ain't.*

And *please write.* I am a little doubtful about this place,—but I will wait before forming conclusions. If I can bear it, it will do me good. As it is, I am no worse, I think.

Good-bye.—Yours ever, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

MINSTER, ISLE OF THANET,
February 6, 1870.

MY DEAR DAWKINS—I ran down here a week ago to give a jog to my lung which has as yet shown no tendency to reparation, though I hope all further damage is pretty well arrested. However I haven't done much good yet,—the weather has been so gloomy and the wind so keen.

The S.'s have got a charming parsonage here, with a noble Norman church, most of it early twelfth century, but with E. E. chancel and transepts, and at the west end a fragment of an older church of Cnut's day I fancy. All round the country is historic enough. Richborough and Reculver are only a few miles off, the chalk hill above us is where Æthelbert met Augustine, and at two miles' distance is Ebbs-fleet, where the first Englishmen landed, and the first missionaries.

I wish you were here if only to coach me about Minster-Level, the great flat which stretches from Sandwich to the Downs westward of Thanet. In the Roman time it was a great sea-harbour, in Bede's time it was three-quarters of a mile across, ships seem to have gone through it as late as the thirteenth century. Now it is a great flat of marsh-meadows, with Stour running through it, a narrow river with a deep cut (artificial?) bed. So great a change so dated is notable, and no doubt you have a good deal to say about it. Is Thanet

rising still? that is I suppose what the fall of the cliffs means,—and at what rate? I should be glad of all you could tell me.

In the quiet here Little Book gets on. It was horrible work to condense the English Conquest into five pages and the Conversion into six and yet be interesting, but I think I have managed pretty well. Do you "mind" having once told me about a new breed of cattle having been brought over by the English, —the big breed as distinct from the smaller British Galloways? Do you still think so? It is a very important point indeed, and your conclusion, so far as I remember it, seemed a fair deduction from the facts. But let me know whether you still adhere to it.

Let me hear from you; letters cheer me very much now; and remember me to your wife and to Ward, and believe me yours ever, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

BEAUMONT STREET, W.,
March 5, 1870.

MY DEAR DAX—Your note followed me to town, for I had to run away from Minster, which suddenly became east-windy and has thrown me back a good bit. Indeed I took to spitting blood at Addington a week ago on my visit to the Archbishop, but it lasted a very wee time and has not returned since. Altogether I can't give a very satisfactory report of myself. I am certainly not so well as I was when you saw me; and the long dull evenings in these dull lodgings when one is weary with work depress one sadly.

The best, indeed the only good edition of the *Leges Walliæ* is that published by Longmans for the Record Commissioners, *Ancient Laws and Institutes of Wales*. Edited by Aneurin Owen in 1841, either 1 volume folio or 2 volumes octavo, price 3s. 6d. The passage from *Howel Dda* is certainly very important, and I ought to thank you very much for your note about the

cattle-breeds. But I am anxious not to blunder. As I understand you, you distinguish between three varieties or breeds: 1. the Urus; 2. the short-horned or Galloway; 3. the "white cattle with red ears." No. 1 is extinct before arrival of Romans. No. 2 is found occurring in the remains of the period of Roman occupation,—but never in Early English times. No. 3 is never found in remains of Roman occupation period. Is this so, and if so is the breed No. 3 the progenitor of our present cattle? And is your own feeling that the progenitors of our present cattle must have been brought over by the first English settlers? It is a very important matter.

Tell Ward when you see him that after repeated conferences with Macmillan I find it impossible to get the *Historical Review* afloat. An editor is the thing wanted (he would pay one), and my unhappy illness stops the way. Still if there is any one whom Ward could suggest something might yet be done.

I hear odd news from Oxford about Ruskin and his lectures. The last was attended by more than 1000 people, and he electrified the Dons by telling them that a chalk-stream did more for the education of the people than their prim "national school with its well-taught doctrine of Baptism and gabbled Catechism." Also "that God was in the poorest man's cottage, and that it was advisable He should be well housed." I think we were ten years too soon for the fun!

Freeman's little work is selling bravely,—500 a month, Mac tells me,—altogether he has sold about 3000 copies, and it goes on. Pike has been prodding him in *Anthropological Review* rather cleverly, and E. A. F. don't like it at all.

Write soon and let me hear a heap about yourself and your goings out and coming in. Give my best remembrances to your wife, and believe me,—Ever yours, dear Dax,

J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

NEW UNIVERSITY CLUB,
ST. JAMES'S ST.,
[1870].

[Sir John Seeley succeeded Kingsley as Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, in the autumn of 1869.]

MY DEAR FREEMAN—I have had a bad time of it lately, a cold which threw me back again and left me utterly weak and depressed. "You will have to begin again," says my doctor. I can fancy a time coming when I shall be weary of beginning again. I sent you that Ælfred's life to show you what your book is doing and how easily small boys take to it and its method. I should of course have written, but there are times when I *can't* write, as you of all people ought to know. Don't be angry at my writing to-day to Smith to decline doing the *Quarterly* article. It became (absurd, you will say) a positive pain to me, I couldn't sleep because of it. As it is I go quietly on with Little Book, which somehow soothes me. I have sent on A.'s letter, but what nonsense his "plan of campaign" is! What does he think of Nelson and Collingwood?—does he blame them for not attacking Napoleon's flotilla in 1801? And yet the flotilla were always on the water and off shore—whereas Will's boats were up a river-estuary, and high up on land, I take it. You call A. "historical"—to me, in all his judgments, moral and physical, there is an absolute want of the historical sense. They are sheer anachronisms. All that "hatred" of Duke William—what a sort of mad herophobia it is! Take him altogether and take him in his time and he is surely among the greatest of men. But great men are always a puzzle to the Philistines—to your "right-and-wrong," your "truth and falsehood" people. I should have thought a sense of humour—of the frog

and bull type—would have made A. abstain from talk of "abhorring" the Duke.

But everybody is going in for "strong forms." Ruskin lectures on Art at Oxford, and tells 1000 people (Stubbs gets 20) that a chalk stream does more for education than 100 National Schools "with all their doctrines of Baptismal Regeneration into the bargain." Also that cottages ought to be repaired, because "God lives in the poor man's hovel, and it's as well He should be well housed." To all which Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Houses listen plaintively.

I am much angered by Seeley's fling off at Cambridge. It is a half-ignorant, half-contemptuous fling at his own Chair. He sees the blunder of contrasting the utility of "modern" and "ancient" history, and then repeats it in another form by deifying Cobden for declaring "present history" the only study for sensible men. He is just like the classical people who want to know Greek and don't care for philology. And what does he mean by "present" history? 1788 is no more present than 1588, and the Armada tells presently on us as much as the French Revolution. He cites Lord Palmerston, but if ever there was a case of utterly past history it is his. Moreover, "the end of the study of history is to make a man" not a historian, but "a politician"! What is the end then of the study of politics, or does he consider them one and the same? Seriously, Kingsley never talked such rubbish as this.

Good-bye. I am afeared the tone of this ain't pretty, but I am very tired and down. Good-bye.—Ever yours affectionately, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

NEW UNIVERSITY CLUB,
ST. JAMES'S ST., *April* 1870?

MY DEAR FREEMAN—I am afraid I must not venture after all down to Somerleaze till the summer

is in full swing. My *face* is quite fat and I look better than I have looked for years; but no real good has been done and the least cold throws me back for weeks. Even now I have not quite got over the ill results of my visit to Minster; and I am afraid Somerleaze lies too low for me to venture on just yet. It is all very provoking, but I am learning slowly that there is no way of getting better, but that of "taking care in little things"—slowly, for it is a sore trial to care about "little things," and life becomes hardly worth having at the price.

Private. I have agreed to set going for Macmillan a series of historic biographies which I think we talked of when we dined together at Tooting. Of course I wouldn't take it in hand if I did not think it could be done honestly and truthfully, and yet with a certain largeness of treatment which should make the men types of their time. A short book need not be shallow, and a large book need not be big. I have set my heart on your doing *Cæsar* for me—for good or ill he is Rome, and I don't like people to be left blindfold to Mommsen and such like. If Bryce will do *Charles the Great*, and Church *Dante*, and Goldwin Smith *President Lincoln*, and you *Cæsar*, the rest of the series would take the right sort of tone and all would go well. You may just as well make £250 out of 350 octavo pages of not much type as not, and the *work* is work you have done already. A simple series of this sort would do a great deal for the historic education of English people who—poor souls—cry aloud for decent histories, and can't get 'em.

This is my list as it stands: 1. Gotama Buddha, and Confucius. 2. David. 3. Pericles. 4. Socrates. 5. Alexander. 6. Hannibal. 7. Cæsar. 8. Constantine. 9. Mohammed. 10. Charles the Great. 11. Hildebrand. 12. Dante. 13. Columbus. 14. Michael Angelo. 15. Luther. 16. Bacon. 17. Cromwell. 18. Newton. 19. Voltaire. 20. Mozart. 21. Napoleon. 22. Goethe. 23. Abraham Lincoln.

I have finished the first chapter of Little Book, and Macmillan is going to set it up in type—so that one may have a guide to go by. Don't think me idle about it or other things—I do some bit of work every day, but work is very hard when one is weak and disheartened. Moreover I have put a great deal of work into what I have done and have rewritten it again and again to get it to my liking. I hope it will have gotten to yours—though you will have to forgive my "fancies" now and then. But even at the risk of fancies one must strive to get something like order out of that mere chaos of early history as your Lappenbergs write it. If I fail, I have at any rate fought.

How delightful this sunshine is; if you only knew how I longed for the spring, and how wearily the winter rolled by! I have no news to tell you—so I won't write more. Let me hear from you de Cæsare, and about your view of my choice of men. I thought a good deal over the list but no doubt it has blots enough. And tell me all about yourself and Big Book. In some ways the next volume will test your powers more than any of its predecessors, I mean in the social and economic parts, matters on which you have said little as yet. But you can say lots if you like.

Good-bye. I could not go down to Cox at Paschal-tide.—Yours ever, dear Freeman,

J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

NEW UNIVERSITY CLUB,
ST. JAMES'S ST.,
(*May* 1870?)

MY DEAR FREEMAN—Many thanks for your suggestions. Theodoric was in my original list, but somehow slipped out. He clearly represents the new Teutonic element in Europe. Belisarius I don't see. Big William ought in many ways to come in—if only

as the last of the Northmen—but your book would render him impossible, I am afraid. Fred. II. is grandly individual, but hardly a *representative man*. Still there is an absurd gap between Hildebrand and Dante, what do you think of Earl Simon? Bryce puts Francis of Assisi; Dalgairns whom I met t'other day, S. Thomas Aquinas; but Simon seems to me to represent the influence which the Friars and Scholasticism exercized on Europe at large, and to combine with this the representation of the new feeling of nationality, and of constitutional freedom, and of democracy. Charles Fifth is a mere hook to hang history on—Luther is the soul of *that* time. Will. the Silent I must think over, I like him so much that I shan't be very prejudiced against him.

I chose Cæsar because I thought (1) that you *had* written about him, and (2) that you would like to put all that horrid stuff of Mommsen a bit right. But Alexander would suit admirably if you would take it. Pericles you could do on the political side, but his art—his literature—his social side you would turn up your nose at, and these are what I want him for. Charles Great I want for Bryce, if that shyest of fish is in any wise to be landed.

The *Globe* announced him t'other day as Regius Professor of Civil Law—isn't it too good to be true?

Tell me when you go to your Warwicks and Shrewsburies, and above all to your Peaks—I am in very vagrant mood—ordered to be vagrant in fact—and if there be an ounce of sunshine you may count on my coming. I am delighted you have made out Exeter; and as to Lincoln I have always gone in for wild enthusiasm ever since I dug up its "law-men" as late as Henry I. But who is Coleswegen? He looks as if Cnut's father had somehow got potted in the Brompton Boilers!

I keep on getting better; I never was so fat and comely in my life, and my lung has begun to move in

the right road. But a little thing may upset me again, and I hold my life-tenure to be worth very little. And if I die Stubbs holds that I am d—d, because I don't agree with the Athanasian forgery, and Stubbs is an accurate man!

Heigho! I think I would take my chance of "Stubbs's doom" if one could only get a peep into the darkness.

I have seen Dawkins several times—just as kind and jolly as ever. How one clings to old friends in the dark days!

Good-bye. Remember me kindly to Cox, he has much to forgive concerning Easter. Get me his absolution.—Ever yours, dear Freeman,

J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

MY DEAR FREEMAN—I am infinitely better, and I hope the improvement is beginning to look permanent. I am entirely free from cough and seem strong enough as far as feelings go to run anywhere. But I know unfortunately that one cold would upset it all; and much as I should like to meet Dickinson and Strachey —especially to talk over with the latter our little passage of arms in the *Pall Mall* over Maurice—I must not risk it till the weather is more settled. However, I shall be seeing Clark to-morrow, and if he thinks me the better for a run I will write and warn you of my advent.

I don't think the *Academy* article the less damaging, because it was "so d—d civil" as some one said. When we meet I have much to say to you concerning Froude and your warfare. Bryce and I—and there are no two people on earth who love you better—agree in regretting your last attack. What I feel is that the publication of the *History* has placed you in a very different position as to these matters from that which you occupied previously—placed you so, that is, in the

world's eyes, not mine. And hence it looks to the said world's eyes as if one famous writer was jealous of another famous writer. Of course *I* know better; but I am grieved and hurt to hear the sort of comments that pass about the matter, and the opening it gives to the attacks of enemies on you. You won't be annoyed at me for speaking frankly, I know; but I want you to come out of the arena. You have floored enough victims to satisfy a lifetime, and now you *must* be content to be too great a swell to indulge in the pleasant diversion any more.

Little Book goes on—I think well, at least I know I take a great deal of pains with it; and pains that won't make any show. I have finished my "Mercian Realm" this morning, and done a bit of my "West-Saxon Realm." We shall differ, of course, a good deal on the general philosophy of the matter; but I think you will be pleased with the work. How remarkable the relations of Peppin and Charles the Great with the English realms are! But don't think I have done much—only about 50 pages of print, *i.e.* the first chapter, ending with death of Dunstan. Cap II., "England under foreign Kings," goes from Cnut to loss of Normandy under John. Good-bye.—Yours ever,

J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

NEW UNIVERSITY CLUB,
ST. JAMES'S ST.,
June 1870.

[The honorary D.C.L. degree was conferred upon Freeman in June 1870. Mr. Bryce, as Regius Professor of Civil Law, introduced him in a speech, describing him (among other things) as *in negligentiorum hominum erroribus detegendis acerrimum, eundemque facetiarum plenum.*]

MY DEAR FREEMAN—Your telegram arrived too late for the train, had I even yielded to its seductions.

But Ward who was to have received me had gone down, and I was in straits about a bed, not choosing to run back the same even. Moreover hot and crowded and rowy places are just the places in which I have no business. So I reluctantly gave up the notion of seeing your Doctorate, great as the pleasure would have been. I am glad everything went off so well,—especially Bryce. What a charming tongue Latin is for quizzing in, and what a taste for quiz a Professorship seems to develop in the best of men! And Bryce *is* the best of men. Did he tell you how I scraught out six lines of personality in the proof of my last Middle after a walk and a talk with him?—so great is the power of his walk and his talk!

I do wish, my dear Freeman, you would leave off poking at Kingsley and his Dietrich. Have you ever counted up the number of your references to that said blunder? And ought there not to be some proportion between sin and punishment? "Blunders" was very good; but there are blunders of taste as well as blunders of fact you know! I am glad you are going to create a new historic school of manual writers. Who your pupils are I know not; but Macmillan says they are ladies, which presents you in a novel and fascinating light, "the Pasha of History surrounded with his historic harem!" as Strangford would have put it. "When was Freeman made D.C.L.?" Proper answer: "When Reeve was." Good-bye.—Ever yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

NEW UNIVERSITY CLUB,
ST. JAMES'S STREET.

MY DEAR FREEMAN—I am not nearly so well as I was, so it was better that I escaped the excitement of Oxford. Here in England I am afraid I shall do no further good; but I have settled to go to San Remo for the winter, and one hopes great things from the Riviera. . . .

I send by the same post the proofs of my first chapter of which you saw a bit. Do you mind the trouble of reading them over and giving me all the hints you can about the *method*, the *mode of treatment*, I have adopted? I am just now very blue and disheartened about the said chapter; it ought to be far better, far clearer than it is, and I shall recast the two first sections certainly. But I should care a good deal for suggestions from *you* on this point because clearness is one of your strong points. Have I tried to get in too much, or what is it? Send back the proofs when you have done with them.

Cox comes up to-day for the Saturday dinner; I don't go myself; rows and dinners are an abomination to me just now, but I shall probably see him to-morrow. Ward of Manchester called the other day and agreed to drop Historical Reviews till the spring, when I may be well enough to see to it. He was looking very well. He has undertaken Gustavus Adolphus for the series.

Good-bye. Kind remembrances to your people and the Historic Harem.—Yours ever, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

NEW UNIVERSITY CLUB,
ST. JAMES'S STREET,
August '70.

[(Sir) George Grove was at this time connected with Messrs. Macmillan.]

MY DEAR FREEMAN—I enclose (and please return) a letter from George Grove who has read my proof, and whom I asked to tell me what he thought of its fitness for "the upper forms in schools and for general readers." His verdict is a very severe though a very kind one—and unfortunately my own cool judgment goes with it. I don't in the least mean that I am ashamed of my work; I worked very hard at it and it is genuine so far as it goes—but it does not hit the

mark I aimed at, and what is worse, I don't think I *can* hit the mark. The fact is that the first chapter is very heavy reading, and the second which I am about now is like unto it, I won't repeat G. Grove's remarks, but read them and tell me your own opinion. I am going to see him on Saturday, and I shall see Macmillan. About Macmillan I have a very strong feeling of honour—I offered to write a book for "general readers," and I can't hold him to his engagement if the book is—as it is—unfit for them. And so I shall tell him. Please don't think me despondent,—I want to be cool and fair,—and I am resolved to write *something*; that is to say, if Macmillan agrees as I think he will I might still try to rewrite this chapter in narrative form, leaving out 50 per cent of the matter I have packed so tight, and chattering more diffusely over the rest. But I am almost sure I *can't do* this. If not—then I shall at once begin my *Angevin Kings*. That is to say I am determined to do something, and if this failure has done nothing else it has given me a longing to write what I write in *book*-shape. It was my inability to face the notion of a *book* which kept me so long dawdling over the Angevins—*now* I seem to have got used to it, to the method of it at any rate.

Let me hear more about your excursion to the Waters of ——. You tell me so little about your hand that I wish I had you here to pump in person. For myself I am slowly getting on, falling back every now and then, but getting gradually on —only, unfortunately (says Clark), still "miles off where you were before you went to Somerset and Oxford." I can't imagine what did me so much harm save the talk and jest of "Young Oxford." But so it is.

Cox sends me a slip from the *Morning Post*—a review in which all Gladstone's theories about Adam and Eve (which Cox only quoted to abuse) are attributed to him, Cox, and their promulgation made the real aim and purpose of his book. It is certainly very

amusing—but I am sure Harwood won't let me do anything with it. . . .

I can't go (unless I were one of the Three Children) to S. Remo till November. At present I am tied to town by need of seeing my doctor every four days—but I shall try and get a run to some dry seaside place. Lyme is, I find, a hot, moist hole.—Ever yours, dear Freeman, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

NEW UNIVERSITY CLUB,
ST. JAMES'S STREET.

MY DEAR FREEMAN—Did you ever read any novels by one Fritz Reuter, written in Platt-Deutsch? I have just got a charming one, *In the Year '13*, "translated" (if one may use the word of a simple removal "across the way" into English) by one Lewis, who sayeth, "The language in which the story is written is closely allied to the Saxon, and has much more resemblance to English than High German has; but it is, nevertheless, a dialect, and bears the same relation to the High German as the child's language does to the man's." Is not this charming—especially that "nevertheless"? The book suits me just now, for it is full, from top to bottom, of abuse of the French, and revives my spirits after reading Gladstone's rigmarole. What a master of rigmarole he is; nobody else could make one wish Palmerston alive again as Gladdie is making almost everybody wish just now. As to the war I heard good news this morning from France. A Havre merchant writes, "I have met no merchant here who doesn't hate this iniquitous war," and one of the von Glehns who is in a large engineer's office in Northern France writes that every workman there condemns it as "unjust." The spirit in Germany is wonderfully good. On the morning of the war-news,

a young German in a city office walked straight into the counting-house and asked Mr. von Glehn to allow him to start "at once." "I fought," he said, "at Sadowa with a heavy heart—for it was German against German—but it is different now!" That is a good answer to Monsieur Ollivier's "*cœur léger*." The head of a large lunatic asylum in Hanover writes—"Nine of my keepers are gone to the war and I am in great straits how to manage the patients; but my chief sorrow is that I cannot go to the war *myself*." I hope when the war is over they will just lock up all France —turn it into a gigantic National Asylum and keep every man of 'em in a strait-waistcoat. Humphry Ward, who is at Lannion in Brittany, writes of a French Marquis of "the old rock" who loafs about there pleasantly and approves the war. "France can only keep together by a fight every five years," he said,—whereon Ward, who is a good-tempered fellow, thought that "the sooner she went to pieces the better," which the Marquis didn't like.

. . . . . .

As to myself and my own work, without going with you on the Grove question—for I still think his comments very frank and valuable—I confess I am braced up again by your letter. I shall alter much of what I have done; but I shall go on. On a point of this kind your judgment is so weighty that I feel bound to accept it,—at any rate to the extent of trying to do something with the book. It won't be what I wanted it to be, but if it does some good I shall feel abundantly rewarded; and my feeling of delicacy about Macmillan is removed by his hearty letter of encouragement this week. But I shall also go on with the Angevins (1) because I have reopened the old notebooks and am simply astonished at the work I have done for it, so much is all but ready for the press that it seems absurd to leave it alone; (2) because it is a relief to me—so I find—from the Little Book which is hard and not interesting work; and (3) because I see

that Little Book will do nothing for one's historic fame except among a little group of good people. I did this morning an appendix on the Sources of Angevin history; in which, I think, I have made out the real character of the *Gesta*—a difficult point, as you know, when taken in relation to the work of Thomas of Loches and the *Gesta Ambaziensium Dominorum*. The real second part of the latter work I believe to be lost; and the *Gesta* which now stands as such a second part to be really a revision of it by John of Marmoutiers—so that D'Achery's arrangement, though unwarranted by MS., is practically right.

Many, many thanks. Good-bye.—Ever yours,

J. R. GREEN.

4 BEAUMONT STREET, W.,
August 31, 1870.

MY DEAR FREEMAN—I wish I could have been with you on your northern campaign—the more that Durham is *the* one English place I long to see, and "Bæda's own choir standing" would drive me wild with delight. But quiet and boredom are the only things that do me good; they are setting me right again—and then the sunshine and the war! Not that I go wholly with you in your prayers that the Gal-Welsh be cut short; I am German to the core, but like Joan of Arc I have pity for that *bel royaume de France*. How strange it seems now to remember the night when you and I looked from the Quai Voltaire over Seine on the Tuileries and chaunted a psalm about a green bay tree! But L. N. B. is gone, and France remains, vain, ignorant, insufferable if you will, but still with an infinite attraction in her, at least to me. There is a spring, an elasticity about her, a "light heart" that has its good as well as its bad side, a gaiety, a power of enjoyment, which Europe can't afford to miss. I am a little like Heine, I think; with an infinite respect for Berlin I should prefer *living* at Paris. Who knows, too, what this war may do for

her? not if Germany ensures a century of war by taking Elsass and Lorraine, but if certain now of her own strength she leaves France prostrate, convinced of her folly, but not humiliated. The best time of French history followed the overthrow of '15; why should not another half century of letters and poetry and art follow '70? In spite of one's historical predilections the claim of Elsass is to me revolting. As yet the attitude of Germany is noble; to snatch at provinces in the old style of Louis XIV. is of the lowest and vulgarest ambition. Moreover, the people of Elsass are French to the core in sympathy, none are more bound to France, and the treaty that hands them over to a Grand Duke of Baden is simply a declaration of slavery. Men are not cattle—even if they have the ill-luck to be Frenchmen.

But enough of politics. I am glad to hear of "Præ-academic Oxford," though you are a little like your German friends in taking *my* Elsass. Oddly enough I am doing a couple of papers for George Grove on the early history of Oxford,—but I shall wait and see whether you have left anything for me to say. My greatest delight of late has been the new volume of Hoveden, and Stubbs's preface concerning William Longchamp and the revolution that upset him. It is very masterly indeed, not merely in the routing out of everything about Longchamp himself and Bishop Puiset (both highly mysterious folk hitherto), but in the telling of the story. I don't indeed think that the dear Professor quite likes owning the greatness of a "revolution," and he owns this was one; but still he brings out, with singular clearness and force, how striking a prelude to the Charter this Convention of London was. There is to be yet another volume in whose preface Stubbs will examine the constitutional history of Richard's reign. For which and all other mercies Heaven make us truly thankful!

. . . . . .

I am all alone here; everybody I know out of town; but I am getting used to it, and rather like my solitary

rambles in the Parks. Still I am "truly grateful" for letters,—so don't forget to write to me soon, and tell me all about your stay with Macmillan. Remember me kindly to him and Mrs. Macmillan. I wish I were with you all.

Good-bye.—Ever yours, J. R. GREEN.

P.S.—Don't mistake me about the war. I can't kick France now she's down, as Jupiter does; but the German victories are victories of truth and right and intelligence.

To E. A. Freeman

4 BEAUMONT STREET, W.,
September 5, 1870.

MY DEAR FREEMAN— . . . *Vive la République*,—one can't write about past things when the present is so vast,—when every telegram comes in upon one's thoughts like a thunder-clap. *Vive la République!* but *will* the Republic live? The men in blouses hooted, as they passed it, that figure on the column in the Place Vendôme; but what of the peasants of Champagne in whom "the Napoleonic legend" is as alive as ever, or the peasants of the south ready to tear Protestants to pieces for treason to the Emperor? The army is gone,—that is one thing to the good,—but will it be possible to raise a patriot army in its place? And then the Republic starts terribly handicapped. In eight days at latest Germany will be beneath the walls of Paris. If the revolution gives fresh life, fresh enthusiasm, it wastes *time* and time is now all in all. Every office will be in confusion, every department at a deadlock. France will be thrown out of gear just when her machinery needs to run quickest and smoothest. Submission, peace, seems inevitable; but what a submission, what a peace! Just as the great Bonaparte threw the odium of a "humiliating peace" on the Bourbons, so the second throws it on the Republic. Is there a Government that would stand a day after the cession of Elsass?

And yet the alternative is the most frightful jacquerie the world has ever seen. It looks as if the Republic must sink either under the shame of a peace or the horrors of a Terror.

One forgets all lesser troubles in the massacres of day after day. But some have been just brought home to me here by the arrival of an English clergyman's family from Compiègne where he is a chaplain. They have been there for years, and now their home is broken up and they are hurried off; the father being allowed to stay in charge of the furniture and plate which they were not permitted to remove. Their distress is great, and yet of course nothing to the bulk of the 40,000 English who have been driven away from Paris and its neighbourhood.

I am so lonely here (there is not a person in London; I have nobody even to exchange a word with) that I shall take to *Saturday Review* work again. I have just sent in a middle on Rochester and a review, and now I suppose I must, to please Harwood, do a "light" middle. But how write "light middles" with the guns of Sedan in one's ears? However, one can make mock of one's own ailments,—so I shall offer up myself and my doctor.

September 13.—Thanks for your letter. Even the seduction of a Dukedom for Bryce won't bring me over to your "partition Treaty." The fact is I am a little puzzled with "Liberals" who go in for enslaving Lorraine and turning Elsass, as Bismarck puts it, into a "German Venetia." It is not a question of loving France or loving Germany. It is a question of falling back on the platform of the Treaty of Vienna and dealing with peoples as if they were cyphers. Your indifference to the will of the people themselves is of the old Tory and Metternich order. I never yet met a French provincial to whom France was not more than his own province. In Normandy, for instance, you never could get a Norman to see things in your way.

Alsatians I meet now every day at Sydenham; they speak German, but they are French to the core. There can be no question about the Lorrainers. The truth is you care a good deal for freedom in the past,—but in the present you hate France more than you love liberty.

I have just seen a lot of letters from Paris, etc., and the tone is very despairing indeed. At Paris "no one will fight but the Garde Nationale. The soldiers are panic-struck and mutinous." At Havre Trochu ordered the town to defend itself, but this involved a demolition of the villas on the heights and the merchants declared the sacrifice "useless." All the letters cry for peace, peace "on any terms." So it is possible you may play chuck-farthings with the rights of peoples as you wish. My one hope is in Bismarck.

I am sorry about the Deanery business. But the tendency to turn the Church into a casual ward is, I know, irresistible. I am glad to be out of it. Good-bye.—Ever yours, dear Freeman, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

NEW UNIVERSITY CLUB,
ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.

[John Byrne Leicester Warren (1835-1891), afterwards Lord de Tabley, the poet, was an old friend of Green's.]

MY DEAR FREEMAN—Leicester Warren has just done a kindly thing, offering to lay my name before some connection of his who has a living of some 300 people and as many pounds, and who is looking out for a Vicar. But though I am far better than I once hoped to be, I mustn't think of livings just yet. The least thing throws me back; I read service at St. Philip's a Sunday or two ago by way of trial, and my cough increased at once. You will see how utterly out of the question your proposal to help Dimock would be. Clearly my wise course is to spend this next winter and

spring in Italy, and so hope to come back patched up into some practical form for the coming year. I have settled upon S. Remo in the Corniche, and should like, —if my companion Lambert could go *at once*,—to get there by Germany, Antwerp, Köln, Nuremberg, Innspruck, and the Brenner,—the other Alpine passes would be too cold for me now, and France-way is closed. In this way I could peep at Milan and Genoa, and so get along the "Corniche" to S. Remo.

My friend Gabriel Monod came hither the other day on his way with the French Protestant ambulance which he is aiding from Sedan to the lines before Paris. I think if you knew him you would believe there are good Frenchmen even out of Normandy,—though by-the-bye his family is Danish and his birthplace Havre! It was odd to get so close a sight of the eve of Sedan as he gave me. The ambulance was at Rancourt, the next village to Beaumont, when the French soldiers came pouring in, weary, starved, mutinous. They had had no rations for two days, and snatched at the few loaves which Monod could give them, while others plundered the fields round for potatoes. Then all flung themselves down to sleep as they could, and the Imperial staff came clattering along the streets,—the Emperor, old, way-worn, covered with dust, his cheeks pasty-pale, his hair and moustache gray-white, entering the house out of which the Monods had been turned for his accommodation. All night long thousands came straggling in,—flinging themselves down exhausted for a few hours' sleep. At early morning the Emperor's horse was called for, and the suite appeared all spick and span in the midst of the mob of soldiery, Napoleon himself at the door, "painted to the eyes" said Monod, his hair and moustache dyed and waxed again. One or two peasants cried *Vive l'Empereur*,—the soldiers looked on grimly, and some shouted back *À bas l'assassin* and the filthiest words of abuse. Napoleon passed a group of officers on his way to his horse; he took off his hat and made a low salute, but not one responded. "Why

does not somebody shoot the scoundrel?" said a captain aloud to Monod as "the scoundrel" passed by. Then the cannon opened from the woods, and the officers rode in vain to the front striving to form and drag up their men,—but the soldiers were a mere mob, cursing, scattering for food, flying "like sheep," while the officers swore and quarrelled with one another, and De Failly and his staff rode about like men "lost." Then came work with the wounded and Monod saw no more. What an awful opening of those awful Three Days! Imagine that man with his thoughts falling back to the courtyard at Strasbourg where soldiers had shouted abuse at him thirty years before. What an interval of time, of events, to bring him back only to the same curses! . . .

Good-bye. Write a long letter.—Yours ever,

J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

DUE TORRI, VERONA,
October 31, 1870.

[Green's companion was the Rev. Brooke Lambert, afterwards Vicar of Greenwich.]

MY DEAR FREEMAN— . . . I am writing at Brussels, and have spun through a bit of France from Calais to Lille just to get a glimpse of it under stress of war. Mob-lots lounged idly about Calais, a weedy, boyish lot, fresh from the plough, and "Nationals" were at the gates. Calais is dull and desolate—no mails for Paris—packets bringing in a dozen instead of two hundred passengers. But it was not till we got to Lille that we saw war at hand. The poplar-rows were roughly thinned, and the trees left were stripped to the top to rob the enemy of cover; new forts were being busily thrown up, the sticky soil aiding admirably, and rows of comfortable houses stood empty and doomed, ready to be blown up at the first

appearance of the Germans. King Will's announcement of the surrender of Metz met us (of all places in the world) at Aachen; flags and streamers announced it at Köln; fifty guns in honour of it woke us at Maintz next morning. It was odd to be sweeping along quietly on the very skirts of the great storm. Troop-trains passed us, honest German faces looking cheerily out of windows; sick and wounded limped about the platform at Köln; one poor boy, a mere boy, all pale and worn, with a shot through his shoulder, supping his onion soup in a corner, and people stopping to say a cheerful word to him and pass on. Johanniter knights, too, very fierce creatures with very long swords, guarding piles of red-cross luggage, and red-cross trains passing us on the road as we swept down the valley of Main and away to München. Pleasant for you folk who "rejoice in war" as the Psalmist says, but I am a poor weak-nerved creature who have seen too much human suffering in my time to think the world needs more of it than God gives it, and all the telegrams and bunting and guns in the world won't make me forget that white boy's face at Köln.

But then you know, I shiver even at an honest bit of cold, at the cold of the Rhine, at the colder of the Iser, at the coldest, dreariest, sleetiest of Innspruck. Brooke wrapped me in a great fur cloak wherein I lay like a dormouse, or heaven knows how I escaped colds —"colds being death with *you*" as my sententious Scotch doctor pithily puts it. I don't know what I should have done if it hadn't been for my companion, Lambert, a rough strong fellow with all the tenderness and gentleness of a woman; if it hadn't been for Virgil too, whose *Æneid* I took with me and find charming beyond measure. I had never read it since I rushed through it in schoolboy fashion with my tutor at Leamington. But even Virgil looked chill the morning we left Innspruck with a cold sleet driving on the windows and the landlord's assurance that "it

would be worse over the Brenner." And lo! our woes were over. I had been before over the Brenner by night, and anything more desolate I cannot fancy—but by day and such a day nothing could be lovelier. "No scenery" you say; very well, only sunshine, "*real* sunshine" as one little English boy said as we flung off our wraps, and sprang out on the warm platform at Brixen. . . . Good-bye, dear Freeman.—Yours ever, J. R. GREEN.

To Miss Louise von Glehn

VILLA CONGREVE, SAN REMO,
November 25, 1870.

. . . It is curious to watch the little glimpses of Italian life which one gets in the little world of San Remo. Take the priesthood for instance. Recent changes have diminished their number, but the "black gentry" still swarm here, and over the poor and women their influence remains as strong as ever. They are keen in their hopes about England and the Puseyites, whom by a felicitous pun they always term *Posaista* (posture-makers). But with Italian caution they shrug their shoulders over the Council and its dogma of Infallibility—it is venturing too much they think. The monks have gone of course, but a few Capuchins remain, and their retention shows how impossible the suppression of monasteries would have been had their occupants had the least life in them. When the cholera attacked San Remo all the priests and monks fled in a body save the Capuchins, and so strong was the gratitude they won that San Remo nearly rose in revolt at the news of their suppression, and prevailed on the government to sanction their exceptional retention of their old monastery.

It is curious too to note how very modern all real life is in Italy. "Everything here dates from 1848," a gentleman told me the other day. The older men still retain the habit of silence and suspicion, which was a

necessity under the older arbitrary rule in Piedmont. A professor at Tazzen, to whom our friend Congreve laughingly complained of his extreme caution and reticence, apologised by saying he could not shake off the habit of a lifetime. "I was once hurried off at an hour's notice to prison, kept there six months, and never learnt what my crime was. It was a word, but I never knew what." Even cafés were forbidden, or so restricted that they were avoided as unsafe. An odd result of this was that people lived by preference out of the way in their own estates in the country. Now that freedom has come there has been a great move in upon the towns, and the charms of café life have robbed the country of its residents. The change is not a healthy one for "Young Italy," which is growing up godless, indolent, spiritless, with little love for anything but lounging and billiards.—Ever yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

SAN REMO,
November 26, 1870.

Did you stare at Victor Emanuel's head, my dear Dawkins, and wonder who the . . . was writing to you from this side the Alps? I am in exile here, a refugee from English frost and fog and east wind. I started from home about a month ago, and came quickly across Germany and the Brenner, getting queer peeps at the war by the way. It was odd to see the weedy boys of the Garde Mobile staring into the shop windows at Calais, and the new mud forts rising at Lille, and quiet Germans staring at the new telegram of the surrrender of Metz just stuck up at Aachen, and the guns thundering their salute at Mayentz, and the wounded hobbling over the platform at Cologne. "Why do you not illuminate?" I asked one of the townsmen at Mayentz. "We are waiting for the surrender of Paris," he answered quietly. I can hardly picture the delight of our passage from the rain and

the cold of Germany into the sunshine of Italy. "Oh, mamma, this is the real sun!" a little boy cried out, as he jumped out on the platform at Brixen, and the warm sun of Italy came waking us all into a new life and enjoyment. We had it with us at Verona and Milan and Genoa, at each of which we lingered for a few days before trotting along the Corniche to this winter retreat.

Here one is in a quiet semicircle of low hills, sheltered by the Apennines behind, and glowing with warm sunshine, and fine bright air. A lower hill rises in the midst, and from summit to base the little town of San Remo tumbles like a cataract of stone into the sea. All round it are gardens of orange and vine and lemon, and gardens still abloom with flowers (I counted twenty-six different kinds of plants in flower in one garden to-day), and oranges waiting like golden globes hanging on their trees for gathering at Christmas-tide, and palms rising close to the shore, and all round a background of soft olive woods. There is no sign of winter, no stript trees or withered leaves; even the rain here is soft and warm, and one goes out without wrap or great-coat on the worst days. I have been a little imprudent; the air was so exhilarating, and my physical strength returned so quickly that I overdid myself at first; but I have learnt prudence, and I can hardly doubt from what I already feel that I shall return a very different man next spring.

What are *you* doing, dear Dax? I read the first of your "Cave digging" papers before leaving England, and it recalled pleasantly enough days long gone by. Do you remember those first "diggings," and my cold, and the queer adventures, spoonings, and counter-spoonings at the W's.? What years have passed since then, and how much has changed in both of us! But I hope the friendship of those old days remains as warm as ever, old boy!

Write to me when you can. Letters are very pleasant here, almost as pleasant as your visits were in

London. It was worth being ill to find how true and tender old friends could be. Remember me very kindly to your wife, and to Ward when you see him. When you write tell me all about *yourself*, and your doings and beings.

Good-bye.—Believe me, ever yours, dear Dawkins,

J. R. GREEN.

To Miss von Glehn

VILLA CONGREVE, SAN REMO,
November 28, 1870.

I have just come in from such a glorious sunset, dear Olga, a sunset yet more glorious than the sunsets of the Lagoon, those fatal sunsets to me. The circle of hills around lay soft and dusk with olive woods, their barer rocks bathed in deep orange, and beyond—between them and the waning blue of the sky—lay a range of further hills glowing with intense *rose* light. And all round the horizon a band of pale orange parted the sea from the sky. I shouted with joy as I hung over the balcony, watching till all was gray, and the cool night drove me in.

It is so pleasant reading your letter over again—just as if we were chatting together in our frivolous way, despised of Louise and the wiser sort. Ah, well, dear Olga, the time will come when these wise ones will be glad to be frivolous too. Let them have their wisdom now, poor things! To-day I have been chatting with a Bishop, and am *very* frivolous. . . . Yesterday (I was at Church, you sceptical person!) he treated us to some remarks on "We brought nothing into this world, and certainly we shall carry nothing out." "Yes, my brethren," he said cheerfully, "we brought *sin* into this world, and we may carry *sin* out!" Don't you enjoy it? I fed on that sentence all the quiet Sunday evening.

Your industry rebukes me dreadfully. But what can I do? "My tub is on the sea," as Byron sings,

the tub in which I packed books, papers, clothes, everything. I am like Mariana, and sing "it cometh not" from my moated grange. I sit there day by day, hatless, shirtless, bootless, bookless, and watch, "the stately ships go on to their haven under the hill" of San Remo, "but oh for the sight of a vanished tub, or the news of a bark that lies still!" "Tennyson is a sweet poet," a girl said to me to-day, "you can always find a verse of his for every feeling, every event." There are many theories about the tub. Some say it remains in the British docks. Some, that it has been seen at Marseilles serving as a barricade for the Reds. One bold man reports it to have been seen floating in the Bay of Biscay with a cynical figure peeping out of it, who on being hailed replied, "I am the ghost of a Saturday Reviewer." Luckily nothing is of any particular importance in this world. I read my Virgil calmly by the sea beach, and watch the stately ships go on.

We are here in the most charming villa in all San Remo, with the most agreeable of men, laughing, chatting, idling the long day through. The rain seems to have cleared away, but really it is very hard to grumble at rain which never keeps you in the whole day, which calls for no great-coat, and leaves beauty and colour in earth and sea and sky. However it is fine at last, and in its stead is this soft sunshine and fresh bright air. I have quite got over my little tumble back, the result of a wild rush up to a hill village, and am getting on marvellously. Yes, you may drink my Burton! Drop a tear in the bowl, Olga, as you quaff the nectar, a tear of sweet resolve to write to him who drank that Burton in happier days at once. And *do* write chatty letters. There are none I like so much. Tell me all about everybody. I am bothered by the coming of the Taits. I know my attractions, but still they *might* have chosen some other spot. Am I to be driven to wear a white tie—to talk of Voysey, and to chaperon Miss Spooner?

Never, ye Gods! However, they have put themselves in Cook's charge—says scandal—so they may perhaps *never* arrive. Fly, gloomy thought! Good-bye, dear Olga, give my love and kind memories to all at the Hill of Peak, and believe me ever your affectionate friend, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

VILLA CONGREVE, SAN REMO,
December 2, 1870.

I am afraid by your silence, dear Freeman, that a letter I sent you from Verona never reached you. Since then I have run across Italy, seen Milan with its Duomo and Saint Ambrogio, Genoa with its palaces, bay after bay of the Corniche glowing with a summer's sun and the vegetation of spring, and last not least this delicious San Remo where we have been settled nearly a month. Conceive a semicircle of low hills covered with olive-woods, with the higher Apennines behind screening off every wind, and enclosing a little space deep in gardens and olive groves, and broken by a hill which rises suddenly from the shore. From summit to base of this hill the old town of San Remo rushes down like a cataract of stone. It is the sort of town one sees nowhere out of Italy, a huddled mass of houses and vaults and arches hanging somehow on to a hillside as steep as a house-roof, and pierced by narrow lanes propped everywhere by huge arches against earthquakes, and sometimes suddenly disappearing under continuous vaults to dip out again into the old blinding sun-glare. Historically it seems to have risen on the ruins of Ventimiglia, the old capital of the Ligurians of this coast (the Intimiglii), to have been originally a creation of the Archbishops of Genoa as one of their manors, then to have shaken off their lordship, and finally to have settled like the other towns of the coast into Genoese dependence. The church of San Siro is horribly muddled and buried under seventeenth century

restoration, like all the churches hereabout (for the "revival" of San Carlo Borromeo was good for piety but terrible for art), but the fabric remains twelfth-century work, and very good work. It is interesting to me as the one relic left of the old Communa: earthquakes and "the Saracens" have swept away all the rest. "The Saracens" are very familiar friends here; every ruin is their doing and every fort erected against them. It is a little startling to find that the raids of Algerian and Tunisian pirates were the scourge of this coast as late as 1750.

Talking of "Communes" reminds me of your pretty paper on Chester. But your descriptions of towns puzzle me very much by leaving steadily out all reference to the town itself. Chester with its peculiar relations to the Earls ought in any municipal sense to be a very interesting place. I am just now in an agony about our dear French places. Imagine fighting going on at Le Mans and divisions marching on Angers! "Annexation" seems further off than ever, I think; but though I don't want to see the old rapine-policy successful again, I do want to see Paris brought low. My ideal end of the war would be—Paris surrendered after a good bombardment, Elsass and Lorraine voting freely as to their political destinies, and then a slow march of the Germans home again, their bands playing "Come, if you dare!" But I believe Bismarck to be the only man who agrees with me in this; and he, poor man, has no chance against "the noise of professors and the madness of the people," as David sang. Thanks very much for your protest against the revival of our Crimean iniquities. But what a queer band of Protestants you are: J. S. Mill hand in hand with Lord Shaftesbury and you lying down with James Anthony Froude!

For myself, I am going on wonderfully well; my English cold has vanished, and I am twice as strong as I was when I left home. We pity you miserable Britishers who lie in fog darkness and the shadow of

death, while we revel great-coat-and-wrap-less in sunshine, with oranges on the trees and branches loaded with lemons and roses in the gardens and violets in the hedgerows—I mean field-walls, for hedges there be none, and the fields are strips of hillside propt with terraces. Still live while you live, and write me *at once* a full account of yourself and your doings. How goes on the Harem—the Historic Harem, I mean? Good-bye. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Freeman and your family; and believe me, ever yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To Miss Louise von Glehn (Mrs. Creighton)

VILLA CONGREVE, SAN REMO,
December 21, 1870.

I have never given you a peep at our social life here, dear Louise. As to women-kind our range is more extensive than varied. Mrs. A. is a good-natured valetudinarian who talks you dead. Her daughter reminds one of a description of a lady, "rather pretty, but her clothes seem to have been made for somebody else and then worn on a night journey!" Feminine Germans abound at the hotels; there is an English parson's wife of an aristocratic turn, and the young wife of an American "meenistir," who seems to do her religion and her shopping on the same hard-bargain principle. We have nine parsons beside the archbishop, and a chaplain who kept us waiting half an hour for the service last Sunday and then told us in his sermon, "Christians have in every age been known as a waiting people." We have a club where young Italy does its billiards and young England its *Times*, and an engineer and naval officer, each equally crippled in his interior, play cribbage till dewy eve. We have three English doctors and four German ones driven by stress of war from Monaco and Mentone, together with a German band. The German doctors cluster all day round the map of Paris and vow vengeance for the loss of their

fees. Of the English ones Dr. A. has two patients, his cook and housemaid, just to keep his hand in; Dr. B. not being able to find a legitimate patient has persuaded a young lady in perfect health to take arsenic for the good of her complexion; and Dr. C. has no patient at all. Their despair was converted into wild revolt against heaven yesterday by the sudden arrival of five German doctors more. Luckily they were discovered to be army doctors, who had been captured by Chanzy, and in defiance of the Geneva Convention sent coolly to the south, and huddled by gendarmes over the frontier at Nice. Italian gendarmes (a gorgeous body with cocked hats and toga-like cloaks flung over the left shoulder) at once seized on them and hurried them off to the Syndic, who not knowing what to do with them ordered them off to prison. On this Congreve and others protested and demanded their release. The Syndic said, "upon his word that step had never occurred to him," but complied; and so the poor fellows were feasted at the café, and forwarded next morning to their native land.

. . . . . .

Nothing is more natural than the feeling you have so often expressed to me of your own deficiencies. One no sooner grasps the real bigness of the world's work than one's own effort seems puny and contemptible. Then, again, one comes across minds and tempers so infinitely grander and stronger than one's own that one shrinks with a false humility from any seeming rivalry with them in noble working. And then again in the very effort to do anything, however small, one is hampered by circumstances at every step till we are inclined to throw up the fight in despair. It is just the souls that long to do the noblest work that feel most their own immeasurable inferiority to it. No people tumble about so despairingly in the Slough of Despond. Moses felt himself a man of stammering lips; Elijah sank under the juniper; Burns went silently, moodily, about his farmwork, longing for the song that never came. But

it came at last. The thing is, I think, to think less of ourselves and what we are to our work, and more of our work and what it is to us. The world moves along, not merely by the gigantic shoves of its hero-workers, but by the aggregate tiny pushes of every honest worker whatever. All may give some tiny push or other and feel that they are doing something for mankind. "Circumstances" spur as much as they hinder us; it is in the struggle day by day with them that we gain muscle for the real life fight; and the sense of the superiority of others is a joy to those who really work, not for themselves, but for the good of man. What they cannot do they rejoice that others can. *Respice finem*, the old monks used to say in their meditations on life—"consider the end." And so it must be. To work well we must look to the end; not death, but the good of mankind; not self-improvement in itself, but simply as a means to the improvement of the race. Don't think this too big an end to look to—one must look greatly forward to the great. In the light of it, one sees how the very patience of a thwarted day may be one's "work" to the end. . . . —Yours ever, J. R. GREEN.

To Miss von Glehn

VILLA CONGREVE, SAN REMO,
January 9, 1871.

I can't delay an hour in replying to a letter so full of friendship and real confidence as yours, dear Olga. . . . It is the lot of man and woman here and there to face life alone, and if it be one's lot I suppose one must bear it bravely and silently. But it is a lot which no one need woo for themselves. A single life need not be a selfish life, but it must be an incomplete one. The "stronger women" of the future will no doubt get rid of a vast deal of empty sentiment which English girls out of sheer idleness call love; the men playing at affections which they go in for, "'cos they've nothin'

else to do!" I have always protested (lightly or gravely) against the degradation of love in the hands of the ordinary English girl—her perpetual fingering it and playing at it, as I have always protested against her like degradation of music or art. But this was not because I disbelieved in love, but because I believed in it so intensely. The self-education of "stronger women," if it frees them from the necessity of amusing themselves with perpetual love-making, will only strengthen them for a greater and a nobler love. And perhaps they will find that this greatness and nobleness consists in what you laugh at as "the ignominious thing of marrying for a home and for the love of a husband." After all the "wooing and winning," the whispers and love-letters, the sweet quarrels and sweeter reconciliations, are a poor childish thing beside the love of wedded life—the trust, the self-sacrifice, the quiet daily growth of affection, the strange, sweet sense of a double life, of a life at last more than double, multiplied a thousandfold by the new child-faces, enlarged and enriched with every new responsibility or peril. I was looking out over the sea to-day with your letter in my hand thinking how—even if I live on (and I am not so well again)—all this is lost to me.

. . . . . .

We are gayer than we were. The German band which usually spends the winter enticing folk to *rouge et noir* at Monaco has been driven out by the French authorities, and so has put in here. It is a capital band, full of fire and precision, with a really good conductor; and the two concerts they have given had a real Crystal Palace smack about them. Verdi of course haunts every Italian concert-room; in fact they are only just beginning to appreciate Beethoven at Milan! Still the programmes make a good fight for the true faith. Moreover I am a wee bit happy at the prospect of Humphry Ward's arrival on his way home from Capri. "You women," who are so contemptuous of "us men," know little of the ardour and

fire of men's friendship. If he don't loiter too long in Rome, I have a sort of design to walk along the coast to Nizza with him, doing very short spells every day, and carrying our baggage on a donkey behind us. The bit of ground between Mentone and Nizza which everybody scuttles over by train is the prettiest along the whole coast. We are already planning (it may be a mere vision) a month's stay at Florence in the spring before our return home. Here one gets Italian sea and sky, Italian colour and warmth and beauty; but after all one longs to be more among the Italy that has told upon the world of men, of art, of letters, the Italy of Dante, of Raffaelle, of Galileo. And Florence sums up in a strange way *this* Italy, as Rome sums it up in the past. . . .—Ever yours, J. R. GREEN.

To Mrs. Churchill Babington (Mrs. W. H. Wright)

VILLA CONGREVE, SAN REMO,
January 9, 1871.

I have just begun Italian, dear M., that I may read Dante, as I have read Virgil and Spenser since my coming here. In his English translation he was the first great poet I really loved. Years before I cared for even Shakespeare or had read a line of Tennyson, the cheap plaster-bust of the great Florentine stood in the "study" of my boyish schooldays. Partly, no doubt, this was owing to the quality which distinguishes him from all other poets—his dealing throughout, I mean, with real men and women. Carlyle talks nonsense about poetry being useless because it is "untrue." The passions, the emotions, the woes and sorrows of the "Idylls" or the "In Memoriam," are as "true" as those of the most prosaic history in the world. But no doubt the fictitious characters in which they are expressed tell insensibly on the amount of credence, or perhaps pleasure, we attach to them. The love of Francesca, the death-despair of Ugolino derive, it is certain, somewhat of their force from the fact that

Ugolino and Francesca actually loved and died. Every character is that of an actually living man. We jostle among a crowd of real people and this gives a peculiar force and life-likeness to the work.

Jan. 11.—I saw a weird, Dantesque sight to-day that only Italy I think could give. The day was too blue, too perfect, to let one rest at San Remo; so off we went into the hills to a queer sort of out-of-the-way nook called Ceriana. Beneath us as we zigzagged up the hillside lay the blue curve of the bay—so intensely blue, and the "ashy" heap of the town wedged among its olives. Then we rounded a headland and San Remo was lost, and through the lanes of Poggio (mere holes with arches overhead, stenches, and no daylight) we rattled out again into a great valley striking up into the very heart of the mountains, with huge bare sides fringed at the base with olives, and dotted thinly higher up with cypresses and firs. Our carriage delayed us and we crept slowly up the sides of the valley, but without much regret for lost time; for in the very centre of it rose suddenly a great bluff of rock with a town on it, a white town all bright against the blue sky on this mass of yellowish gray rock, soft sandstone, and scored deep with gorges and ravines so that its buttresses spread out like huge *claws* over the bed of the valley. I can give no other comparison; it was exactly like some monster beast of the olden world rising up from the river-bed and lifting the city up like a feather-weight on its back. And remember, city and rock were absolutely glowing with light so that (miles off as they were) it seemed as if one could have stretched out one's hand over the valley and touched every church and claw. We went on getting higher and higher along the hillside thick with myrtle and arbutus, till we felt the snow beneath our feet (such an odd sensation here), and the rocks grew white and bare; and rounding a corner we saw Ceriana huddled against a hill-front in the great *cul-de-sac* of the gorge.

Jan. 12.—The great charm of Ceriana lay in a real old church, with an exquisite campanile etched out against the snow of the hillside beyond, and untouched by "restoration." All the churches about here were converted into temples of stucco without and ochre within some 200 years ago, in the fervour of the "Catholic revival" under Carlo Borromeo. But I can't talk about churches just when the diligence has brought me Humphry Ward.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

San Remo,
January 29, 1871.

[Mr. Voysey was deprived of his living by a sentence of the Privy Council, February 11, 1871.]

I suppose that your hard weather is over by this time, dear Dawkins, though you can hardly have attained to our spring weather here. January has been a fine month on the whole, but varied with a certain number of windy and rainy days. But this last fortnight the real spring weather of the Corniche has set in,—a sun hot and bright as English summer suns, and a great rush of wild flowers out along the hills. We have beds of narcissus and clusters of hyacinths just above our house here, and as one goes along the paths the odour of the violets strikes even upon *my* insensible nose. The difficulty of such weather is that it tempts me to do too much. Yesterday for instance I took four hours up the hill at a stretch. It was wonderful weather and the most delightful scenery in the world,—from one point, a promontory crowned with a white chapel of the Madonna, one looked down on two great bays of blue sea, just heaving with a summer swell and shimmering with colour,—then turning inland the eye struck up a wild valley with white little towns perched on the hillside to the distant mountains crowned with pure bright snow. But to-day I am paying for the delight and the over-exertion. The truth is, my physical

strength has shot on wonderfully but my lung lags behind. It will be a weary business; but it is wonderful that I have got round so well as I have, and I mustn't grumble. Clark told me before I left England that I was going on so well now that I might as well know that when he first examined me more than a year ago, he didn't expect to pull me through at all. I am cheerful about myself, but I see how very cautious I shall have to be and that I must expect constant relapses. Moreover it will be necessary, I fancy, for me to spend my winters out of England for some time yet. This is delightful enough, but destructive to "preferment" and that sort of thing, about which Tait is most kind and gracious. But till I have seen the Voysey judgment (of which I have been allowed to know only this that it is against him) I don't know whether it would be even possible for me to take preferment at all.

The Archbishop and his folk have gone on to Mentone, as this place was a little too uphill for him, and without level paths. He is wonderfully better than in England, and illness seems to have brought out all the gentleness and kindness of his nature. Just before I left home he sent me, with the most charming letter in the world, a £50 note,—my best thanks, he said, would be to start at once. Here he and I had pleasant genial chats, which will always be a pleasant memory to me. Lady W. too who was with him was good fun,—a cheery old lady who was always pressing me to get married. Do you know the S——s?—the eldest son, the member for H., has been some weeks with his mother. He is a really good fellow, and strong in chemistry, etc., with just a little too much of "the Lobby" in him as in most young M.P.s. But of course the great thing in our winter-retreat is to avoid rather than court society, the mob of "poitrinaires" is simply boring and depressing, and our own little circle is quite enough for social enjoyment.

I have just resumed work with the New Year and have sent in half-a-dozen articles to Harwood. I never

felt in better intellectual trim, but here again I am obliged to be cautious, a day of over-writing knocks me up just as much as a day of over-walking. How one longs for the strength of old Freeman! You have been stopping with him,—do write and tell me how he is. Oddly enough, after being my most constant correspondent he has wholly deserted me since I came out here, only sending me a single letter the whole time. But even he seems to have found this winter too much for him.

I shall stay in Italy till the end of May; but my present notion is to leave San Remo about the middle of April, to loiter at Mentone, Monaco, Nice, and Cannes, and to spend May in Florence. It seems like a dream of delight being in this lovely Italy, and yet more being face to face with the city on the Arno,—the city one has read of and known of, but hardly hoped to see. If as I hope I see it this spring and Rome next autumn, I shall be a lucky fellow. How I wish I could see your dear old face again, Dax, and chat about the old days for an hour! Our dreams are turning out realities, only the realities are stranger than our dreams. What a world of time that ten years seems to be since we paced the Quad in the moonlight, and talked wildly of the coming days!

Good-bye. Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Dawkins and your mother. Write *soon*,—and believe me ever yours, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

VILLA CONGREVE, SAN REMO,
February 6, 1871.

It was delightful to get your long letter, dear Freeman, and not less delightful to find that you, the most accurate of post-knowing people, put too wee a stamp on it. That franc shall be hurled at you whenever you taunt me with not knowing the exact charge for a letter to Masulipatam. Of course I bow and even prostrate

myself before your "work,"—when do you do it?—do you ever eat or sleep or chat?—write jolly letters I know you do, though rather few of them to some poor folk! I hope Volume IV. will greet me on my return at the end of May. Stubbs's book is on the wing hither,—he sent me his blessing t'other day by Humphry Ward, but he will curse me when he reads the two papers on "Oxford and its Early History," which I am sending to Macmillan, whereof the thesis is twofold, (1) that the University killed the city, and (2) that the Church pretty well killed the University. I wrote them to pay my lodgings and washing bill, but I haven't scamped them, and I shall be curious to know what you think of them.

. . . . .

I liked much your *Pall Mall* letter anent the Dutch-Welch war. As you say, I don't see the Republic. Gambetta is simply Imperialism over again in spite of Fred. Harrison's ravings. I can't tell you what a disappointment the crash of Republicanism in France has been to me; impossible as it is for *us* to sympathise with or be influenced by her, her influence over Spain and Italy is immense, and here especially I feel every day what an immense impulse towards good Italy might receive from a really liberal France. In a middle which I have been sending to Harwood I have pointed out the enormous amount of work Italy has really done and the amazingly short space of time she has done it in. Much of it is of course done badly, some altogether scamped, but the social and religious difficulties are too enormous to be realised, save by living in Italy itself. All the women here, for instance, believe the drought and bad crops of the past seven years to be owing to the "persecution of the Pope." A sensible man owns to me that he looks on the inundation of Rome as Heaven's sign against its annexation to Italy. To have made Italy, in spite of all this, to have created an army and a navy, organised a system of popular education far superior to our own, carried out a great church reform,

covered the country with railroads, etc., etc., in twenty years is (considering *our* rate of progress) something to be really proud of. The curse of Italy is its administrative centralisation, and *that* is the gift of France. If a really free France were to decentralise, as to be really free she *must*, it would tell enormously here. But what hope is there of a free France?

. . . . . .

(end missing.)

To Miss L. von Glehn (Mrs. Creighton)

VILLA CONGREVE, SAN REMO,
February 11, 1871.

. . . . . .

I can't tell you with what delight I read all about your visit to King's Square. Is it not a dismal place and a dismal house? And yet it is my Mecca. There is a room in that house which is more to me than any Holy Sepulchre—the room where I last saw and said "Good-bye" to the greatest and best person I have ever met, or shall ever meet, in this world. I said good-bye not doubting we should meet again, for she seemed getting better, and indeed I *could* not think it possible for her to die. And then two days after in a street at Oxford I got the telegram that she was dead. I remember that day so well; it was Commemoration Day, and the degree of D.C.L. was given to Lord Palmerston, and the Theatre was full of people shouting and cheering; and I came out of it all, and read *that*. It is all years ago, and yet infinitely more present to me than any present thing. I went before I left England to see her grave at Tooting. They are building fast all round, so that even in death she will lie in that hideous wilderness of brick and mortar that killed her; for she longed for air and sunlight and the songs of birds. Ah, when I think of that freshness, that nobleness, wrought out in a life so hampered and bound down to the commonplace, I turn angrily from all my moans, and other

people's moans at *their* life rendering real greatness impossible. I see people straining after power, longing to be able to influence and what not. I long to tell them, "There has been in my whole life among the thousands I have met one person, and one only, who has influenced *me*, before whom my whole soul bent in reverence and adoring love. And she was the quiet wife of an East-End parson, in a dingy London square, who would have laughed at the thought of 'influencing' anybody."

. . . . . .

[In a following passage, too intimate for publication, Green mentions a curious incident. One of Mr. Ward's daughters was a child of 3 or 4 years old when he went to her father's house meaning to refuse the curacy. The child "played with me and tied my leg to the table and said, 'Shan't go,' and half from sheer love to the child, and half from that strange feeling of fatalism which lies at the root of half my life, I said, 'I will stay.' How different my life might have been but for little M.!"] J. R. G.

To Miss von Glehn

VILLA CONGREVE, SAN REMO,
February 19, 1871.

I have finished a sensational novel; I have seen a shoal of porpoises, and a double inspiration drives me to write to you, dear Olga. Which of the "me's" is writing now, the one you like or the one you hate, I can't say. Your letter made me doubt my own identity, and run off wildly to the Athanasian Creed to see if I couldn't do something to prevent this confounding the persons and dividing the substance. But nothing came of it. I begin to half believe in your theory of me—at any rate it explains a good deal. When I am enthusiastic about something or somebody at dinner and bored by bedtime, or solemnly vow and promise on Monday and forget all about it on Tuesday, it is likely enough—

now you suggest it—that it is the one "I" that deals in enthusiasm and promises, and the other that is bored and forgets. You too have an "I" that forgets. Didn't you promise and vow as soon as your "handsome pay" arrove from New Caledonia to come and see me at San Remo, and carry my baggage for me instead of a donkey? Olga, you came not! I dismissed that donkey. I waited. Day after day, from morn to dewy eve, my eyes rested on that white road across the headland. But in vain! At last I have resumed my donkey. Her name is not exactly Norval, but Roma. It is very like your own, which pains me. Never was such a moke! She rushes at the steepest hillside and swims up it with an easy grace. She picks her way daintily down the stoniest ravines. She has a divine pitifulness over the weaknesses of humanity, and looked down on me with almost parental affection as I lay at her feet, grovelling in the dust, with one foot in the stirrup. Human thought and donkey-jumps don't harmonise, dear Olga, and I think now and then and now and then Roma jumps. Then from the dust I look up at her with one foot still in the stirrup, and that gentle eye of celestial pitifulness looks down on me. Ah, had I met with a sympathy like this earlier in life! But we are all "blighted bein's" except Louise. What is that gay and festive young person doing at Oxford? I hear of her flirting with susceptible Dons, sitting at the feet of Ruskin, and initiating the University into the mysteries of High Art! One young tutor I know has abandoned his logic in despair, and moons about the Christ Church walls ejaculating, "Louise, wheeze, wheeze," in as poetic a way as his influenza will allow him. What privileges young Oxford has nowadays! In my day no young maidens descended on our earthly sphere.

But I am writing nonsense. The fact is, it is too sunny to write sense. Day after day there is the same blue sky, without a cloud, the same bright warm sunshine, the same depth of colour over the sea, the very

ground carpeted with violets and anemones. And all this sunshine is healthy as well as beautiful, and my chest is freer than it has ever been, and if I can only keep quiet and be sensible I may see a little more of life yet. . . .

Good-bye, dear Olga; write at once, for it is a while since I had any news from the Hill of Peak. All the Saints salute thee. Salute Mimi and Louise and the household generally.—Good-bye. J. R. G.

To Miss L. von Glehn (Mrs. Creighton)

PENSION GEVERAN, CANNES,
March 6, 1871.

[The struggle with the *Commune* began on March 18, 1871.]

I have been wondering at your long silence, dear Louise, and now I am only in wonder how you can have broken it. If I am ever engaged, my correspondents will have to give up all hopes of letters. I shall be wrapped in "dreamful ease" like the gods in Tithonus [the "Lotos Eaters"], and let the world go its way. Still I am delighted that you have written and that the news of your engagement should have reached me from yourself, for happy as I am about it—and *indeed I am on all grounds most happy*—there is always a shadow of dread about a friend's marriage, and I have too few real friends to care to lose *one*. But such a frank, warm-hearted note as yours dispels all dread. I feel that our friendship will remain just as warm and true as ever, although you will have some one else now to treat you to "wise conversation." Indeed, indeed, Louise, I rejoice in this happiness of yours. As you say, I have just seen Mr. Creighton, but he is a man one hears a good deal of and all one hears tends the same way. I have said hard things of "Young Oxford," and perhaps there are hard things to say; but no one can deny that there is a great

deal of real nobleness and refinement of life about it. I have always heard Mr. Creighton spoken of as the representative of its best side. He must be a man of singular power—his influence over Merton and at Oxford generally shows that—and for all moral qualities I am content with your own assurance. I know you could not love a man who was not noble in heart and soul. . . . As to waiting for marriage, *marry poor;* have the pluck and faith in one another that people nowadays seem to me to want. I will excuse you the fees if I may marry you, but I know you will prefer the shiny curate and so my last clerical hope is gone!

. . . . . .

I hope you are "Red" in your French sympathies and don't follow the *Times* and the English papers in their rabid attacks on Paris. Things have gone a long way beyond its original demands, but it is well to remember that these were simply for the self-government which every English town has. But Paris is more than an ordinary town—it is the seat of Government—and it has seen liberty overthrown again and again by administrative *coups d'état* in its streets. It sees in its own National Guard, officered and commanded by itself, an effective safeguard against *coups d'état*, and it sees no other. Had these demands been frankly granted instead of being played with and evaded all would have been well. As it is the city is driven to far larger demands. It seems unreasonable—it is perhaps—to demand urban independence. But for a quarter of a century the great French cities have been trodden under foot by the vast uneducated rural masses. Ought there not to be some security against this? At any rate, is not this Paris a wonderful spectacle of a government of artizans, governing ably, preserving order, and with property and life as safe as in Regent Street? And yet we howl day after day "anarchy and pillage" at it. It is time to say good-bye, dear Louise, and yet I can't say it without again

telling you what joy this news of your happiness has given me. God bless you, and make you still happier in the days to come.

To Miss von Glehn

VILLA CONGREVE, SAN REMO,
March 10, 1871.

[Edward Lear (1812-1888), the artist and author of the *Book of Nonsense*, was living at San Remo at this time.]

Surely, dear Olga, you are the most abusive as you are the most entertaining of correspondents. You tell me that my letter "partakes of the nature of a porpoise," while *yours* always display that of "a sensational novel." Certainly the "midnight flitting" at the close of your last had a sensational turn about it; Mr. Whistler should have painted that bread-and butter spreading in the schoolroom with his usual "effects" in whites and greys. But I was most amused at the little Oxford Comedy, of which I got the other and more lachrymose side from H. W. the very day I received your news. Certainly L. made a wonderful splash, though she wouldn't think so much of Oxford splashes after a little experience of the place. The blasé young Epicureans with red beards and gold eye-glasses are always looking out like the Athenians for "some new thing" to get "a rise out of life with." But the new thing never lasts a term; and if L. were to try "the year at Oxford" they propose, she would see a good many successors in the lion department. Just now they prize her for a quality they have taken up lately as the sum and crown of things, her "perfect repose." Shall *we* two go down to the city of the Isis, and show them what "perfect repose" can be? No, we should laugh too much, and the young philosophers with eye-glasses only smile. They are exquisitely witty, and smile. Louise never

liked our incessant joking, our utter want of seriousness, our frivolous aversion to earnest discussion. It is when I see the young generation, Olga, that I thank the Gods I am old. The world seems to me to be going in for æsthetic boredom, and to be about to expire in an elegant yawn. The one comfort is that all the people one really believes in and cares about are as gay and "frivolous" as we are. Contrast the buoyant life of Mendelssohn's letters with the "perfect repose" of these Oxford philosophers!

Of course your mother will whistle Miss L.'s plans of "a year at Oxford" down the wind. No place takes the bloom off a girl so much. Nowhere is she so "played with," so amused, petted, and flung by. As to "studying" there are a thousandfold better lectures to be got in London than in Oxford, and the society of Peak Hill is of a healthier intellectual type, because of a far broader intellectual type, than that of the D.s. Deutsch is a greater scholar, Haweis a greater wit, and George Grove a more accomplished person that any three men she could meet at Oxford, barring Max Müller and one or two she isn't likely to have much to do with. As for the C.s and fish of that kind, they are big fish in a little pond, but one has seen plenty of them shrink (*illegible*) when they have been plunged into the London "big water." . . .

I have just been seeing Lear's pictures packed off for the Academy. I shall be home just in time for a visit to it with you—do you remember our visit last year? One of the pictures hangs about me still, a quiet reach of the Nile all dead with evening, behind a fiery blaze of sunset, and in front of it the weird gigantic "wings" of a Nile boat—dark olive green in colour. There was a strange wild creepiness about the picture, but I doubt whether it will get hung. Lear has "Academy Wednesdays" in the studio of his new house, which he has hung round with 100 of his water-colours from Egypt, Palestine, Montenegro, Greece, Italy, and the Riviera. His whole life seems

to have been an artistic "Wanderjahr," and perhaps it is owing to this that he has preserved such perfect freshness of feeling, his humour and gaiety, his love of children and nonsense. He is delighted just now with the sale of his Christmas book, some 3000 copies have gone, but his profits are only some £60! Still he is happy, and every day he comes in and chats and tells me of some new idea for a picture, or of some change in a picture we have seen. Surely nothing is so perfect, so self-sufficing as the artist-life.

March 20! Is it possible this letter can still be here, dear Olga, lurking in secret places, when I thought it resting next to your heart or buried under your pillow to woo sweet dreams? What a change since I began it — Lear vanished and San Remo vanished, and around me instead of the soft circle of its olives the hard red line of the cliffs of Mentone! I have written all about our travels to Mimi—at least I believe so, but I got into mysterious waters which floated off budgets of letters to the wrong people so I don't quite know what I have said to anybody. But I don't think I told her of a great find at Ventimiglia, a bleak city perched up on a bare hill at the mouth of the Roya, in the shape of a Church of San Michele almost wholly made up of bits of the old Roman city. Its apse was the original apse of a Roman basilica. Roman masonry was built into its walls, and its crypt was supported by Roman columns inscribed with the names of Augustus and the like. It made one realise Italy, for Italy is a mere converted Rome—a temple turned into a church—the Augustan name used to prop up a Crypt.

I am going on well again, after a sad tumble back through the wild excitement into which I managed to work myself over the Voysey judgment. I tried so hard to convince the Liberals at home of the real importance of the decision, but they either cannot or will not see it, and I worked myself into a perfect

passion of disappointment over their blindness till it told on my health and I fell back rapidly. I really didn't imagine I had so much interest in the "Liberal" party left, and what there was is certainly effectually killed. The fact is that, as Francis Lord wrote to-day, there are but two Churches in the world, the Church of the Priest and the Church of the School-master; the Church of Dogma and the Church of Science. Bodies like the Church of England may try to conciliate the two movements—at least portions of them may—but every day makes the task more impossible. One may ground one's "religion"—the moral tie, that is, that binds our life into unity of action and purpose—on "faith" or on "fact"—on the outer teaching of Church or Bible or Sect, or on the inner teaching of experiment and knowledge. But it is impossible to combine the two. Have you read, for instance, this new book of Darwin's on Man and his origin? The two admirable reviews in the *Saturday* are all that I have seen as yet, but what wonderful vistas of inquiry and speculation the book must open. How in the presence of vast problems such as these all these Theological controversies shrink into littleness, into absolute unreality! "Sacrifice," "Justification," "Inspiration"—all these things will seem to our children as absurd as Gnosticism or Transubstantiation seem to us. I don't say that a rational religion is impossible, on the contrary it seems to me possible now as it never has been, but we can only reach it by flinging to the owls and the bats these old and effete "Theologies" of the world's childhood.

I daresay we shall find the summer agreeable enough, dear Olga, even if Mimi and Louise do flit away like the Ancient Mariner to the realms of frost and snow. I suppose they can't help it, and that they must have killed an albatross without knowing it. I wonder whether Louise will find Riga as entertaining as Oxford? Remember me kindly to her and all at Peak Hill, and thank Grove—when you see

him — for his prompt compliance with my request about the money. Tell him it was for that landlady of mine in whose face he once detected "traces of hopeless passion." He at any rate removed the hopelessness of her passion for the payment of her bill.

Good-bye, write to me soon, I shall be at Cannes (Poste Restante) till April 15. J. R. G.

To E. A. Freeman

MENTONE,
March 20, 1871.

You will see by this heading, dear Freeman, that we are no longer at San Remo. It was very hard to leave the place; it had done one so much good, and had so grown into our habit and life in the four months we spent there that it seems odd to say good-bye to it. However my friends wished to move, and even I began to long for a rather more bracing atmosphere such as one can get at Cannes; so we have begun our joggings along the coast. All our Florentine plans, as I think I told you, have been changed, and now that France is open we fall back on our old Provençal projects and intend to move homewards by Avignon, Arles, and the like. Our first halt was at Bordighera, a place the very opposite to San Remo in its character, with a vast outlook along the coast, bay after bay, promontory after promontory, till in the sunset one sees the pale ghost-like shadows of the Estrelles above Cannes. It was like the great world opening on us again after our months of isolation in that little San Remese world of its own. Bordighera's great boast is the palm; there is one great garden with hundreds of them which looked magnificent as they tossed their huge fronds in the wind. To us its hotel was the most entertaining feature of it; an "Evangelical" hotel much frequented by Exeter Hall folk, its hall decorated with exhortations to observe "the Sabbath," its library full of tracts and books of piety instead of the usual French novels, cards with "Gospel

Charades" scattered over the tables of its Salon, its master himself a minister of the Swiss Protestant sort, and profuse with offers of "privileges" in the shape of "family prayers." It was wonderfully amusing, and fortunately accompanied by a capital cuisine, as is the case in other Evangelical houses I have known. There was a little kidnapping establishment, too, in the neighbourhood, where a Mrs. Boyce entraps little Roman Catholic orphans and turns them into little Protestant Mortaras.[1] Is not the earth full of the praises of Exeter Hall, and does it not recall the analogous efforts of certain folk 1800 years ago who compassed sea and land to make proselytes with somewhat peculiar results?

One of the most disappointing features of this Riviera is the universal "restoration" of its churches. It seems to have been greatly stirred by the revival of Catholicism under the Borromeos of Milan in the sixteenth century, and hardly a church has escaped the transformation into a stucco temple. It was a great delight to find some spared at Ventimiglia—not "Twenty-mile-ia" as we christened it, but the old capital of the Intimiglii, the coast-tribe of the Ligurians here—which luckily lies on a bleak hill summit dreaded by tourists and modern "colonies" at the mouth of the Roya. The cathedral turned out to be a fine twelfth century church, curiously like S. Stephen's, Caen, in the arrangement of its interior; but S. Michele, a far older church, was actually built on to the apse of a real Roman basilica and its under-crypt was supported on Roman columns covered with inscriptions to Augustus and other folk. I suppose we shall think nothing of these small matters when we get to Nismes, but after dwelling in the tents of Meschech for so long we gave a good jump at getting hold of the Romans again. In England I always kicked at them as somehow anachronisms and confusions, and I remember at Leeds raving against the people who pottered over Roman roads, but here they have a reality; in fact Rome underlies everything here, and

[1] Mortara was the Jewish boy claimed by Catholic priests at Bologna in 1858.

the very Middle Ages were mere travesties of its institutions.

I suppose by your talk of "proofs" that Volume IV. will meet me on my return in May. It will be a pleasant welcome home, and will harmonise queerly with the other William's Conquest from among the traces of which I shall have come. As you say, I abode Dutch, and that with the more comfort as the majority of Englishmen turned more and more unto the Welchry. At the beginning of the war I was uncomfortable, for I had never been in the majority before, and it made me feel as if something was wrong. But when even the *Daily News* turned unto Parisian sentiment I regained all my equanimity. I hope when I die they wont mock a consistent "life in opposition" by engraving on my tomb *abiit ad plures*. Concerning Voysey I won't write a word in spite of your challenge. The whole thing, the cowardice especially of the Liberal clergy, and the excitement of trying and trying in vain to prod them into action against a judgment which really smites not Voysey but them, made me fall back again into coughing and even worse things. I suppose if I had died from loss of blood, somebody in Convocation would have said I had died the death of Arius. Well —one might do worse. One might die the death of the men who rejoiced in the death of Arius. But do you really think (for your Toryism in ecclesiastical matters a bit astounds me) that a Church can be in a good way whose narrowness makes it impossible not merely for George Cox, but for me, to work in her pale? I don't say what my future course may be; but if I do return to clerical work it will be simply with the very design you censure in Voysey—to force the Church of England either into open accordance with, or into open opposition to, the conclusions of reason, of science, and of historical criticism.

When I get back I shall have a great deal of work to do and if I run about it must be with a work-basket at my tail. But I am pretty sure to visit Somerleaze,

and if the Historical Section (at where?) is possible I will strive to see thee in thy glory. Roaming through these little Ligurian towns makes me utter just the old groans you used to join in when we roamed about France,—groans, I mean, over the state of our local histories in England. There isn't one of these wee places that glimmer in the night like fireflies in the depth of their bays that hasn't a full and generally admirable account of itself and its doings. They are sometimes wooden enough in point of style and the like, but they use their archives, and don't omit, as all our local historians seem to make a point of doing, the history of the town itself. I have made a little beginning for that of Oxford in the first paper I sent to George Grove; but clearly the first part of such work, the printing and sifting materials, falls properly to the local antiquary, and I can't suggest a better subject for your inaugural speech as President than the enforcing this on the class. Of course where cities were states, and the least of these little places was a state, their history must be of very different interest from that of English towns; and here, too, the history of them all falls into a certain unity from their relation to Genoa, on which I spoke a little in the case of San Remo. Sometimes the relation takes odd forms; here, for instance, at Mentone we have citizens of Genoa, the Grimaldi, settling down into feudal lords of Genoese dependencies and warring with other Genoese citizens who have become feudal lords elsewhere, as the Dorias at Dolceacqua, while both lords would still vote side by side as fellow-burghers at Genoa. It recalls Miltiades and the like.

. . . . .

Good-bye,—it is time to go to bed, and you know that *that* law is of the Medo-Persic order now. Remember me to all those that care for me. J. R. G.

I shall be at Cannes till the 15th of April,—let me have a line there.

To E. A. Freeman

CANNES,
April 14, 1871.

[Mr. Goschen's "Local Government Bill," which proposed to make the parish the unit of local administration, failed to reach a second reading.]

I have picked out a good pen this time for you, fastidious man, at whose own writing compositors faint in horror! However your letter was readable enough and full of good news, especially anent next autumn and Ravenna. I have been grumbling much at the fate which seems always to stand between me and the Exarchate, but clearly the Destinies meant me to go as Bryce's tail, which is seemly and right. You see I haven't got far over the Var, or into Provence,—for this Cannes is not so much Provincia Romana as Provincia Britannica or Broughamannica; its centre being "Le Squar de Lordbrougham," and its shrine his tomb whereon is written a verse of "his Lordship's favourite hymn." Tait, whom I caught up here, tells me that hymns were Brougham's last mania, and that one couldn't find "new collections" fast enough for him. I wonder whether in your old age I shall have a difficulty in finding you new Tuppers. It is a delightful place, the more delightful from its contrast with our other resting-places along the Riviera,—one's feet are set in a large room here, and instead of the mountain-heights pressing you into the sea as at Mentone, you get a wide tumbled landscape with distances full of delicious colouring and gorgeous sunsets over the Estrelles. The great product of the place is Frogs, Aristophanic frogs, who be green and live in trees. Soon as the evening shades prevail these frogs take up their wondrous tale, and a noise like twenty saw-mills banishes sleep,—my sleep, that is, for I suppose neither frogs nor saw-mills make much difference to *you*.

We have been dawdling here waiting for Marseilles

to be quiet. Most of the fighting there is done at the station, the station-master is shot alternately by the troops and the Commune, and all luggage is converted into barricades. I feel with you about the murders in Paris,—but they were done by troops which had mutinied, not National Guards, and before the Committee had been able to seize the reins. Nothing is, I think, more wonderful than the order of Paris now. They do not even exact retribution for the horrible court-martial massacres at Versailles. I do wish you would attack "military justice" and "drum-head courts"; they are mere inventions of red-coats for murdering under forms of law. Just read in Kaye's second volume of *The Sepoy Mutiny* what went on in India. The *municipal* demands of Paris are undoubtedly just; but Thiers, who is and always has been the ruin of France, hates municipal freedom, and has just *coerced* the assembly into refusing the free election of maires to all towns over 6500 inhabitants. As to the *Communal* demands of Paris, their fault is not, as the *Times* says, that they are mediæval and obsolete, but that they are before their day. When we have got a real European commonwealth of nations, we can give far more independence to the separate bodies which make up each nation. But this is a big subject.

Right in the centre of the bay of Cannes lie two islands, one of which I sailed to yesterday, the site of S. Honorat. One knows it better as the Abbey of Lerins, the first settlement by which the monasticism of the East penetrated into the West, the house which is to France or rather to Gaul, what Fulda was to Germany, or Monte Cassino to Italy. Patrick was trained there for his mission in Ireland; and it is at Lerins one finds, I think, the key to the peculiar character of the monasticism he introduced there,—and so to some of the most salient features of Celtic Christianity. In situation and influence it is very like Iona; it for a century gave bishops to nearly all the sees of Southern France, as Hii did to Northumbria, and was like it too

a great literary centre. Do you remember how in our High Church days we used to spout the rule of Vincent of Lerins: *Quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus*, —which in these later days seems to me a rule for nothing but Unitarianism? I found far more than I had expected remaining; a real relic of the old Lerins in the shape of a sixth century cloister, with a semicircular vaulting, and the oddest way of getting round the corners of it I ever saw. It was in perfect preservation, I suppose from its massive character, as most of the later work has been swept away. However there is the shell of a fine twelfth century Church, and a "fortified abbey," the only one I ever saw. The free-booters, Saracens, Genoese, Catalans, and what not were always swooping down on the place, so in the eleventh century the monks got tired of being massacred, and set about building this castle with machicolations and drawbridges and what not, while within it was a monastery with cells and chapels! I think Henry of Blois "semi-miles, semi-monachus" ought to have been Abbot of Lerins. Yet more curious were the "seven chapels" round the island, of which most remain,—as simple and as old as you like. Did you ever get to Glendalough and its Seven Churches? I have always longed to go there since Goldwin Smith's weird picture of it in his *Irish History*.

We start on Monday for Arles, Nismes, and Avignon; after that our course must depend on the political look of things. I should greatly like a look at Paris, but I mustn't risk anything; a night in the open air or in a cold cell would do me more certain harm than a gun-shot on a barricade. I am afraid you will find me just as great a prisoner at sunset when I come to Somerleaze as ever; indeed, I shall only come when I hear that you are ready to change your hour for exercise and to walk when I can go with you and not when I can't. Cardiff is a place I see no reason whatever for visiting. I should have liked to see you enthroned; but Welch-land is abhorrent to me, and South Welch-land most of

all. As to Welch history I used to dabble in Celtic things long ago, but now one sees what far more interesting fields there are—especially in Italy—I don't feel disposed to bother myself about those lying and unbreeched barbarians. Moreover, the Institute is a great waste of time, and its (*illegible*) and rushing about would never do for me now. As to Little Book, I hope to make that my special work in England, and if possible to get the MS. into Macmillan's hands before starting again for Italy. Then I could give my winter at San Remo or Mentone to the Angevins. But my next year in England must go to Dunstan, which must be done, and which I can only do at British Museum, save the MS. at Arras. I shall be able to gain time now by the quiet and seclusion which my health renders absolutely necessary, and so after all my illness may be some good to me. . . .

I am glad you are looking into Goschen's bill. It certainly seems to me the most masterly piece of legislation we have had for half a century, and, coupled with Bruce's licensing bill, to entitle Gladstone's Government to great gratitude. The point which it will probably have to be modified on is its choice of the parish as the administrative unit, and yet Goschen's reasons against the only other alternative, the choice of the union, struck me as strong. But it is obviously inconvenient that the union should be the unit for one purpose—that of health—as well as now for pauperism—and the parish for all others. Moreover, so restricted a constituency as the parish would still give their supremacy to the squires, though their position as delegates would be itself a great change. The consolidation of rates is an unmixed good—so too is the change in the incidence of rating. In reality the bill is not an administrative reform, it is a social revolution. *That* is why I am so glad of it. Socially I look upon England as wholly feudal and barbarous. When I see your Somerset peasantry trembling before your county magistrates, I thrill with anger.

Good-bye. I hope to be in England in a month's time, and talk with you over this and many things. Remember me kindly to every one, especially Cox if he is at your house.

Do you know you sent a great flush up into these cheeks of mine by your words about "towns."—Ever yours, dear Freeman, J. R. G.

Sunshine 104 *Fahrenheit.*

To E. A. Freeman

4 Beaumont Street, W.,
(1871).

My dear Freeman—I really thought I had written much to you about the sheets of Volume IV.; but I suppose I had got muddled by the two reviews of it I forwarded to Harwood some time ago. Its *points* seem to me to be the really wonderful way in which you have worked in your local and archæological sketches of the various towns (recreating, in fact, by means of them William's Campaigns in Mid-England), and the use you have made of Domesday. I had certainly no notion of the wealth of personal and private information which could be, and now is, got out of it. Of course I regret the absence of the pigs on whom and other beasties the Commissioners spent so much time and trouble. But I suppose there will be a special Pig-chapter in Volume V. Then too I think the constitutional part is excellent. I only wish it wasn't scattered up and down, but gathered together in a distinct part like as in Volume I. I wish in future editions of the Godwine and Harold time you would point out the modifications which the constitution was undergoing during that period. It seems to me to be a great omission at present, and it is really needed for the full understanding of Billy's doings. Naturally I enjoyed the ecclesiastical part a great lot, especially that really glorious covenant between Wulfstan and certain Norman

and English Abbots. But I wish your Church wasn't so Bishopy; there be priests, deacons, and lay people besides, you know. The weak point seems to me to be William hisself. You admire him and all that, but you don't quite like him, and you are uncommon glad when he gets a whipping. One great source of interest in this volume lies in its keeping pretty much at home; the others go on two legs, Norman and English, and one gets a bit bothered at constant transportations. I fancy I feel a touch of fatigue in your style; fat volumes *will* tire one, even if one is an E. A. F. But there is only one bit of writing against which I protest by all the gods, and that is the account of and meditation upon Billy's Death. There is a sort of undertaker-solemnity about it that I cannot away with. Orderic and Huntingdon always mouth on occasions of this sort, and I fancy they have beguiled you in the matter of Billy.

But here I am writing chaff and I know not what to you, when you have a hostage in your hands in the shape of my little chapter to work your wicked will on in revenge. Stubbs sends it back with a "very pretty" verdict, which nearly made me tear my hair. I will annoy him in Chapter III. by praising "Documents" yet more and more. I have just left "Dokkyments" to plunge into Ed. II., and I feel like a man lost. I think I shall simply say that "all further remarks on the English Constitution are adjourned till Mr. Stubbs issues more docyments."

Do send me the sheets of *Historical Essays*. If you wish me to review them, I will write to Harwood and see whether he is willin'. Let me have Chapter II. back as soon as you can.—Ever yours, dear Freeman,

J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

4 BEAUMONT STREET, W.,
June 27, 1871.

[This refers to the series called the *Historical Course for Schools*, of which the first called *A General Sketch*

of European History by Freeman, appeared in 1872. Pearson is Mr. C. H. Pearson, author of *National Character*, who went to Australia in 1871.]

DEAR E. A. F.—I will wipe away the tears from the Cocceian eyes, but what tearful eyes they be! "If you can run down on Saturday I shall be there with a Gig" is surely not a very elaborate invitation—still I ought to have answered it, but the sunlessness and the east wind are responsible for my misdemeanours. I don't think I was meant for this great-coat-and-perpetual-respirator-country; at any rate my temper in correspondence improves considerably by crossing the Alps. But what would Cox do on the Riviera where there is sunshine and no Longman, neither folk that answer not letters, neither folk that groan?

Concerning the Libels (for I reserve the word "little book" for mine own). Yours first. The opening—all about the Rums and the other folk—is in your best style, and fairly within a boy or girl's comprehension—interesting too, and quite readable. I like it as well as I like anything you ever did. Concerning Hellas and the Rums, I am not quite so happy. The "facts" are there, and the "dates" are there, but the history isn't. When I was a boy I was as "historical" as most boys, more so than most perhaps, but writing of this sort used simply to paralyse me. I never could *learn* it, and I think from all I have seen it is this sort of dry rattle of names and dates that sets boys against history. Moreover isn't it beginning at the wrong end, and would it not have been better to have gone on in the style of the opening, to have said simply what Hellas and what Rome was to give to the modern world, and then with as few names and dates as possible to have shown how they give it—Hellas, free manhood, literature, art, etc., Rome, the city, law, government, humanity, etc.? All this in the talkee-talkee style of the opening, and avowedly

taking this earlier history as a preface to the histories that follow.

As a summary of facts the Rum part (not (I think) the Hellenic) strikes me as *excellent.* Supposing it to remain in the present form I would strike out one or two things not absolutely bearing on the general history, such as the "Agrarian rows," and the plebeian origin of part of the noblesse. But you will see this yourself in the proof which I send you. . . .

[Another volume] is terribly dry and dull just because it leaves out all that is really interesting in the Georgian history. Where is a word about John Howard or prison reform, or the Wesleyan movement, or the discoveries of Captain Cook, or Brindley's canals, or Watts's steam engine, or the revival of art under Reynolds and Gainsborough, or that of poetry under Burns and Wordsworth, or the colonization of Australia, etc., etc., etc.? "No room," says G. But she finds room for all the petty changes in the Georgian Ministers, and such facts as the change in the "royal style." I do think what we want in history is to know which are the big facts and which the little ones. I am afraid you are making all your Harem tithe mint, anise, and cumin, and neglect the weightier matters of the law. I bear in mind what you urged ably in the *Saturday Review* some time since about history having to deal primarily with the political developement of society; but then it must be at times when this political developement comes to the front. Now in the Georgian times it retires to the rear, and social developement occupies the front of the stage.

At any rate there it is, a capital piece of work done by a clever woman, and as dull as an old almanack! I daresay governesses will find it "useful," but it will set every child against a study so absolutely without human interest.

Whereon I am "Jack." No, but I wish well to the little fleet of paper-boats, and I think a clever girl like this would do better if you left her a bit alone,

and didn't keep her nose down to the political grindstone.

Pearson has fled to Australia, and Bryce is seeking one to succeed him at Trinity College, Cambridge, as Historical Lecturer. My winter abroad makes it impossible for me. Likewise I have refused the living of Witham Priory in your neighbourhood in spite of the attractions of Bp. Hugh. The "Grote" was in your best form, but what the sentence about Shilleto was *before* it was watered down fancy can't imagine. Most folk would be satisfied with pounding a man in a mortar without moaning that they couldn't disembowel him beforehand.

Good-bye.—Ever yours, J. R. G.

P.S.—I showed your little things to Bryce this morning. He said one noteworthy thing—that these little things must be done by big people—that they are the most difficult things of all to do, and that till big people can find time to do them they had better wait. "We have enough bad work already." In the main he would go with what I say about introductory books altogether, viz., that the ideas should be taught first, and the skeleton of facts and dates afterwards.

To E. A. Freeman

REV. W. LOFTIE, SEVENOAKS, KENT,
September 1871 ?

. . . When is Volume IV. to be out? I hoped to have had it for review before I left England. I have been thinking of late how to hitch on my book to yours, if ever it gets written, and have growled much at your going on to Billy's death when you ought to have ended with the close of the actual conquest. Then I could have gone on with *England under Foreign Kings* straight from the Conquest. Billy's death is no end or beginning of anything except Billy on earth, and (in the latter case, I hope) Billy in Heaven. I

read very carefully through the MSS. of Palgrave's Henry I. and Stephen, which Frank Palgrave lent me; the Henry is very fine, and the *close* of the Stephen masterly. But even if F. P. prints them as he proposes there is so much constitutional and social work to do in the period that I don't think it would be wrong to stick to my original plan. Little Book goes on very slowly, I am only at the end of Cap. 3, *i.e.* at Evesham. It is in fact, done as I am doing it, very hard and bothering work, and involves (especially in the Literature parts) a good deal of fresh reading. Still I think you will like it as it goes on.

I hope you will read a little paper on Edward Denison I have sent to *Macmillan*—it will tell you something of my old Stepney work and parish life, which few but you ever had a glimpse of. I often think how people would stare if they knew the real story of those ten East-end years of mine, their good side as well as their bad side. Denison was one of the most beautiful characters I ever met, and what I wrote about him I wrote from my heart. . . .

Do you know this place at all? To the world it is Sevenoaks, to me it is Knole. I wander about the grand old park with Archbishop Bourchier's grey old house looking out from among the trees. What sumptuous folk Archbishops were in those days. Knole is big enough for a couple of noblemen, and yet only four miles off stood their house of Otford, which seems to have been yet grander. But Otford has dwindled into a pig-stye, while Knole abideth.

Good-bye. I will do what I can to wipe the tears from eyes Stubbeian and Cocceian.—Ever yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To Miss von Glehn

GENOA,
October 30, 1871.

. . . I am resting here for a quiet day after a month's sight-seeing (I left England on the 4th of

October) on the first wet day which gives one a chance of rest. My journey has been a delightful one. We jogged slowly down the Rhine, stopping at Aachen, Köln, and Maintz, then struck across Germany, and spent a quiet Sunday at Wurtzburg, and then pushed over the Brenner to my old pet place Verona. Half my weakness and bad spirits took wings and fled away as I basked in the sunshine on the thymy hills looking high over the valley of the Adige, while my companion, Freeman, was working away at his drawings below. The delicious sunshine followed us everywhere, to Venice where I spent three days in utter idlesse on the Grand Canal, seeing Murano—the one great thing I omitted when I was there two years ago—to Padua where I found the Arena chapel in its little vineyard, and lost my heart to Giotto, to Bologna where I "did hospital" for a couple of days before visiting Ravenna. Ravenna wants a letter all to itself; conceive a town where every great monument is (literally) as old as Hengest, where the tomb of Theodoric stands untouched with the great cope of a single stone as he left it thirteen centuries ago, and where great churches with bright mosaics stretching along their walls from west to eastern end, stand forgotten—as it were—in the grey marshes only bounded by the pine-forest and the sea. Florence with its life, its gaiety, its art, was a wonderful change after the death of Ravenna: I spent four days alone there (for Freeman despiseth "picters"), if to be in a place where one knew of old every street and piazza, where every stone was pregnant with memories, where house and gallery and dome brought closer to one, and made living for one such names as Dante, Savonarola, Michael Angelo, Giotto, could be said to be "being alone." There I stood once more in a region of the past, loitered for a day in the Campo Santo at Pisa, rode yesterday through the grand mountain scenery of the Spezzia coast, and am resting, weary, but delighted, here to-day. To-morrow I hope to be at San Remo.

I left England suddenly,—a month before I had intended,—but my health broke down with the hard weather, and there was nothing for it but sudden flight. I bade "Good-bye" to nobody, and so I fear I am in many bad books in England. But I hope it is not so at Peak Hill. I shall be very lonely this winter at San Remo, and have a great deal of hard work to do, so "the Sisters of Mercy" at Sydenham must spare me a word of comfort now and again. When does Louise get married? I spent a charming fortnight with Humphry Ward and Mary Arnold in Wales. She is to me the Queen of Women,—absolutely faultless. How delightful it is that the boy I love best in the world should have such a wife. Good-bye. Give my kindest regards to your mother and all at home, and believe me ever affectionately yours, J. R. G.

To E. A. Freeman

VILLA CONGREVE, SAN REMO,
November 17, 1871.

You certainly had a good time of it, dear Freeman, after our parting, what with your peeps at Italian "Johnny-houses," your climb of the S. Gotthard, and your federalizing at Berne. I for one didn't forget, in my admiration of "the walls of the eternal democracy," the democracy itself; I hardly remember any impression more profound than that which I received from that wonderful lake in its wonderful setting of mountains. I remember the Brookes laughing good-humouredly at my enthusiasm over the temple that nature itself seems to have built there to Freedom. But I don't feel that my love for freedom clashes with my love for Italy, or that one's interest in liberty need sleep on this side of the Alps to wake so strenuously on the other. The Piazza at Florence gave me the same thrill that I remember on the Lake of Lucerne:—I am afraid an even more delightful thrill, for after all Swiss democracy is a

democracy of institutions, we admire its constitution, its landesgemeinde and the like, but Florentine democracy was a democracy of men. Teutonic freedom is too often a developement of man on one side only, the political, while Italian *was* (I feel all the answer that lies in that "was") a developement of the whole man,—political, intellectual, religious, artistic.

I own that your indifference to all that free life of Italy jarred on me through that pleasant tour of ours; I felt as you feel when Harry Jones and the Alpine Club turn Switzerland into a "Playground." You seemed to me to turn Italy into an Architectural Institute. Of course you went solely for the purpose of "doing one thing," as they go to Berne for the purpose of "doing one thing," and of course there is a good deal of truth in the excuse in either case. But still in either case there is just that little "jar" of which I spoke. And this was certainly not lessened when I found that with all your architectural devotion you could still find room for enthusiasm whenever an Emperor came on the stage. There was no indifference when you stood before the figure of Frederick or the tomb of Henry. It was only when you stood before some memorial of the people that you took refuge in your sketching book. And yet to my mind a crowd of Florentines shouting themselves hoarse on their Piazza are a greater and a nobler thing than all the Emperors that ever breathed.

But this is a poor return for all your jolly talk about Referendums and Volks-initiative,—the last of which I don't quite understand, so when you write again give me a little preachment anent it. I remember too in our chat before parting talking with you about these municipal matters. If you have picked up anything about them in such matters, for instance, as the restriction on right of citizenship and the sharing of municipal property, give me a little of it. When I was at Basel I missed the Library, but I saw one charming book, the very copy of *The Praise of Folly* which Erasmus lent to

Holbein, and on the margin of which, opposite a description of "the ragged mendicant scholar," the painter maliciously sketched the portrait of Erasmus. Whereupon Erasmus turns to a description of "the drunken profligate" and just jots opposite it *Holbeinus ipse*. I should like to have seen those names of the English scholars there. I daresay you have seen (if not, get it some time) that curious book *The Troubles of Frankfort*, that gives their own account of all their sojournings and quarrellings in their exile, and their very various receptions at the very various Swiss towns.

As to the dates of S. Ambrose at Milan there is a great muddle in Murray, but Hemans in his *History of Mediæval Christianity and Sacred Art* has taken a great deal of pains to get at the truth in these matters, and what he says is mainly this. First, there was a certain *Faustine Basilica* which was incorporated into the Church built by S. Ambrose as the Chapel of S. Satiro (on south side of the Choir) and which still exists with mosaics of the sixth century in its apse. Secondly came the Church of S. Ambrose. This was thoroughly decayed when (868) Archbishop Anspert restored it; and Anspert's basilica "had become so ruinous by 1169 that another restoration, almost a rebuilding, became necessary," that of Archbishop Galdinus. To this last "belong the façade with one of the lofty *quadrati campanili* flanking it, the acute arches under the roof, and the entire vaulting"; to the ninth century Church belong "the quadrangular atrium, the bronze portals, one of the two campanili, and perhaps the principal portion of the double colonnade between nave and aisles, with gallery destined for females, according to ancient arrangement, besides the crypt (modernized indeed, and with new pillars), the massive baldachino with porphyry columns over the high altar, and the apse with its mosaics of Byzantine art."

. . . . .

To Miss Arnold (Mrs. Humphry Ward)

VILLA CONGREVE, S. REMO,
December 19, 1871.

Your letter, delightful as it was, made me feel very guilty—guilty that is of chaining you to a "long table" and an "empty room," when instead of letter-writing you ought to have been skating, lounging, chatting, or love-making. I want to make a solemn covenant with you, with only one clause in it, that whenever you are tired or unwell, or in any way disinclined to write, you will believe that I am infinitely happier in the feeling that you are resting or amusing yourself than even in your letters. . . .

I am glad the Prince is better, if only that his recovery will deliver us from a deluge of that domestic loyalty which believes the whole question of republicanism solved by the statement that the Queen is an admirable mother and that her son has an attack of typhoid. I am sorry when any young fellow dies at thirty, and far more sorry when any mother suffers; but the sentiment of newspapers and town councils over "telegrams from the sick-bed" is simply ludicrous. However, one remembers that all France went mad with anxiety when Lewis the well-beloved fell sick in his earlier days, and yet somehow or other '89 came never the later. But I have one little prayer to make even to you; it is *apropos* of Rossel. I want you to substitute Delescluze in your sympathy for that heroic young Protestant. There is but one defence for a man who fights for the Commune—it is that he believes in it. But Rossel boasts that he was never a Communist. According to his own account he was only a hysterical young patriot of the Gambetta school, who was determined to fight the Prussians, and if not the Prussians anybody who stood in the way of his fighting them. I own I think a drumhead court-martial an admirable sedative for hysteria of this sort. But then, you know,

I am a Communist, and people like old Delescluze are more to my taste—men who believe (rightly or wrongly) and cling to their faith through thirteen years of the hulks and Cayenne, who get their chance at last—fight, work, and then when all is over know how to die, not "with a Protestant minister in attendance" and a carefully-written "journal of my last moments" on the table, but with that grey head bared, and the old threadbare coat thrown open, as Delescluze walked quietly and without a word up to the fatal barricade.

. . . . . .

I don't think I envy you even Worcester Pond and the claret cup. If I envy you anything it is the "gulph between," the thoughts of which struck you there. I sit sometimes alone here looking out over the sea, and I imagine such a gulph in one's life with a "Vita Nuova" on the other side of it. But it must always be a dream with me. Isn't it very odd to conceive of life without the hope of wife or child, or the stress of public effort or ambition, or any real faith in a hereafter? That is my life, and to me it seems about as interesting and picturesque as that of a "heathen Chinee." "Your business is to exist," says Clark, and so I suppose I shall go on "existing" till the boredom of it becomes too great and——; but I am talking great nonsense, when I meant instead of all this egotism to be telling you of a little water-colour I have just bought from Mr. Lear, and am sending home to you to fill up some little nook in the æsthetic drawing-room. It is a sketch of Crete, with Mount Ida in the distance, and seems to me a delicate and charming bit of colouring. I coveted it for myself last year but couldn't afford it, and now it struck me that a marriage was a thing *cretâ notanda*—not that I have got quite used to the notion of your marrying at Easter,—settling in your new home, where, as far as I can judge from plans of it, there is room for everything but getting your dinner. I notice how as one gets on in life the relative

proportions of drawing-room and dining-room continually change, very much to the advantage of the dining-room. But then one must begin by being æsthetic, and I daresay your dining-room will be big enough for me.

I hope if you read them you didn't believe a word of my papers on Oxford. It seems they began with a big blunder, and a very deliberate blunder too, about no historic connection existing between Ælfred and Oxford. Professor Babington sends me the tracing of a coin with "Ælfred, Oxenforde," upon it, and delicately hints that there are several specimens. I didn't run down and drown myself in the torrent, because that (being up in the hills) is frozen over, but I am only waiting for a thaw. Meanwhile, I shall of course desist from any further attempts to write history.

. . . . . .

A happy Christmas to you! J. R. G.

To E. A. Freeman

VILLA CONGREVE, SAN REMO,
December 30, '71.

. . . . . .

I rejoiced much in your paper on the Swiss reforms in the *S. R.*, and so I do what you add in your letter; but it raises one question I can't quite solve as to the practice of mediæval communes. What became of a burgher of London if he settled, say at Bristol? Did he remain a free-toll, or could he at once pay his town-penny and get his name written on the burghers' roll? I don't mind me of any mediæval borough where admission to citizenship was ever refused to a free man who paid all dues and customs —the practice was common enough later on when the corporations got close and rich, and I should doubt if your Swiss practice is a "mediæval" relic. But how were the Swiss communes or boroughs formed, —by charters from whom?—and can they be formed

nowadays (like Brummagem), and if so by Cantonal or Federal authority?

. . . . . .

The weather here continues pure summer. There isn't the least trace of winter,—it is always warm, sunny, cloudless, so that I can walk about without a hat and the like,—and my lung seems to be really getting on apace. My thoughts are wholly taken up with Little Book, and will be till I come home again with it,—I hope—ready for press. I have been "worriting" ever since I began it as to how to end it,—how to manage the last chapter from Canning's re-entry into the Liverpool ministry in '22 till to-day. This afternoon it suddenly flashed on me how I could avoid both dangers—that of making it a mere newspaper summary or a "philosophical discussion"—in some such way as this. 1. Canning—show the new tone which came over politics, and especially over our European relations, and continue our foreign policy, wars, etc. to the present time. 2. Colonisation—history of Australia, emigration and the like—to the same date. 3. Constitutional Reform, from Catholic Emancipation to the last Reform Bill. 4. Commercial reform, taking all one can of commercial growth by the way, with Free Trade, and doing kootoo to Peel. 5. Intellectual progress, popular education, the reforms of schools and universities, advance and generalizing character of science as in Lyell and Darwin,—religion in the philanthropy of the Evangelicals, the rise of the "Catholic" High Church folk, science producing religious liberalism,—literature reflecting all these various tendencies of the age, especially the economical and historical, our romance, humorists, poets. In this way, I think, a boy might learn to understand what was going on about him,—one could be perfectly exact, give dates and all that,—while it would avoid the controversial tone which a mere chronological arrangement and final flourish of trumpets over "Mr. Gladstone" would involve.

I am going to High Mass to-morrow, inasmuch as

Catholicism has an organ and Protestantism only a harmonium, and the difference of truth between them don't seem to me to make up for the difference of instruments. The little ones here have been keeping Christmas *more Anglico*, Christmas trees and plum-puddings; while the little Italian urchins have been staring at the quaint "Bethlehem" in the Capuchin Church here. I look in now and then, partly because it really does justice to Joseph—a person usually badly treated, but who has here the garb and bearing of a Venetian Doge, which was pretty much his position, I suppose—and partly because I get a deal of delight out of the shepherds who wear silk stockings, yellow breeches, embroidered coats, and deliciously frizzled wigs. A Capuchin is in attendance who acts as a sort of "Notes to the Bible," as "without note or comment" after the Brummagem platform one might fall into all sorts of heretical mistakes as to the reverend personages of the scene.

Have you seen Stubbs's "Hymn on Froude and Kingsley"?

> Froude informs the Scottish youth
> That parsons do not care for truth—
> The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries
> History is a pack of lies.
>
> What cause for judgments so malign?
> A brief reflection solves the mystery.
> Froude believes Kingsley a divine,
> And Kingsley goes to Froude for history!

Good-bye, a merry Christmas to you and a happy New Year.—Ever yours, J. R. G.

To Mrs. à Court

4 Beaumont Street,
March 26, 1872.

My dear Mrs. à Court—I have been, like Baron Munchausen's horse, frozen up ever since I reached England, and it is only to-day that sunshine has set

me free. My arrival was the signal for a burst of fierce winter weather—snowstorms a day and a half long, black frosts, bitter rains. Andrew Clark's face, when I walked into his consulting-room, was that of blank horror which would have made the fortune of a Garrick. He at once proposed to hand me over to Forbes Winslow; it was not a case for ordinary practitioners like himself, he said with a grave humility, but for the physicians of Colney Hatch. However, I fascinated him into tapping and punching me in the old way, and his grimness relaxed. He thinks I have made great progress during the winter, that my lung is not merely passive and the disease promising to be arrested, but that there are real signs of healing. In fact he asks for another year of care, and holds out prospect of a cure. Of course I executed a Pyrrhic war-dance of delight, and have been ever since in a state of wild enthusiasm.

Perhaps it is this, perhaps it is the reaction after my depression at San Remo that makes life seem wonderfully golden to me just now. Everybody is so thoroughly kind and delighted to see me. There was a most amusing race between the Stopford Brookes and some other friends to catch me, and run off with me on my arrival, as my own rooms were occupied; and my table is covered with pretty notes of welcome. So you see I forgot all about the post, but I am far from forgetting the friendship and kindness at San Remo.

. . . . . .

You see I am very happy and feeling wonderfully well. I am, of course, up to my neck in literary projects, and my incessant volubility is a trial to my friends. But I tell them I am working off a winter's silence. I am wonderfully happy, and yet I should like another stroll up the Foce (?) Valley. But man is never contented even at his contentment.—Ever yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

April 27, 1872.

[On the *Historical Review*. The beginning is lost. Venables's "Summary" appeared annually in the *Times*.]

. . . resource by only treating people of an European bigness—such as Mazzini—by only treating them after death, and by avoiding the "newspaper-biography" of the *Times*. But to any one who knows what a part Mazzini, *e.g.*, has played in the history of the last thirty years, and how little "newspaper biographers" can tell about him, a real life of him by such a friend as Stansfield, for instance, would seem of direct historical value.

As to the "Chronicle of Contemporary Events" I stand a bit alone, Macmillan doubting its commercial value, Bryce its historical. As to the latter that will settle itself, if as I hope I can induce Bryce himself to take it. My firm belief is that nothing is more wanted than an accurate account of the real current history of the day, done with some literary skill; where the events shall be given, if not in the ultimate relation to each other and the world which only time can reveal, yet at any rate in some sort of relation to each other, and with the amount of light which a serious historical student from his knowlege of the past can throw on their character and value. I don't want an "Annual Register," or the chronicle in the *Revue des deux mondes*—still less Venables's summary of the year —but something to which all these point, and which none of these realise.

Where, however, I especially need and claim your help is in the first class of articles—those which treat of a subject of the day from a distinctly historical point of view. In (of course) a very trivial way my middle in the *S. R.* this week on "English Loyalty" will illustrate what I mean. I am sure that people will be very grateful in the discussion of "hot" topics to see these institutions clearly and accurately traced

in the past. I will say at once that the sort of thing I want from you is *English History and the House of Lords*. It is a question likely enough to be up in April when the *Review* might hope to appear; and a simple expansion of what you say so well in your lectures just continued to the present day would be simply invaluable to a public very weary of diatribes on the one side and on the other. Tell me what you think of it, or whether there is any other subject you would personally prefer.

With these to "swim the boat" I could face a very "severe and historic" lot of other articles, and in future numbers you may fire away with "Swiss Constitutions" and what not. But you will see, I know, that I can get others to do these, and that I shall find great difficulty in finding fit men to do the class of articles I am specially asking from *you*.

I don't want you to answer this, but to think over it, so as to talk it well over when I visit Somerleaze. At Dickenson's I met Church, surely the most lovable of Deans. At any rate I fell straightaway in love with him, and do hope from a word he dropt that I may see more of him. How kind of old Hook to still remember me! I have written to Stubbs. Good-bye.—Ever yours, J. R. GREEN.

To A. Macmillan

DEAR MACMILLAN—I leave with you the sheets of Freeman's *Sketch of European History*, which I have just looked over. It is good throughout, and my suggestions only bear on a few details.

One I think important. If the book is to be used in schools, each chapter should close (or still better begin) with a short, clear summary of the period treated. Freeman has done this in two instances—not in the rest. For boys, too, the summary could be better treated by grouping as far as possible events in large masses chronologically. Thus, to give a very

rough instance, I would end the "Roman" chapter in some such way as this. "The characteristic of the earlier age of Roman history is the fact that it is an age of Conquest. After its first century of free government, Rome turned to the conquest of Italy in the hundred years that followed (400-300 B.C.), won in the next century (300-200 B.C.) from Carthage the dominion of the countries round the Mediterranean: and in the last two hundred years before Christ pushed her conquests over Asia and Syria in the East, Spain and Gaul in the West. Meanwhile her own civil dissensions and the strife between her rich and poor citizens threw her into the hands of military chieftains, and the Empire which had been practically established under Cæsar was organized by Augustus." I only give this roughly as a specimen of the "schoolboy" fashion, which such a summary might take.

To turn to small matters. I notice a section on Roman Literature—why not one on Greek?—and one on the rise of modern Literature through the Crusades?

For greater *clearness*, would it not be better to place the settlement of Greeks and Latins (now at p. 11-12) at the end of the general Aryan settlements —say at p. 16—so as to go on straight to Rome, etc.?

Would it not be well to note that the struggle between Rome and Carthage was a war of races—that it gave the Aryan, and not the Shemite the empire of the world? Freeman has done this in the case of the battle of Chalons, "a struggle for life and death between the Aryan and Thracian races." Why not in that of the battle of Zama?

For the same reason, and so as to lay hold of *boy*-knowledge and *boy*-interest, I would after the names Hasdrubal and Hannibal just point out the "Baal" in both, so as to link it on to what the boy knows from his Bible.

In speaking of the rise of Christianity I think a word, however short, should be said of its moral effect on the world—of the restoration of personal inde-

pendence in its martyrs—of representative legislation in its Councils—of free discussion and free thought in its heresies.

In Cap. I. Freeman has omitted to tell us where the original "Ariana" is. P. 70, introduction without explanation of "oligarchs" and "oligarchy," hard words for boys.—Ever yours faithfully,

J. R. GREEN.

To Mrs. à Court

4 BEAUMONT STREET, W.,
[1872].

["The Poetry of Wealth" is in the *Stray Studies. South Sea Bubbles by the Earl and the Doctor* (Lord Pembroke and Dr. Kingsley) appeared in 1872.]

I should have pestered you with a visit long ago, my dear Mrs. à Court, if I had not been continually hoping for a day when I should bring good health and good spirits with me. Unluckily the warm weather does nothing for me and Clark looks blacker and blacker and—but you know how hypochondriacs (*illegible*) me, or would if good taste allowed them. *One* hypochondriac, however, knows how to croon in quiet, and not to "worritt" his friends!

I had a sort of instinct I should be a prisoner soon. So a few weeks back I turned out of my rooms and turned in a very Preraphaelite friend with carte-blanche as to money and design. The result is wonderful. The end of my room reminds me of a conflagration,—beneath, heaven; above, a brilliant red! The doors are in the sea-sickness style, green picked out with a sickly blue! My poor old writing-desk, dear from many an association, had been clothed in light blue with lines of red. When I re-entered my rooms for the first time, my artistic friend had just begun covering it with black dragons. I "yowled," and dashed the paint-boxes downstairs, but the dragons had already been completed, and yawn on me whenever I want to

write a gay little note. "Is it nice?" I asked my landlady, "sarcastic." That venerable woman stood gazing on the scene. "Not nice," replied the critic of the kitchen, "not nice, sir, no! but certainly spruce!"

Yesterday I ran down to Bethnal Green with Sidney Colvin, who knows more about French art than most people, and who was in raptures over the Watteaus, far finer, he said, than any at Paris. I don't know whether you read a screed of mine on the "Poetry of Wealth," a little time back, but a collection of this sort is just one of the big bits of poetry that only £ s. d. on a gigantic scale can bring about. And there, face to face with it, was the poetry of poverty,—Bethnal Green in its rags and wretchedness, wandering about it in shoals, staring at the naughty Greuzes, at the marvellous Rembrandts, at the dash of Horace Vernet (how vulgar and bad it was!), and the grace and greatness of Sir Joshua. Didn't you fall in love with that delightful Mrs. Hoare, that mother bending over her baby, such a mother and such a baby! What one longed to know was what Bethnal Green made of it all. Very little distinctly, I should fancy; but more a sort of gorgeous haze of novel and unknown beauty and colour—the sort of thing I should have from the first half hour in one of the "Earl's" Pacific Islands.

I remember a lady friend of mine going with me down into one of my slums, all fresh and pretty and golden-haired; and as we turned away I noticed a ragged-looking, biggish girl sitting on a doorstep with great dilated eyes; and turning back asked her why she looked so. "Cos she's such a one—er," said my big-eyed friend, drawing in her breath. Now my friend was merely a pretty fresh English girl; but to this Dulcinea of the slums she was just what a Sir Joshua is to us—a "One—er."

I see these people leaning over the palings in the park or grouped about the gates at a grand dinner—all that unknown wealth and ease and beauty, those horses sweeping by, those gent flunkies, those girls

with bright jewels and bare arms are to them the Poetry of Poverty.

But where am I running to? Do always write to me as you write to that dear friend of yours who is drawing near to the unknown land. How glad I am you have her with you again! Your words came like a dumb peal, that soft music of muffled bells I used to hear long ago.—Ever yours, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

HOTEL DE L'UNIVERS, FLORENCE,
September 18, 1872.

(Direct "Poste Restante" as I may change my Hotel.)

You see, dear Freeman, I am where you have never been, in the dear city by the Arno. I left England on the 9th, and spent two pleasant days in Paris with the Humphry Wards who were on their return home from their Long Vacation Tour; then I span along to Bologna where I had hoped to meet the Brookes. But I found that "finding little to see in North Italy" they had spent their day at Ravenna and rushed on to the Arno. I was too disappointed and tired to visit Ravenna again by myself, so leaving it for the spring I came on here at once.

I made my journey tolerable by long chats with an American bishop and an Italian carpenter. The first was a delightful fellow, in reality absolutely free from vanity, but in speech the vainest bishop that ever walked, which from my experience of the R. Reverend Bench, is saying a good deal. "You see I am a bishop," he said gaily,—pointing to his violet shirt,—"yes! I am the youngest Bishop in America. I am only thirty-eight now, and when I was consecrated I was only thirty-six. Many of my clergy were priests before I was born." It was charming to listen to his croon of admiration over himself and his talent. "I owe my elevation simply to my talents! I am remarkably gifted! And yet my talents are not as brilliant as they were in

my boyhood. I was the most remarkable boy! Still I *am* very gifted, and have much to thank God for in giving me the talents which raised me to my bishoprick!" It was so much better than *our* prelatic maunderings about "calling" and "unworthiness." He was a thoroughly good fellow, swore by Newman, was a Liberal and had no fear of freedom, believed that "American ideas" would soon liberalise Catholicism, laughed at the fuss made about "Infallibility," because no Pope would decide in any other sense than that generally held by the doctors of the Church. "If a Pope went mad, sir, he would be locked up, and nobody would dream of regarding his ravings as infallible. And you may push that principle a good long way, you see!" Yet more striking was what he said of the Irish Immigrants. "They love their faith, don't they?" said I. "Not their faith," he answered, "but their works! In Ireland the priest follows them about with a good whip, and is their master,—and so they are good. When they land in America they find themselves their own masters. No American priest would dream of tyrannizing over his equals. And so they break out into excess. But after all it is better for them to learn freedom in this way than not to learn it at all. I don't believe in 'good Catholics' that are so because they are slaves." On the whole, I was pretty well reconciled to Episcopacy by my Bishop of Springfield, N.W.

It is jolly to be in Florence again, though the sunshine is of the torrid zone order. I saw a labourer working in his shirt, and wished I had brought out a good all round surplice, which might dispense with under habiliments. As yet I have seen only a few things which I had not time for when I was here before,—things which *you* would have found time for anyhow, I mean the two basilicas at San Miniato and Fiesole. Both are of the same date, 1016 and 1028; the first much larger and more grandly situated than the other (it stands atop of a hill, looking grandly down on Florence

and its great domes and towers), but sheeted over with the Giotto work, the marbles etc. one sees so much of in the famous tower and the Duomo, and even its original columns all cased in Scagliola! Fiesole is a poor little hamlet now, and so they left the church much more alone. Both are of the Zeno-type at Verona in construction, but I notice that this raised presbytery needs a great long nave to make it really effective. With the shorter nave of these two churches it looks simply like another church, which you can't see from the church itself. The best thing I have seen architecturally to-day was San Spirito,—a late business of Brunelleschi's and full of all kind of faults in detail. But it seemed to me to have a real originality of its own in this way, that being built (fifteenth century) at a time when the big Popey altars had come in and hid the older apses and choirs, Brunelleschi evidently like a sensible man took his Popey altar as a point of departure,—stuck it down in a great choir under a central dome, flanked it on either side by the highest transepts you ever saw, six bays apiece, and reduced the eastern limb to just such another transept. So that in fact if it weren't for the long and fine nave you would have a grand Eastern Cross church with the altar in the middle of it. Unluckily the conception of the ground plan isn't carried out above,—and above all the Dome which ought to be a whacker is a poor wee thing.

Please get for me Parker's address at Rome, and if you can spare him a line to say I shall be there about the beginning of November and bid him be good to me, so much the better. Likewise, if you have copies of your papers on Lucca and Pisa send them to me *at once*,—as I am going there in *about a fortnight*, and should like to learn a bit. I am very well,—started from England in very different health from the miserable critter of last year's journey, and am still well, though a little fatigued with the train-work and the excessive heat and the mosquitoes. But that will soon pass away. Write to me soon, and tell me all the news of your meeting at

Crewkerne, etc. But at any rate send me in time (if you have them) the Lucca, etc., papers.—Ever yours, dear Freeman, J. R. GREEN.

To W. Boyd Dawkins

FLORENCE,
October 1872.

I find from one of Freeman's amusing letters, dear Dawkins, with a postscript of yours, that you have been down at Taunton, and fighting with wild beasts of orthodoxy such as H. at Ephesus. I wish I could have been of the party, and I might well have been but for my wish to spend a month with the Brookes at Florence before entering on my winter exile. Unluckily the Brookes are called hurriedly home, and so I have fallen between two stools. But Florence consoles one for a good many disappointments.

I had great fun in running over from England, and spent a couple of days in Paris with Humphry Ward and his new wife, who have been scampering about the Black Forest, Switzerland, and the Italian Lakes through the Long, after the fashion of young Tutors. There is something curiously petty anent the present arrangement of French affairs. They have left, for instance, all the burnt building under the Commune still in ruins, with the exception of the Palais Royal, by way of keeping up the "Red spectre" to frighten the bourgeoisie into conservatism. I don't think I shall ever forget the day when I passed through Marseilles and saw Paris under fire. But surely there was something nobler even in the ends of the Commune than in this shopkeeper's (*illegible*) of M. Thiers. My most amusing comrade *en route* was a Yankee Bishop, a "young thing" of thirty-eight, who has already been consecrated a couple of years, but was still ingenuously proud of his prelacy and showed his violet shirt (he was a Roman Catholic bishop) with the greatest self-satisfaction. "I owe my rise entirely to my talents," he observed sweetly,—"not that I am as talented as I once was! I was a wonderful boy! Still

I *have* great talents no doubt, and it is to these alone that I owe my elevation." Then there was an Italian cabinetmaker who had seen Garibaldi in '59 ride into Como. "I felt he was a hero because he was the one cool head and quiet voice among us." I delighted him by telling him a story of Giuseppe Mazzini, which you may not have heard. "What would you have taught in school?" asked a friend of mine. "One thing at any rate in all," replied Mazzini, "and that is some knowledge of Astronomy. A man learns nothing if he hasn't learnt to wonder, and Astronomy better than any science teaches him something of the mystery and grandeur of the universe. Now a man who feels this will soon feel something of his own greatness and mystery, and then for the first time he is a Man." I wonder whether Manchester would admire that as I admire it.

Yes, Florence consoles me for a good deal,—especially when one isn't melting away into the Arno. When I arrived some weeks ago the sun was more intense than any heat I ever felt even in the Riviera. That great dome, that exquisite tower of Giotto, glowed with heat and light as they rose into the cloudless sky. How I wish you were here, dear Dax! You know the general look of the place. It lies in a basin of the Arno with low hills close round it, and the higher line of the Apennines behind, a brown mass of houses floating as it were round great square palazzi and long church-masses; and above all the mighty cathedral and the huge Town Hall. There is something to me especially delightful in this sternness and gloomy defiance of the greater Florentine buildings,—just because it serves as contrast to the art work so profusely scattered about the frescoes and statues and exquisite carvings that fringe, as it were, this stern exterior. Here Art is everything,—everything save History. I don't know whether I like best lounging through the great galleries or sauntering down street after street, whose names have been familiar to me for years.

I shall stay here till the beginning of November when the cold sets fairly in, and when Rome gets cool enough after the rains to live in without malaria. I hope that Clark's allowing me to spend the winter in Rome (it is the first time I could get his permission) means that I shall be allowed to spend next winter in England. At any rate, believe that I am far far better than I could ever have hoped to have become, though a very little still suffices to throw me back. Remember what a great pleasure a letter is in these far-off parts. My direction till the beginning of November is Poste Restante, Florence; after that Poste Restante, Rome. But I hope to hear from you at the first address. I wish I had seen you in London, (why do not you spend ½d. on a card to forewarn me of your coming?) if only to congratulate you on your Professorship. I begin to think I am the one human being left who is not a Professor with hundreds a year.—Believe me, dear Boyd Dawkins, affectionately yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To the Rev. Isaac Taylor

HOTEL DE LA PAIX, FLORENCE,
October 5, 1872.

It is an immense comfort, my dear Taylor, that you have really settled down at some definite corner of the earth in your plannings. I came away from Twickenham with a sort of Europe- Asia- Africa- and America-feeling,—an oppressive sense of the size and infinite variety of the world which I don't think I ever had before. When I listened to your easy transitions from a suggestion of the Second Cataract to that of Madeira, your passing preference for Lisbon, and your glance at Algiers, I remember thinking, though I did not venture in the presence of Mrs. Taylor to express the thought, that *one* of the temptations would have been no temptation to me, and that when "all the kingdoms of the world" were spread at my feet I should have been

simply "mammered," as my poor folk used to say. For myself I haven't a bit of the Ida-Pfeiffer feeling, and should simply feel giddy at circumnavigating the globe. I like a little quiet flight over the Alps, and then I settle down on my little bough and twitter till it is time to fly back again. I was so wild for a companion in England that had you taken me then I would have gone to Cheops' land or any other; but a month in Italy has reconciled me to my solitary lot in some measure, and the Pyramids have become an Abomination. Moreover, I have plunged wildly into work, and if I go on as I am doing shall have got my book finished by Christmas; which Christian Feast I shall then be able to celebrate with High Jinks suitable to its solemnity. Seriously, my dear Taylor, I am in the humour for working and getting Little Book off my hands, and if I go P. and O.-ing (1) I shall probably never finish it at all (2) I shall have to break into my work by writing for *S. R.* and bread, and (3) I shall do myself no good, for my cough is gone to sleep, and as Tommy Moore saith, when "catarrh sleepeth, wake it not"; so had we not better say that the Idle Apprentice should go up the Nile, and join the Industrious Apprentice at Rome when his Pyramidal course is run? . . . .

The Brookes left me at the beginning of the week, and I am in the hands of Yankee Gals, who flourish and abound here. They tell me that in Yankee Land a popular preacher gets his £1500 clear, all curates paid, etc.! Shall I resume my white tie across the Western Wave? Imagine—yes, you capitalists can imagine but I can't—£1500 a year clear! But then saith my Yankee gal, "You would have to swallow our canons, you know!" "Carissima mia," I reply, "for £1500 a year I would swallow all the artillery in America."

I had an awful steeplechase up the Uffizi and the Pitti stairs so long as the Brookes were here; we used to go about, each of us with a volume of Murray

in one hand and a volume of Crowe and Cavalcaselle in the other. Our lightest talk was of Fra Bartolomeo and the frescoes at the Carmini. But art has fled with Stopford over the Apennines. I do Little Book all the morning, and lounge in the sunshine all the afternoon, and do dinner and Yankee Gal till I go to bed. *That* is what I call life,—not all that treadmill—æstheticism, big volumes, and tall staircases, into which my blighted existence was rapidly dying. Freeman has a way of saying if you want him to look at anything after 1200, "It isn't my period." How he would have escaped the Giottos! But I haven't his courage,—oh, those Crowes! No wonder my Roman friends thought the bird an unlucky one. But they didn't know what an awfully heavy bird he is to carry! . . .—Faithfully yours, J. R. GREEN.

To Mrs. à Court

HOTEL DE LA PAIX, FLORENCE,
October 6, 1872.

I often wonder what you were when you were not (to use your own self-description) "feeble and fatuous," dear Mrs. à Court; for even in this terrible state when you can neither "read nor think" you seem to be able to write the pleasantest letters in the world. There are some people that have that peculiar quality of brightness, a sort of genial activity of temper that acts upon me like a flash of sunshine, and here I come across it. I remember how "sunny" those afternoons used to feel at San Remo, when you whirled me out of the Club and the Blues, or those eventides when chat blended in such an odd way with Schubert,—ah, well—and here I am "sitting alone, sitting alone" by Arno with nothing to comfort me but liberal sunshine and the Yankee girl of the *table d'hôte*. The Stopford Brookes flitted away a week ago. Till then we used to spend all day in churches and picture-galleries, with huge volumes of Crowe and Cavalcaselle under our

arms, getting up the "old masters" in the most orthodox fashion; though our studies were sadly broken by Brooke's tendency to fling himself down whenever he could in the sunshine, and my tendency to the most frivolous and unæsthetic talk. However, it is all over now. I haven't troubled the stairs of Pitti or Uffizi since they went, or lounged in the convent of San Marco or done kootoo to the Giottos of Santa Croce.

The Blues hover round me and my one way of destroying the Blues was to fling myself into steady work. So I plunged into my book, or rather the notes for it which are all but complete; and have made such way in the work that I think I can clearly promise Macmillan the MSS. at Christmas. But to do this—and I mean to do it—I must renounce the *Saturday* and all its works, though I meant to flood that charming periodical with lovely "middles," and devote myself every morning to the immortal, etc., etc., etc. So you may devote your sixpence a week, my dear Mrs. à Court, to the philosophic *Spectator* with perfect composure.

To E. A. Freeman

HOTEL DE LA PAIX, FLORENCE,
October 11, 1872.

I am getting so behindhand, dear Freeman, with your letters and papers that I had better devote this letter to business. In the first place I have to thank you very heartily for both the "Ravenna" and the "Romanesque" papers; nothing could possibly be clearer or more convincingly put than the last. The first, though the more delightful of the two to me, strikes me on re-reading as too "allusive" and requiring too much previous knowledge for even such learned readers as those of the *N. British Quarterly!* The only point in the "Romanesque" paper at which I stuck was the expression of feeling on your part

that a modern Romanesque building was an absurdity. You put it as a matter of feeling, and so one can't argue on it, but surely there is nothing ridiculous in that early fifteenth century Romanesque of the first Italian Revival, out of which so much might have come but for the later "classical" movement. I remember well your delight at an arcade of it at Bologna, and your cry "What might not these Italians have done if they had only carried on *their own* style?" Why then is it impossible to carry it on?

. . . . . .

Concerning my own writing or non-writing; I brought as you know my notes out here, and am writing away fast. Since the Brookes went some ten days ago I have done from the end of the Peasant Revolt of 1381 to the end of the "New Learning" in 1520. I daresay you would stare to see seven pp. devoted to the Wars of the Roses, and fifteen or sixteen to Colet, Erasmus, and Tommy More, "Great Tom," as he ought to be called,—however, so it is. I think this section of mine on the New Learning, with the previous ones on the Peasant Revolt which was really an account of the whole developement of agriculture and landed tenure from the Conquest to 1381, and on the "Towns," by far the best things I have done yet. To come back to "facts." If I get along as I am doing I shall have done my Book about Christmas; and shall then be able to undertake France. If so, I shall begin the Angevins on my return in May. I still can't decide between "England under its French Kings," which would let in Stivy, and "under its Angevin Kings" or "under the House of Anjou," which would exclude him. Why don't you take as a title "English History in the Middle Ages," and take it in one volume from Billy to Barnet? Remember that the whole value of the thing for boys and children will lie in your not making *too long* a story of it; and I am packing it all into one basket from Hengist to Bobby Lowe.

I shall write to the dear old boy. I am so sorry to hear he has been ill. As to Bryce I told him to say when he stood on the "bridge beneath the water" "Cæsarem fortunasque" and he would get over. But there ought to be an act against "Bryce-wanderings" with special clauses against geysers and Alp-climbings. I simply don't believe the "Norman" story. I have questioned one or two Norman people I have met of late years very closely about this said "no Frenchman"—feeling, and they utterly deny it. Do you remember the reply of the farmer to you when in his pride at being a Norman you said, "And no Frenchman"—his sudden outburst of "French" patriotism?

Florence is not very bright just now, for we have the rains on; but the weather still remains pleasantly warm. My own health was making wonderful progress, but for the four last days, whether I had overworked or caught cold somehow I don't know, I have fallen back and my cough has been more troublesome. Still when I hear of your English autumnal weather, I hug myself a wee bit on being out of it. Besides my Book I am doing little save Florentine reading, for the most part about painters and sculptors whom I want to weave into my notions of certain periods of Florentine history. For whatever you may make of England, it is absolute madness to try and dissociate the "social and æsthetic" from the political here. And I must own the more I have worked and thought over our own story *as a whole*—and I shall always thank Little Book for making me do this—the more its political history has seemed to spring out of and be moulded into form by the "social and religious" history you like to chaff me about. You see I shall die in my sins!

Did you send me any Taunton paper with the tale of your doings therein? If so I never got it. Has anything further been done about the "Somersetshire History" which Hunt was to edit and wherein we

were to figure at the tail of Sanford and Scarth? I suppose "Italy" drove it out of Hunt's head as Italy has driven many things out of many heads. Ah, cara Italia! I am afraid she takes the light a little out of other lands; to me our own history has seemed a shade narrow, aldermannic, unpoetic ever since I crossed the Alps. But even you, Teuto-Teutonnicorum, yielded to the witchery of Venice and found your Capua in a gondola. Oh, how I triumphed on that memorable day!

Good-bye; remember how great a charity letters are, and how great a pleasure *your* letters always bring. —Ever yours affectionately, J. R. GREEN.

To Mrs. à Court

HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE, ROME,
November 8, [1872].

Are you Scotch, dear Mrs. à Court, or does some uncanny gift of second sight run in your blood that you alone of all the world knew I was in Rome? It is only a flying peep of a few days; for I stayed too long at Florence, and the broken weather has pinched me, so that I think it wiser to go and be quiet at Capri till the winter is over and gone, and then spend the spring here. . . .

Christian Rome (save a look at the Sistine and the Loggia of Raphael) I left utterly alone, to wait for the spring. But heathen Rome is another matter. It is made for invalids. It is purposely arranged that they may see it perfectly from their carriages, or with little walks from their carriages; and all the dear old heathen things seem to know that you are too ill to bear the streets and crowd, and so lie out in fields and vineyards and fresh air and hedges and unutterable delights. Of course this isn't true of all, for instance the Pantheon; but it is true of Roman Rome as a whole, and this alone gives the wandering through the ruins a charm which no other Italian city possesses. Then, too, there is the

charm which arises from the immense extent to which what you see surpasses your expectations. I had expected a great deal, but what I expected seems ridiculous when I compare it with what I found. It is not merely that this or that temple or Basilica or bath is beautiful or colossal,—it is that they are all beautiful, that, with a few delicious exceptions, they are all colossal, and that the most beautiful and colossal of all are jammed up together in one overpowering mass from the Capitol to the Colosseum, that exceeds in effect anything on earth. I hope that word "jammed" does not shock you, but it exactly expresses what I mean, the way in which a perfect crowd of huge buildings, each of which could amaze one, are flung and huddled together in one narrow street that can't be longer and is only half as wide as St. James's Street or Piccadilly. Yes, I believe it is about a fourth longer.

Then too I had heard so much about the "petty" hills of Rome, and seen such jeers at their military importance, and such talks of going up them without knowing it, that when I saw them I shouted for joy. They are hills, well defined, with steep and often (as the Palatine) steeply scarped sides which a stockade could enable a New Zealander to hold against a host of cockney scorners; and they are good big spaces too,—I drove round the Palatine, and found it quite equal to the block between St. James's Street and the Haymarket, Piccadilly, and Pall Mall, a fair site for a respectable town at any time.

How you would have smiled to see me doing penance in St. Peter's and owning myself in the wrong! I went prepared with all sorts of charges against the outside, and it deserved every one of them. So too I had a pocketful of faults to find with the inside—until I entered. From that moment, except the waste of the side aisles, I could see none. No interior of a great church ever so satisfied all my conditions of taste before. It conveyed the impression of its size, and yet its size only lent grandeur to its beauty; and, seen as I saw it,

full of light and colour, there was a pervading joy and lightsomeness amidst all its peaceful quiet which I have never felt elsewhere. It was such a sweet bit of irony, this finding in the chief church of what people call dark bigotry and obscure mysteries the brightest and least mysterious Christian sanctuary ever seen.

Good-bye, give my love to that wise creature whom in a spirit of irony you call Baby. I suppose she has another Rosso and another "friend."—Yours ever,

J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

HOTEL DE RUSSIE, NAPLES,
Tuesday, November 12, 1872.

I have been reading your "Sketch," dear Freeman, to-night with an admiration that grows the more the farther I read. It is certainly one of the most masterly things you have ever done. I intend to keep it as a model before me in the little "France," but it is very very hard to be *simple*, to tell nothing but what needs to be told, and to tell it in the plainest and most straightforward way. However, I have learnt a good many things from you in my lifetime, and I will try to learn *that*. As yet (I have read up to Saxon Emperors now) you have got quite free from what I used to think your besetting sins,—crowding and allusiveness; the book reads easily, and yet simple as it is and looks it is rich enough in suggestions to furnish every professor in England with pegs to hang hundreds of lectures on.

I ought to have sent the notice of it to *S. R.* ere now, but it had hardly reached Florence when the long rains and the sudden change to cold threw me back; and after a vain struggle against the Fates I had to make up my mind to change all my plans, especially that of a winter at Rome—which I find I am still too susceptible of cold to risk,—and to resolve on taking refuge for the three winter months from the middle of November to the middle of February in Capri, like Tiberius. I was

wretchedly ill and depressed during the few days I was able to spend at Rome; but so long as I could *see* it all illness and depression seemed to flee away. I thought I brought a pretty big anticipation of the Eternal City with me, but big as it was it shrivelled before the reality. It is simply impossible to conceive what Rome is from books or pictures or plans. To understand it one must see it.

This looks like tall talk in a man who only ran through Rome, "*more Americano*," in three or four days; but if one is determined to leave all Christian things from the Catacombs down to Pope Pius's wonderful beadles to be seen in the spring, and if one sticks simply to the Heathen things, one can get a much truer and grander notion of Rome in a few days, than would be possible of many smaller cities. In the first place, with the exception of a few things like the Pantheon Old Rome lies by itself away from the new. You haven't to go hunting up and down streets to discover a temple here or a basilica there. Literally, you "go out into the wilderness to see." You get out of the streets and away from the people, and there lonely and silent stands Rome. Your eye wanders from one great bit of Heathendom to another, but there is nothing else —nothing to break the one single impression of Rome. Then, again, the bulk of what one sees lies massed together in a way I never dreamt of. It is only a pistol-shot's distance from the Capitol to the Colosseum. The space between the Palatine and the Esquiline, from the one to the other of these two points is in its broadest part, the Forum, only a good stonethrow broad, and elsewhere a mere broad street. And yet into this space are crowded, huddled, smashed together (for that is the impression it gives me) a mob of buildings each colossal and each identified with some great thing or man. On a map one doesn't realise this, but seen on the spot it is the impression which tells most, I think, this sense of the *crowd* of great things in front, behind, and on every side of one. If one tries, as I tried stand-

ing there to restore the buildings themselves, and then to stick into their intervals the pillars and statues one knows were there, one can only conceive the Forum as a host of huge buildings in the narrow spaces between which the Roman crowd passed in little streamlets of life.

Of course there are great things outside this heart of Rome, but here begins a new charm for people as tired and weak as I was when I stayed there. You are not poking about a musty old town. You are out in the fields. You drive to the Baths of Caracalla, for instance, through vineyards and along a pleasant country lane with roses nodding at you in the hedgerows. Another country lane takes you to the Baths of Titus. And when you climb on the big fragments of brick-work you may see the fields all round you, and the white oxen toiling along with their heavy yoke to the far-off town.

Then, too (you see in what a fitful way I am gabbling), you *get* your Rome. The faith of one's youth is restored. I don't mean "sensu Parkeriensi," or that one gets a Fides Romulea or a Fides Lupina, but that one again believes in the *Hills*. I think it was Keightley who first put into my poor little head when I was a boy that the Hills were mere ups and downs like a London street, and that though you might "recreate them by imagination," etc. etc. I remember Millard scoffing in class about the Tarpeian rock as a "fair jump" and so on. And so the moment I got my eyes off the Forum I looked for the Hills. And there they *were*. If Millard tried his fair jump from the Capitol all the Alpine Clubmen in the world would never "set Humpty Dumpty up again." And as to Palatine it was just the sort of Hill the story needs,—not Snowdon or Dwahelg —no, I *can't* spell it, that ungodly mountain in India,— but a large square plateau with steep escarped sides, which, palisaded and with Maoris defending the stock-ade (say your friend Harold) would be a tough nut to crack. To the opposite rise of the Esquiline is still a steep pull—and as to the Pincian my cough

used to tell me *that* was a good pitch anyhow. And so I have got a "Fides Collina" of a very firm sort back again.

I was too weak to undertake going over the Palatine and its excavations; so I left that to the spring and quietly drove round it. All the way round there are the same steep sides,—it is a block about as big as the space between St. James's St. and the Haymarket with Pall Mall and Piccadilly for the other two sides. And all round as you go without interruption there tower above you mass after mass of brickwork, sometimes towers or huge arches, or here a square piece of wall, but for the most part formless and vast. I couldn't have conceived the impression that this continuous multitude of huge fragments made—probably the impression was even grander than that which the Palace of the Cæsars would have of itself created, and yet what manner of thing must this Palace of the Cæsars have been which Nero found too little to live in!

Thursday, November 14.—I am afraid you will hate me as a Parker Redivivus if I bore you any more with Rome or my visits to SS. Peter and Paul, the latter whereof (rebuilt as it is) is the most wonderful church in point of space-effect (if I may coin the word) I ever saw, and rebuilt or no, one of the grandest buildings I ever stood in. It stands away in the fields by itself in our Apollinaris-in-Classe fashion. But Rome is gone and the sunshine is gone, and in place thereof behold Naples and the rain! I stood a month of rain at Florence, October being the "rainy season" in Tuscany this year; but November turns out to be the "rainy season" for the South, so I am in for another month. Patientia! It is all most English! But then this is the 12th of November, and I am writing at eight in the evening in my room without a fire and yet as warm as a toast. Ah, you who never shiver! You little know what warmth is to poor shivery little me! Capri, my home for the winter, lies "across the wave" some few

miles—I see it from my window and likewise the steamer that goes to it, but when that steamer goes to that island I know not. I am told it goes every day, which seems hopeful; then that it has not gone for more than a week, which brings despair; then that it starts only if it is fine weather; and then that the weather is no good unless there are twenty passengers —and so on. I think the Boat must belong to the world of the Infinite and the Unconditioned. It passes human understanding and requires faith. I believe ("because it is impossible") that I shall get to Capri. When I do, my address will be

HOTEL QUISISANA,
ISOLA DI CAPRI,
NAPOLI,

which being interpreted means the "Here-you-get-well Hotel," which is cheering and instructive.

Good-bye.—Ever thine, J. R. GREEN.

HOTEL QUISISANA, ISOLA DI CAPRI,
December 30, '72.

[This letter refers to the *Historic Course for Schools*, edited by Freeman. Green intended to write upon France, but ultimately gave up the plan.]

By vast ill luck, my dear Freeman, Macmillan sent all my latter-tide letters and papers not to "Poste Restante" at Florence (whither I wrote), but to my *Hotel*—which has *only now* sent them on. I send back the proofs probably too late, but in any case I had better send them. The *first sheets* of "Italy" have never reached me—I send the only two which have. Sismondi is followed servilely and blindly throughout, and a foundation is laid on which let no man build. My notes in the margin are for *you*, not for the gentleman who "wants no help in his history" such as poor I am very glad to get from any quarter. No doubt you have already put a good deal right, but I have said my say nevertheless, as you bade me do.

As to the general plan I again deplore—as I did in the other case—the *entire exclusion* of all stories, anecdotes, or anything which by any possibility can enliven the tale. As it stands the book is *utterly unreadable*. Of course this is a matter which rests wholly with you, but I do hope you will consider whether absolute dryness and unreadableness is a *sine qua non* in educational books. The style, too, is terrible. The "Wheeler's Analyses" of my young days were light reading to these handbooks.

As to the "Scotland" it improves wonderfully as it gets on—the James I. part is very nicely done—but the opening is terrible. I hope you will get the first sheet wholly re-written—it is absolutely ungrammatical, unintelligible, and un-everything. But the War of Independence is very fairly and clearly put, save one or two sentences which I have marked; and what follows is clearly and simply told. Only here again—there isn't a story—not a single one—nor a characteristic speech—nor the "picter" of anybody. Did you issue instructions to your Harem strictly forbidding the Beautiful and the Interesting?

The "Germany" I won't meddle with, as it is in your-and-Ward's-hands. But I note with wonder that it beginneth before the Beginning of Things. I thought all the Wee Works were to start from 888, and lo, I behold Arminius and a host of prehistoric critters! I am sure your original plan was the right one, and I am sorry you haven't stuck to it, and warned your Wee sub-workers to stick to it. *One* sub-worker at any rate doth hereby strike against any "overtime" before 988. I think a page of distant allusion will do for all before in the Little France. Likewise I *won't* divide by Kings, a system whereby History is made Tory unawares and infants are made to hate History. . . .

This is too much of a business letter to be turned into a very-letter, so I won't tell you of our Capri jinks at Christmas, of crackers in the Piazza and big guns roaring from the cliffs—*and* day after day of

glorious sunshine which makes Christmastide the jolliest thing out. You poor drenched Englishry! Think! To-day is December 30. I was out at eight this morning on the balcony sunning myself without a hat (*vich* I've no hair on the top of my head in the place where the hair ought to grow, you know!)—I wrote this morning in the garden till the sun waxed too hot and drove me in for shade. I clomb this afternoon unto a high hill and dug out bits of marble, old pots, and painted stucco from a villa of old Tib. Imp. whence I looked, on the one hand unto Pæstum, and on the other unto Misenum; and then being done with heat lay down and took a siesta among the myrtles, gathered a little posy of anemones and some pretty blue flowers I don't know the name of, came home and am writing in my room at 8 P.M. without a touch of cold or even chill, or the dream of a fire. When winter is to come I know not, but we can't get within sight of him here as yet. Imperial history is in a bad way in Capri. As I grubbed for old pots an old woman stopped and said, "Ecco! a palace of Tiberio!" "And who was Timberio?" I asked with subtlety. "Timberio was a Devil," she answered at once, "but he is dead and buried." This was hopeful for a Devil, so I said I would have a mass said to get him out of Purgatory. But the aged dogmatist shook her head. "When Christians die," she said, "*they* go to Purgatory—but when Devils die they go to Hell." So I am afraid there is no doing anything for "Timberio." I am getting on with my Italian bravely, being tired of being dumb, and the Caprese maidens being very talkative, very patient of blunders, and—mighty pretty!

Felice sera, Signor! J. R. GREEN.

Your "Saarburg" arrove with the other derelicts—*very jolly indeed.*

To Mrs. Humphry Ward

HOTEL QUISISANA, ISOLA DI CAPRI,
January 15, 1873.

I have just been reading over Humphry's last letter again, dear Mary, and fell so terribly a-longing for the villa which I have never seen, the new semi-grand "by Kaps," the cat and the china, the long winter evenings and chats among the knick-knackeries, that I had to rush out on to the hillside and bask myself into content in the sunshine. It is worrying, I know, to be always harping on the sunshine; but really it is one's life here, the one great daily marvel and daily joy, this uninterrupted succession of *hot* summer days which drive one in sometimes for shade, and which make one sit down—as I did this afternoon—every half hour to wipe one's brow and mutter "very hot," as one might in the hottest August of England. I keep a sun-diary, and I find that since the 15th of December, *i.e.* during a whole month we have had only two cloudy days, and of those one was quite warm, nor has there been a drop of rain. The days have been blue, cloudless, summer days; much of the fine blue owing no doubt to a slight north wind, but that matters nothing here as we are wholly sheltered on one side of the island from *every* wind but the South. It is this which makes the Island so greatly preferable as a winter station to the Riviera, where the sunshine is chequered with biting east and south-east winds of truly English quality, especially in March. I shall certainly spend March here—it is something to have found a place where one can live unscourged by Kingsley's "wind of God."

I wonder whether Capri will equal the Riviera in its spring-burst of flowers? As yet we have only plenty of anemones, and a beautiful blue flower on the hills whose name I don't know, and certain crocuses in a precipitous spot I haven't ventured to.

I shall be almost sorry, I think, if I do find anything anywhere to equal that sight of beautiful wonder, the sudden flushing of terrace after terrace into bright banks of colour which will always be associated in my mind with S. Remo.

Of course I am wonderfully well—in other words it is sunshine—but one thing is becoming clearer and clearer to me, and that is that I have got to the end of my improvement tether. I am a different fellow to what I was even a year ago; but I am afraid I shall never be much better than I am, and that I must lay aside all hope of what people call "a cure." Increased strength seems to bring little ability to face the least cold, the least anxiety or over-exertion. It is easier than it was of old to pick myself up, but I run down just as fast as I ever did. I should have thought little of this even a year ago; but like a fool I had begun to nurse silly hopes of "being well again," and doing as other folk do, and now I find it a little hard to face the truth—the truth that I must resign myself if I live to the life of an invalid—the (*illegible*) that is so out of harmony with my natural temper. I don't grumble—for after all such a life is no obstacle to quiet writing, and may perhaps lead one to a truer end of life than one had planned. But sometimes there comes on me a rebellion against the quiet of the student life, a rush of energy and longing to "battle," and then it is hard to beat one's wings against the cage the Fates have made for one.

I wonder whether it will end in my settling down in some sunny Italian nook, in this Capri for example? If I can never hope to "spend a winter in England," which seems likely enough, if I can never return till the end of May, and must flit again at the close of September—would it not be better to give up the notion of an "English home" altogether, and look on England only as a summer holiday run? This is what my thoughts run on, and the more so because with my books in England I am so terribly hampered

in writing. I want to bring home my "Little Book" finished, and then after "Little France," which will take a couple of months I suppose, to plunge fairly into the Angevins. But the "Angevins" want a library at one's elbow, and in a month or so after beginning them would come the order to depart. I am very, very puzzled; how I wish I had married long ago, before it was cowardly to think of marrying as it is now I take it. One has no right to ask a woman to tie herself to a fellow who must live in sunshine. The artists here have a way of marrying Caprese donkey-girls and the like, and perhaps I might aspire to a donkey-girl. As to beauty she would be perfect. I know half a dozen donkey-girls here who are more beautiful than any Englishwoman I ever saw. I wish you and other people hadn't spoilt me for marrying with donkey-girls, and filled me with dreams of "cosy chats" and pretty knick-knackeries and a grand piano "by Kaps."

The young *parroco* comes to me to-night to begin my Italian lessons. I am curious to know him, for he is evidently an active fellow—a vigorous ultramontane who has forced an "Infallibility" catechism into the School in spite of the schoolmistress, who by-the-bye told me—"I believe not in God, I believe in Matter,"—a reformer who has so roused the wrath of the easygoing old Canons that on St. Stephen's Day they set on him with the big candles in the Sacristy vowing they "would make a St. Stephen of him," has roused the wrath of the artists by refusing to give absolution to any girl who sits as a model, and the wrath of the island at large by making war on the Tarantella, but with all this has taught himself English, has a good library of English Tauchnitzes, and is the only man in the island who doesn't rest on *far niente* and the *dolcezza* thereof.

He *hasn't* put down the Tarantella, for the simple reason that it is born in the people, and that the moment you sing or dance off they go in the prettiest,

most bewitching dance the sun ever shone on. It is amusing to see the little ones begin, and then the spell spread to the bronzed fisherman looking on who suddenly flings up his arms, and bounds lightly as air over the stalwart "Costanza," who puts down her great basket from her head and sways from side to side in that indescribable way, and then the old women begin to clap their hands, and the old men to drum in tune on the ground, and every one to laugh, to sing, to dance, and so the world goes round. A *buon genti* these Caprese—as they always call themselves, always ready for a joke, a chat, a halfpenny, liking best people who laugh with them, ask after their boys' schooling, and carry out the doctrine of equality in the practical Italian fashion.

Good-bye.—Yours affectionately, J. R. G.

To E. A. Freeman

HOTEL QUISISANA, ISOLA DI CAPRI,
February 7, 1873.

I am afraid from what you say, dear Freeman, that I was a good deal more "cocky" in my notes on the proofs than I had meant to be. The truth is one writes—at least *I* write very often in a sort of talkee-talkee way, with all the brusque dogmatism of ordinary chat, without recollecting how very much more brusque and dogmatic words look on paper than when they have the living face and voice to serve as a running comment on them. But of course—as you took the matter—I only meant them as suggestions, and very hasty suggestions, and I quite expected that you would find some of them wrong and others useless. But for any "needless fierceness" I hereby do penance in sackcloth and ashes. Moreover I wrap myself in white sheets of fancy, and hold tapers of imagination for my silence about your "grandis epistola," with its enclosure from Miss Freeman. I thought I had mentioned in what a strange fashion, and after what

strange delays they reached me. Still they reached me to my delight.

As to the Exeter matter I am very glad of the meeting there, and still gladder of the resolve to do real work instead of the hithering-and-thithering which has gone on hitherto. And I needn't say how tempted I am by such a subject as the municipal history of Exeter. Exeter and Bristol are almost the only English instances I know where you have the difficulties with feudal lords which were so common elsewhere; I suppose because in the western and south-western marches alone did you get lords of a foreign type and bigness, and also towns of a bigness to resist them. But I don't like doing what I have so often done, undertake what I can't perform; and in the performance of such an engagement as this there are many difficulties. I don't know whether I shall be forced out of England again for the winter. My health is far better, but still I acquire no power of resisting cold, and so Clark may come to the conclusion that I must again run off at the beginning of October. The meeting would probably take place before this, but with only some four or five months in England I should have no time for "fancy-work." I shall have to put Little Book through the press, and to make up certain "vacant spaces" which I can't for want of books fill in here during the process. Then there is the Little France. And then—if there remains any time over—I want to collect for my Angevins and take out my materials with what I have already in my notebooks for putting together in the coming winter. You see this is no difficulty of my making, but of "Nature's," and if I am again to be an exile I see little chance of an "Exeter" paper. On the other hand, if Clark (as I still hope) thinks I may venture to try an English winter—say, at Bournemouth—there would be no difficulty. But in any case I can give no final answer till I return to England, and this I don't intend doing till the end of May.

I shall probably remain here till the March winds have done their blowing, and then spend a month or so in Rome, jogging slowly home from thence by Perugia and Assisi, stopping at Florence for a peep at Lucca and re-peep at Pisa, and then by Parma, Modena, and Pavia, jogging along to Milan. Oh, how I wish you dear folk in England would take wing and flit over the Alps so that I might have you in the sunshine and never need tread Fog-and-Freedom-Land again. Why on earth did the Teutons get the wrong side of the Alps when they might just as well have got the right? I wish I had been with them,—say when they were on the Caspian, looking in their Baedekers for the route to the West.

It's very odd here to note the Greek traces not only on the physique but on the traditions of the island. There is an old church here,—up on Anacapri,—which the priests call by some saintly name, but the people know as "the old church di Constantinopoli." Constantine is a common boy's name,—Costanzo being the patron saint of Capri and Constantine being recognized as "little Costanzo." So too one feels the touch of the East in the churches with their domes, not merely central domes, but every bay rising domically,—and in the house-roofs which are thoroughly oriental and give the town seen from above a look of Jerusalem. They vault in an odd but effective way, putting first a rough mould of wood, and then piling over it small rough stones in a mash of mortar. Then they beat and trample the stones in, jamming them together with great hammers till the mortar sets and the whole mass becomes one stone from wall to wall. They leave it a long time to dry, but the result is a perfectly good strong vault, and of course a very cheap one. I noticed that all the vaulting of the Roman palace of Tiberius had been done in this way, and horribly as it has been pulled about, it is quite firm and solid still. Why wouldn't this do in England, for country churches, and for institutions where the risk of fire is great?

Another odd thing about Capri is its wonderful cheapness. I could take a comfortable house here, keep two good servants, have a pleasant garden, and spend under £200 a year. One of the inns here gives you a good room, board, lights, for six francs a day, which at the present rate of paper about equals four shillings. They apologised to me for having risen their rate,—it was till this year five francs! Even here with a really fine room, southern aspect, and meat three times a day, I am only paying 9 francs 50 per diem. I was offered a flat of five rooms in the best situation for £13 per annum, and found that my servant would count herself rich if I gave her board and 10 francs a month, about 8s. If Clark won't let me settle in England, I really think I shall take off bag and baggage, take a little house here, and simply look on England as a place for a holiday run in the summer. The summer here is more tolerable than elsewhere in South Italy, as there is a pleasant sea-breeze which always gets up at about ten in the morning and cools the air.

But don't think I am getting "Italianate," which according to Ascham is pretty much the same as "a devil incarnate." In some ways I think being far away makes one fairer to England than when one is at home and worried with all the pettiness and ignorance, "discussions over damnatory clauses" and the like, and inclined to believe the *Pall Mall* and the groaners generally about the "contempt for England on the Continent." What one really sees on the Continent, if one likes to learn from their statesmen and journals instead of from the chatter of *table d'hôtes*, is the immense influence for good which England is just now wielding. I see Mr. Fish tells Spain to compare England's colonial policy with her own if she wants to know how to manage a colony. So in Germany "English Constitutionalism" is getting too hard even for Bismarck, as his remarkable speech about ministerial responsibility showed. It was the argument from England alone which he cared to answer. So here the

influence of France seems to have faded away,—it is English order, English justice, English self-government that Italians are talking about as a model for their own.

You were vexed (as were the best Italians) with all the fuss here about Napoleon. It was not of course so inexcusable as the ridiculous maundering at home. The real truth is that Italians remember a good deal Louis' early Carbonaro days and his brother's death in their cause. They believe (I think rightly) that mixed with a vast deal of selfish aim there was a real kindliness for Italy in his mind in the '59 business; that his "from the Alps to the Adriatic" was a real thought and a good one, though the Devil came in after Solferino and drove it out. Moreover they feel that whether he willed it or no, '59 was the beginning of the New Italy. All this vapouring too of the French Legislature and of Thiers against Italian Unity shows them that no other French ruler could have done so much for them as Napoleon did,—that no other French ruler who had the power he had would have tolerated a united Italy at all. In spite of Villafranca and the intrigues in Tuscany and the Gaëta business and Rome and Mentone I do think the Emperor's Italian side was his best side. Add to this a really noble trait in the Italian character which perhaps explains more than all those reasons. They have an *immense* gratitude to all who in any way aided them in their bad days. When Johnny Russell came to S. Remo they wanted to put up triumphal arches. "He was a friend when we had few friends." So too Gladstone's is still a great name here, and his "Letter" unforgotten. So in spite of Garibaldi's hot words against the "Neri" even the "Neri" are proud of Garibaldi. So too the republicans would not depose the King who "made Italy." So too the Conservatives and the Conservative Chamber passed a solemn vote of recognition when Mazzini died, though Mazzini was to every Conservative a name which summed up all that was terrible. And so with Lewis Napoleon. He helped,—it may be against his will, and treacherously

and falsely, but he helped to "make Italy." At any rate a gratitude of this sort is a different thing from the sentimental silliness of English Napoleonism.

Good-bye. Remember how great a treat a letter from Somerleaze always is, and believe me, dear Freeman, ever yours, J. R. GREEN.

I have had no more proofs, so I suppose I "ain't wanted."

To Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward

HOTEL QUISISANA, CAPRI,
March 4, 1873.

It is really delightful, my dear Humphry, to get apologies from a correspondent for his own silence at a time when every post is bringing me remonstrances for mine.

I have come to my last month in Capri; at least I intend at present to cross the water at the close of March, spend a week or so in doing Pæstum, Amalfi, Pompeii, and Sibyl-land and then go on to Rome. April and the beginning of May is said to be pleasant at Rome, and in this way I shall "dodge" the perversity which always sets me longing for "home" as soon as the spring begins. Not that I long as yet for my winter has passed very happily, in spite of the "inevitables" of an invalid hotel; and I love Capri more than ever. I wonder whether I shall end by settling there? I have done so well this winter, and I seem to myself to have been improving so steadily these last two years that Clark may perhaps let me stay in England and take work; but if not, I must clearly make some permanent arrangement for fixing my residence,—*i.e.* my books, abroad. I can run to England then every summer and make the run my holiday, while what is now my "exile" will simply be my ordinary working season. If I took some house here and had my books with me permanently settled,—with Rome and Florence to run to on one's way to and from the North,—life

would be fairly tolerable in every other way than the social. The present system is ruinous to anything like serious work. The mere living in hotels makes it impossible,—and then too there is the vagrant character of one's life, which worries and unfixes one. However when I come home we can talk this over. If Clark will let me stay—say at Bournemouth—I think I should feel bound to set aside all pleasant dreams of Italian life; not that I cling to England as such, but partly because I do cling more and more to certain people *in* England, and partly too because in this way I might perhaps patch up my life again to a certain extent, and take something like an editorship, etc. On the other hand, I feel a certain cowardice about settling again fairly at home, now that my opinions have become so irreconcilable with my past position and the like. But after all accident settles all these things, and I may drift along as I have drifted hitherto.

I have written quite enough to Humphry, dear Mary, but how horrible letters are, especially when one writes them at night all alone in one's room. How I wish I could have you both here cosying down in a myrtle thicket for a chat in the sunshine. For the sunshine has fairly come back to us now, and our winter—that dull month with its rain and wind—has fled away again. One soon forgets it now Spring is here, and the flowers are out in a flower-shower on the hillsides—just as Spring flings them in that lovely Florentine picture—orchis and anemone and crocus and a host of white blossoms and blue that I don't know the name of. We had a dull carnival, for the young fisher lads are off coral-fishing on the African coast, and there is something too serious in the Caprese temper for the true Carnival outbreak of downright childish fun. Indeed Carnival is more a religious festa than a social one; and the chief sight was the big church at Benediction crammed to the doors, and the wandering home of group and group through the

dark village lanthorn in hand—one saw them scattering like a swarm of fireflies over the dusky valley beneath. Love and the Madonna—those are the two spiritual sides of the life of a Caprese. I have just been shaking hands through the grating of the Town-prison on the Piazza with a young sailor, who came back to find his loved one coming out of Church from her betrothal with a wealthy old contadino. He stabbed them both; but both are about again—only the contadino thinks better of his intention, and the *inamorata* comes penitently to the prison gate to weep out her repentance, and pour kisses on Giovanni's hand,—the hand that stabbed her. He is a quiet, nice, respectable young fellow, and will soon be out again and marry Carmela, and buy a fishing-boat and be a respectable father—die perhaps a Churchwarden, who knows? At any rate, public opinion goes quite with Giovanni, and I go as I always go—with public opinion—and so we shake hands, and he fills his mouth with "confetti" (it is another weakness of his which I humour), and laughs and talks to me in broken Italian through the bars. As to the Madonna whom we carried about in procession the other day to get good weather for the coral fishers, and whose hair has unluckily turned red in the last dyeing, she is a little waning in religious fashion as May draws near and the feast of San Costanzo when the Bishop comes over and rides a-cock-horse up the hill with the silver image of "Il Santo Protettore dell' Isola" before him. Costanzo, Costanza, Constantino, Constantina, Costanzello, Costanzella—half the island is named after "Il Protettore." Nobody knows his own surname. Nicknames do instead. "Who is your father?" I ask a boy. "Constantin" he replies, "Constantin il bugiardo" (Constantine the Liar). Lies don't count for much here—simply intellectual diversions.

. . . . . .

Good-bye, you know I am ever, affectionately yours,

J. R. G.

To Mrs. à Court

HOTEL VICTORIA, ROME,
April 29, 1873.

. . . I felt wonderfully hermit-like yesterday in the midst of a Roman mob. It was the birthday of Rome—whatever that may mean—the commemoration of some Romulus or Remus business; and so as St. Peter's has gone into darkness, and Pio IX. wont light up, the government gave us an illumination of old Rome. I have never seen anything so majestically weird in my life as the view of the Colosseum whether within or without—its lower arches one mass of crimson fire—its upper tiers all shadowy with pale green light. The Sacred Way was lit up in the same fashion, and then came the turn of the Forum—a sea of Dante-like lurid flame in which the great fragments and pillars and arches rose up pale and aghast as they must have arisen out of the great conflagration in which Nero looked down and fiddled. It was wonderfully sublime, but my interest lay rather with the crowd than with the sublimities.

It was so odd to see a huge crowd again in the desolate, solitary old Rome after all these centuries, since Cicero complained of the mob along the Sacred Way—to see the Colosseum buzzing again with twenty thousand Romans, and a great throng squeezing through the arch of Titus! and a very pretty sight, too, as well as an odd one, for the contrast between a Roman mob and an English one is very pretty indeed. Nobody crowded, nobody squeezed, nobody rushed. We all moved gravely, quietly, as if we were walking in Church. There was none of the chatter of a French crowd, or of the rough horseplay of an English. I think it is this innate gravity of the Southern temper which has struck me most in it, whether here or at Capri; it is this which gives the gentlemanlike stamp (I can hardly use any other phrase) to the roughest fisher or the commonest trasteverino.

You see your kind hope is realised, and I am managing to get infinite delight out of Rome. How lovely the spring is here! My pleasantest days have been spent in the Campagna. I had no notion I should care for it, and I *love* it. I had always shrunk from it as something dreary and uncanny (I don't like dreary things), and instead of this I find it a great broad reach of rolling down, scarred with tombs, aqueducts, arches, but carpeted with such deep grass, and crimsoned with flowers. It was delightful to fling oneself down well out in the open, with Rome hanging like a dream in the distance, and far off the white snow-line defining the Sabine range against the pure blue—to see the wild figures of the buffaloes tugging at the heavy yoke on the desolate road, or, above to see my first eagle soaring over the soil of his own Rome. Imagine fortune having reserved me for this at thirty-five!

I brighten up at the very thought of a really merry companion. Why are people so grave, so solemn, so afraid of laughter, of fun, of irony, of quiz, of nonsense in all its delicious forms? Do you remember how much we laughed together in the San Remo days? I don't feel a bit penitent when I think of all the extravagance and nonsense I talked, but I get little chance of talking nonsense and extravagances here. People pound you with picture-galleries and basilicas, and frown down a joke by inquiring your opinion as to the true site of the Temple of Concord.

I wonder whether there will be another world where the people will be very amusing? It might make up a little for this.

To Miss von Glehn

4 Beaumont Street,
August 2, 1873.

My life has been wholly spent in wissits, Oh dear, but thoughtless friend! I came home with sober

purpose of sticking to my books like a leech, and lo! my friends make a murmuring, and those that love me have lift up their head. Seriously, dear Olga, I have been working very hard to get my book off my hands, and have led a very hermit-like life among "Reformations" and "Great Rebellions" till I do really see light. I have now only about a chapter and a half to do, so far as writing goes, and about half the book is in type, and the rest printing fast. But then there are maps and "Chronological Tables" to finish up with, which my soul loatheth. That good little Madeline Ward took pity on me to-day, and promised to try her hand at the latter, and as for the Maps I think I shall stick in anything—say that of Abyssinia, and letter it beneath "Very Early England indeed," and so on.

Why you should assume that I am "well and happy, aye more happy than most people" passes my knowledge. What have I done that you should turn on me in *that* fashion, dear friend? Happiness is a very odd thing, and I think Providence distributes it over the world as the printers distribute commas over a proof—without any special sense or propriety in the distribution. With me, Happiness means simply a Home and a wife and some wee things; if I don't get these I don't care for anything else, except a few friends and a little sunshine. And H. and W. and W. T. I shan't get. I was out a-walking t'other night in the Park, and all the counter-jumpers were there, each with a counter-jumperess on his arm! And I longed for once to be a counter-jumper. As it is, I must put up for the wee while they call life with being like Gibbon—do you remember the Duke of Cumberland's pretty speech to him? "How d'ye do, Mr. Gibbon, still doing nothing but scribble, scribble, scribble, I suppose?"

I ran down to see Freeman at Somerleaze for a few days, which has been my one holiday since I visited you. . . . They live in a pretty part of Somerset—

just the broken green misty scenery which strikes one as so peculiarly English, after one has been much abroad; with Wells and its great Minster lying in a hollow beneath them, and Glastonbury a short drive off across the flats. Freeman gave us a fine preachment over the Abbey and its ruins, and I earwigged the organist at the Cathedral, and got him to play me a lot of Mendelssohn's organ music after everybody was gone (the great Cathedral seemed so grand when one was all alone there with the music rolling away down the nave),—so I didn't do badly.

Clark tells me I mustn't hope to spend this coming winter *or the next* in England; which "cast me into a swound" for a while, as I thought I was really better, but it can't be helped. It will be a great thing to get wee Book off my hands before I go. I must take out a little "France" to do for that by way of money-making; and I want to throw into shape this winter two small books—one of Essays on Oxford History, the other of my Italian Sketches. I should make up the first of the Papers on Early Oxford I wrote in *Macmillan*, a paper on Oxford in the Great Rebellion, and another on Puritan Oxford—both of which I have got to write—and close with two long papers on "Oxford Society in the Eighteenth Century," and "the Oxford Jacobites" which I wrote when I was an undergraduate. As for Italy, Macmillan wants me much to give him simply the papers I have written; but I don't mean to do so till I have added some more —say on "Verona," "The Florence of Dante," "Roman History in the Forum and on the Palatine," Assisi, Amalfi—at least these with my Riviera sketches to begin with, the Capri papers to end with, and the papers on Italian Society and religion I have written from time to time to vary them would make a pleasant and perhaps useful little book.

But these are by-plays. My real hope now Little Book is over is to begin Big Book. The "History of the Great Charter" is the title I have

fixed upon—in three vols—from the death of Henry the First to the death of Simon of Montfort. I don't think it will be as original a thing as my Little Book, but people measure one very much more by the size of one's book than by its intrinsic value, and you must publish in "three volumes octavo" to be a great historian.

. . . . . .

Good-bye.—Ever your friend, J. R. G.

To E. A. Freeman

4 Beaumont Street, W.,
September 16, 1873.

[Thomas, Lord Seymour, was beheaded March 20, 1549.]

Many thanks, my dear Freeman, for the review and your notes of this morning. Even if I am unable to follow you in all of them, you are doing me a great service in warning me of so fatal a danger as the one you point out,—that most of what I say "will have no meaning save to people who already have a knowledge of the matter a good deal above the average." It is the danger which has beset the book all through, and from which I thought I was freeing myself, but it seems that my effort was a failure. However, I will still try on. As to style, what you say about "pluperfects" is quite just, and I have been striking out all I could on the final revises. So, too, Haweis has pointed out to me the faults of over-emphasis and "apposite sentences" I am so apt to fall into. The book is full of faults of this kind, which make one feel almost hopeless of ever learning to write well.

But there are other "faults,"—if faults they are,—which I can hardly correct unless I wholly alter my conception of the book, and indeed of history. One is the suppression or omission of facts which appear to me to have no historic value. Thus you ask "when do

you kill T. Seymour?" I *purposely* left him out altogether. His intrigue and death have in my mind no bearing whatever on the general current of our history. If I were writing a great history in detail—say eight volumes or so—it might be fairly urged that, as one can hardly tell what facts will in the end turn out to be important, it is better to put in too many than too few. But in so brief a story as mine a selection has to be made, whether or no; some things *must* be left out; and I have endeavoured to leave out episodes like Tommy Seymour, with a full consciousness that nine readers out of ten (from sheer habituation to those in other histories) will suppose I have forgotten them.

In the same way the "putting things out of their place" means, I suppose, putting things out of the place they have hitherto occupied in common histories. But then my *plan* is in many ways different from that of common histories. Then (whether rightly or wrongly, don't matter here) I have made a wholly new epoch—which I choose (again rightly or wrongly) to call the "Reformation"—begin towards the end of Henry VIII.'s reign with the Law of the Six Articles. That is to say, I hold that at that time a certain form of religious and moral thought calling itself Protestantism, which had till then been confined to a small section of the nation, began more and more to get hold of the nation at large, and produced in the period that followed very weighty results on its history. But to make the origin of this mode of thought clear I have to go back some way into the former period, and so to give an appearance of over-lapping and confusion and putting things out of their places. But if my *plan* be right, they are *in* their places; and if my plan is wrong, then the book is wrong from beginning to end.

I have always said to myself that it is quite possible the book may utterly fail, and that I ought not to grumble if it does. I give English History in the only way in which it is intelligible or interesting to *me*, but it does not follow that others will find my rendering of

it interesting or intelligible. Then again: there is such a just aversion to "philosophies of history" on account of the nonsense which has passed under that name, that it is quite likely people may turn away from a story which strives to put facts on a philosophical basis, and to make events the outcome of social or religious currents of thought. Then too others may quite fairly feel that, however interesting the attempt to work in literary and moral influences may be, it is safer and less confusing to stick to a purely political mode of viewing things. I put aside of course the yet larger number of people who will condemn it as "superficial," because it is picturesque; or as partizan in its tone, because no party finds itself really represented in its pages. For a failure on these latter grounds I shouldn't care a straw; a failure on the other grounds would be a far heavier blow, but it is one which would not take me by surprise, and which I certainly should have no right to grumble at.

Securus judicat orbis terrarum and I have been wrong so often during this life of mine in great conclusions which seemed to me at the time irrefragable, that it is quite possible I am wrong in Little Book. It is the one advantage of being a sceptic that one is never very surprised or angry to find that one's opponents are in the right.

It is partly thoughts of this sort which have made me linger so long over Little Book. I am fond of it in a way, and I don't want to turn it out on to the world and see it kicked down the gutter. I tell you them now because I want you to see that I do appreciate your criticisms, and that if I don't always follow your advice it is because Little Book (having been conceived in sin) won't always let me.

I am slowly mending,—there is no return of hæmorrhage, but my chest is in a bad way, and unluckily my doctor is out of town. Physically I am weaker and more depressed in spirits than I have been for a long time.

Good-bye.—Ever yours, dear Freeman,

J. R. G.

To E. A. Freeman

4 Beaumont Street, W.

[Freeman makes some remarks upon the following in a letter to Miss Thompson of January 25, 1874, published in his *Life*, vol. ii. p. 79.]

I have just read your answer to my "cavils," dear Freeman,—"cavil" I just notice in passing being, so far as my experience goes, a mere name for an argument when it pinches one. I only wrote one word on that and on your letter,—a word of protest against any supposed "theological" bearing of my opinion on the subject. The question between us is a strictly historical one. It is simply whether history is to deal only with one set of facts and documents relating to a period, or with all the facts and documents it can find.

On the legal continuity of the Church of England Hook says nothing half so forcible as the unbroken row of Registers on the Lambeth shelves. But we possess another set of documents equally continuous, those which record the presentations to livings. Stubbs pointed out to me long ago that you might read these through, and hardly guess that any ecclesiastical change had accompanied the Great Rebellion. There are verbal differences, but not more extensive than those which appear in the extant Consecration-Deed of Parker. The matter is simple enough,—a registrar or lawyer whose daily business is drawing up documents by precedent alters just as little as he can, and of course under Elizabeth there were grave political reasons why Queen and Primate were at one in this matter with the lawyer. But that even this matter of the identity of legal documents must not be pushed too far Parker's own Consecration Deed is fair proof. It is remarkable with what care and minuteness it records the significant changes in the Consecration Service,—but you no doubt know it.

Making however these allowances, there is, no doubt,—and was meant to be,—a legal continuity in the

English Church under Elizabeth, and so far as its inner condition goes, some sort of identity with the pre-Reformation church. But compare 1480 with 1580, and set the church of the one time fairly against that of the other. In the one case we have an ecclesiastical body forming a member of a sort of federation of similar bodies united under the supremacy (really under the actual rule) of the Pope, with a legislature of its own, exemption in many points from the common law, independent power of decreeing dogmas and enforcing them by its own courts, and the like. In the other, its outer political form is utterly changed; it is isolated in Christendom; while within its immunities and independence are utterly destroyed. In a purely political sense can we deny that a great change has taken place—or that this change was what people have called, from that day to this, the Reformation? Then, too, looking strictly as an historian to the religious opinions of the English people at the two epochs, I see a change even greater than the outer constitutional change in the aspect of the Church—and I know no name for this change but the same one of the Reformation.

Now whether the Church was the same Church or no, or whether the opinions at either period were right or wrong, is as you say no question for an historian, and I may add personally, is of no possible importance to me. All I care about is the fact of the change,—and of the double change. And this fact I do repeat your little book absolutely ignores.

No doubt Parker and still more Bancroft strove to minimise the outer constitutional appearance of change. But no two people were more conscious that a great change had taken place. Their steady use of the term "Reformed" as the epithet for the Church of England, is quite enough to prove this when one remembers that the word was then used strictly in its technical sense, as expressing the fact that England took a definite place as one of the *Calvinistic* churches (as we say nowadays) with those of the Continent. As to their consciousness

of an internal change, it is true that Parker and Cecil went to mass under Mary, but it is also true that they both denounced "mass" as "idolatry," and made attendance at it a crime under Elizabeth.

In reality Hook can only support his theory by resolutely ignoring the whole private correspondence of the time. The question is strictly whether Parker and certain other persons believed that they were at one with Churches which had undoubtedly been "pulled down and set up again," and the answer to this question is simply that they did. In the four volumes of the Zurich letters—in the correspondence of Calvin—in that of Knox—one may see on what intimate terms of communion and common interest the statesmen and churchmen of England believed themselves to stand with the Calvinistic (I say nothing of the Lutheran) Churches in Scotland and abroad. On the other hand, their hatred and dread of the unreformed churches of Italy, Spain, etc. needs no quotations from letters. But the strongest evidence for both these beliefs is to be found in the public words of Elizabeth herself.

You by your silence deny that such a thing as the Reformation ever took place. Elizabeth, Cecil, Parker, again and again assert it to have taken place. The question is between you and the men of the Reformation Epoch,—not between you and me.

I am only this moment back from Oxford. Stubbs was delightful. More when we meet.—Ever yours, dear Freeman, J. R. GREEN.

Thanks for the Bede lecture which has just arrived.

To E. A. Freeman

4 BEAUMONT STREET, W., LONDON,
October 30, 1873.

Wasn't it at Abbeville, dear Freeman, that we two saw (years ago) the announcement of a new drama, called "The Tower of London" which began thus:

Act I. Adam and Eve?

Well, I send you something which beats *that* all to shivers. Conceive the "Exciting Scene between Fair Rosamond, King Henry, and Thomas a-Beckett," and remember that the three are *on horseback*. Oh, murther, as the Irishmen say, that I daren't go out of nights and see the pretty dear a-exciting the Monarch and the Primate.

I love Italy too well not to envy you your Italian sunshine. Here the winter is fast closing in. Yesterday it was fog all day, and I was a prisoner from morn till eve. I felt very odd for it was just three years since I had seen a fog, and it looked very uncanny. However I keep fairly well by dint of staying indoors whenever there isn't downright sunshine. Of course going to Oxford is just as impossible as if I were at Capri, so your services as Examiner still demand my gratitude. But fog or no fog it is very pleasant to stay among one's books. Just now, as the proofs of my Little Book come in so slowly, I am pushing forward into certain parts of the bigger one that is to be; and this morning I got wild over the historical schools which go on under Henry the First, the story of which I mean to give. The Worcester school *you* ought to have said a lot about in Vol. I. of N. C., and with a little dexterity you might have dragged in all the story of the *Chronicle*; but you people who "delight in war" never care for anything but drums and trumpets! However you are better than the rest, for you do take an interest in two other things besides, to wit, bishops and strumpets.

And so you are really at Rome! Isn't it a place, just? I was out and about for a month and a half in it, and there are a lot of things I have still to see. One thing which struck me very much, and which none of the books make much fuss about, not even Gregorovius, is what they call the House of Rienzi, by the temple of Fortuna Virilis and that of Vesta (I take the popular names of both, for nobody knows exactly what to call anything in Rome), but which by

Gregorovius's account seems to be the house of Crescentius. At any rate it is a very remarkable bit of early mediæval domestic architecture of tenth century date or so, and the only one (I think) in Rome. It is built up out of bits of older work,—say the books,—but to my eye a good deal of the ornamental work in the cornice seemed good Middle-Age imitation of the older mouldings, and very curious as showing how the classical forms passed into the later. This however was mere guess-work of course, only I want you to look at it. The best bit is up a side passage, which stinketh horribly. Don't forget to go a pilgrimage to the English places,—S. Gregorio on the Colline, and the Church of John and Paul close by (whose outer apse I think one of the most effective things in Rome), and whose "portico with classic columns and Ionic capitals," says Hemans, is the one bit of work in Rome which was set up by *our* Pope, Hadrian IV. There are some odd little English traces here and there about Rome that the guide-books pass by—As for the "Schola Saxonum" there is the church, but all modern it seems to me. Still it is pretty so go and see it.

Concerning the French book, I don't like to be piggish and cantankerous, and Macmillan seems to be very worried over it. Moreover I have not the least objection to your conditions, to "tell the facts, and not slang people who are alive or just dead." But "telling facts" may mean very different things with different people; and what I want to avoid is any possibility of any disagreement between you and me, inasmuch as I count "goodwill on earth" of more value than all Little-Frances. So I had better say what my difficulty is. As you see in my own Wee-Book, I think moral and intellectual facts as much facts for the historian as military or political facts; and if I deal with them at all (and deal with them I must if I write at all) I must deal with them much as I dealt with them in Little Book. That is to say, I can't muddle them up in corners always—as Miss

Thompson does (though I have just said in *S. R.* that I think her literary bits far the best things in her *England*), but shall sometimes have to deal with them as of greater importance than anything else. Now I know, dear Freeman, that you will let me have my own way so far as you can; but you must judge for yourself whether you can bear to have "Little France" written on the same principles on which I have writ my England, and if you can't you had better give it over to Hunt. If you can, I will take it. But then you mustn't groan over the "Poets" and so on, because the "Poets" and so on are sure to turn up. Of course you can keep a tight hand over me and see I leave out nothing you think essential; but you must sometimes put up with my putting in things you don't think essential. However "dixi." If you honestly would like me to write "Little F." as I have writ "Little E." (only on a much littler scale) then I will write it.

The more Italian middles the better. I suppose you have sent one in on Verona. Let me know if you have when you write. As to Rome, one might write for ever, but what I hope you will do is to tell me something about its Romanesque architecture. Certainly, it struck me when I was there than one got a succession of "transitional" instances from Roman to Romanesque such as one got nowhere else—but then one wanted an interpreter. Murray says naught; and Hemans gave little help.—Ever yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To Miss von Glehn

4 BEAUMONT STREET, W., LONDON,
November 6, 1873.

What an amusing little person Mrs. A. is! She is so clever—she knows so many odd things—and knows nothing of so many common ones. I was talking to her of the scenery of the Tiber,—"Where *is* the

Tiber?" she asked a little pettishly at last, "I know it is somewhere in Italy!" with a little stamp of the foot! "I am getting so interested in the Renaissance," she said plaintively the other day, "it is the most interesting period in History; but I never can remember where it comes!" She is never idle, and finishes nothing. The portrait of C. is unfinished, her bust of D. wants, and probably will always want the last touches; she began a series of papers on dress, and broke off at the end of the second. "I don't care for novels," she said frankly, because all the interesting things come at the end, and I never get to the end." "Does she dress well?" she broke out as I was praising a girl I knew. "Of course there are other points I should like to know about, but *that* is what I always *judge* by." "I wish C. would train me," she said the other day, folding her hands in a childlike way; "I need training if my mind is ever to be worth anything; but then I have no will and no application, and I get tired of everything in two minutes, and so C. gets tired of *me*." I laugh, but I like the little dash of genius about her; her freedom from the commonplace, her contempt for all the big phrases and tall talk which Carlyle and his set have set going in the bulk of people. "Of course one must do one's work in the world," I heard a Miss H. say to her in a tone of papal dogmatism. "Why?" asked Mrs. A., looking up as if she never heard so ridiculous a statement before. "I don't see how one could live if one didn't feel that," replied Miss H. severely. "It *is* very hard to live," replied Mrs. A. pensively, "but you know Cook's tickets help you so much!" Miss H. turned away, and whispered to her next neighbour something about "a little fool," but Mrs. A. has more wits in her little finger than a thousand Miss H.'s. Her phrase about Mrs. B. in the course of her description of her to me was perfect. "She is a very strong woman—not in her head, you know!" and then afterwards, "She is very sensible, but like most

sensible people that I have ever met, not very wise." "I wonder," she ended, "whether *I* shall ever get a little common sense. If I do," she added very slowly and resolutely, "I hope I shall die!"

I have just begun *Paradise Lost* again, partly for the delight of reading it in a most exquisite edition, a reprint of the First Edition which came out a little while ago, and which I got before my economical resolve not to increase my library. One or two things in this reprint are curious enough. In the first place, instead of the twelve books to which one is used it is in ten. It was only in the edition issued just before his death that Milton divided the Seventh and Tenth Books of his poem (as originally issued) each into two books, adding a few lines to the opening of the new Eighth and Twelfth. Then, too, the orthography is very curious. Milton seems, blind as he was, to have been particular about it; for instance he inserts in the last edition published in his lifetime an erratum "for 'we' read 'wee.'" He seems to have used the forms "wee," "hee," or "shee," whenever he was laying stress on the words. Indeed his spelling seems to have been dictated very much by rhythmical consideration; "Rhene" and "Danaw" are instances, I think. Reading out the First Book all through at a sitting this afternoon, I was a good deal struck with the great inequality of the poem. From the grand picture of the fallen Satan one passes to what seems to me the very dull enumeration of the idol gods of Palestine, and then one rises afresh to the muster of the ruined angels to fall again to the building of Pandæmonium, and the shrinking of the giant dæmon forms into pygmies to find room within it. I own this touch strikes me as ludicrous and incongruous to the last degree: but the whole of the metal-casting and building business of the close of the book is dreadfully prosaic. But setting aside the more obvious points of interest, I felt more and more the vast force which sweeps together into one great stream all the

raised current of Milton's mind, his youthful memories of the romances of chivalry, of Charlemain and Agramant, the recollections of his Italian journeys, of Fiesole and Vallombrosa, his general and rather odd reading; as in the case of the Kraken outstretched many a rood, the sights he saw in his London home, the marshalling of the soldiers or the uproar of the streets at night, and all that legendary and Talmudic lore which has become so familiar to us that (as in his whole story of the Battle of the Fallen Angels with God) half England believes it to be somewhere in the Bible.

. . . . . .

After dinner Brooke and Edward Hawkins came in, and we had a jolly talk over the late Union dinner, and a lot of Oxford things. Jowett it seems entertained at his lodge, Archbishop Tait, Canon Oakeley of Islington, and Capes,—Romanist, no Churchman, and the head of the Anglican Episcopate. Tait and Manning met and shook hands in Balliol Lodge! Lowe was asked down, but said he "wasn't good enough to go." Hawkins said he went once with a deputation to Lowe on the subject of adulterations. The particular subject of complaint was damaged figs, which a firm in the City were using for all manner of purposes. Lowe replied gravely that all the forces of the Government should be placed at their disposal to suppress the breach of law; "but," he added *sotto voce*, "speaking as a *private person*, I can only say that I regard the man who turns rotten figs into raspberry jam as a benefactor of mankind!" Brooke brought a story of old Balliol days which Jowett had told him *apropos* of Sir John Coleridge. He was a wonderfully vain undergraduate; and little Jenkins, who was then Master of Balliol, determined to tell him so. When he came up at Collections —the examination held at the end of the term—Jenkins gravely asked each of the Tutors in turn what was their opinion of Mr. Coleridge? They said flattering things, and then Jenkins turned on the blushing youth. "Mr.

Coleridge! Mr. Tait has a very high opinion of you. Mr. Woolcombe has a very high opinion of you. Indeed all the Tutors seem to have a very high opinion of you." Then he said meditatively, "I too have a high opinion of Mr. Coleridge! But there is one person who has a far higher opinion of Mr. Coleridge than either I or Mr. Tait or the rest of the Tutors,—and that person is Mr. Coleridge himself!"

. . . . . .

J. R. GREEN.

To ———

Now I think that if you would have looked on culture, not as the mere study of "literature" which withdrew you from "your work," but as such a gradual entering into the spirit of the highest thought the world has ever produced as enables us rightly to know what the value of all work, and our work among it, really is, —if every day you had read a bit of Shakespeare or a bit of Dante or a bit of Montaigne, for instance, then you would not have ceased to love Madame Roland, but you would have reserved the fiery enthusiasm you have for her for characters of higher order. Like all the characters of the French Revolution she impresses one by her earnestness, her unselfishness, a certain grandeur of tone and absence of pettiness, a sense of active power, a wonderful energy. These are traits she shares with Danton or Robespierre or the Girondins. Like them too she has an individuality, a freshness of feeling, a faith in the future and in man, a personal kindliness and inner simplicity which is touching enough. Her outer note of distinction among them is that she is a great writer which none of the rest were, though each had a separate note of greatness, and her inner note of distinction is that she was a woman. As a woman she has with all her power to stand apart from all known and active part in the great struggle which was her life, to influence it through others, to look on like a Prometheus chained at the changes of the world. This is just the

sort of position which has a natural and tragic pathos in it, and it is not only a pathos which her life inspires in every reader but which it inspired in Madame Roland herself. Add to this a woman's tenderness, mother's love, passion,—and we have a great and dramatic figure which has always charmed the world, and should always charm it. But with the merits of her time she has its faults. She is the child of Plutarch and Rousseau. Her creed of political and social faith, though it was life and death to her, is merely the string of silly paradoxes which Rousseau built up into a revolutionary philosophy,—original innocence of man,—original equality of the race,—social contracts,—human perfectibility,—and the like. Hollow ideas of this sort found congenial expression in the hollow rhetoric of Plutarch, the child of great "decadence." Nothing in the world is so intolerable as the taste for "phrases" which their study of Plutarch gave to the French Revolutionists. Her own is perhaps the most human phrase of all: "Oh liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!" I always felt a little satisfaction in remembering that this fine phrase was directed to a Plaster-of-Paris Liberty! a sham statue that had been run up "for effect" by David or somebody of the same stage-artist sort. But setting this aside, how merely imitative it is! There are scores of rhetorical phrases of this sort in Plutarch, in orations of the later Greek rhetoricians when they took to turning great names into themes for declamation, and big as they look they are the easiest things in the world to turn out when once the knack is caught. And it is imitative in death. I doubt whether an instance can be found of any really great person who died with a sounding phrase of this sort on his lips, and that for a very simple reason, that with the very great soul the mystery of life and death leaves no room for the sense of an "audience" which phrases of this kind spring from. Compare Joan of Arc's words as she looked for the last time over the city which was burning her: "Oh, Rouen, Rouen, I have great fear lest

you should suffer for my death,"—or Sir Thomas More's "Do not hurt my beard; that hath never committed treason!" or Nelson's "Kiss me, Hardy," or Goethe's "More light." How strangely different all, and yet all how like in this that they are words of the inner spirit to the inner spirit of the dying one himself,—that they have no rhetorical or stagey turn about them, no sense of an audience. But the rhetorical, forced tone is not merely in the language of the time. It is in the characters too. Everybody and Madame among them is draping and acting, consciously or unconsciously. With the cry of "Nature" on their lips, nobody is natural. And as a sign of it nobody laughs. All humour disappears. Earnestness without culture, without the sense of proportion, without the humour which often supplies the want of a sense of proportion, without any real intelligence of men or things gained either by experience or education of a real sort,—this is what made the French Revolution so terrible a farce, so ridiculous a tragedy. And of all this Madame Roland was a type, a type beautiful in many ways but still a true type. With all her power and intensity she is without poetry, without genius. The true way to rightly estimate her is to compare her with those people who were living in her day and looking on with her at the storm of the Revolution,—Goethe, Wordsworth, Mirabeau. All these were men of genius,—even Mirabeau, blurred and blotted as his genius was. All three went in their inmost souls with the Revolution. But with how different an enthusiasm from that of Madame Roland.

To ———

4 Beaumont Street, W., London,
November 7, 1873.

[Taine's account of Tennyson does not quite correspond to this.]

Frank Palgrave whose wife is out of town has been spending an hour with me, and has left behind one

very characteristic story of M. Taine. Did you ever read his *History of English Literature?* He was visiting England to get information for his last volume and especially about Tennyson, and it was about Tennyson he began talking to Palgrave, who is a great friend of the Laureate. "Wasn't he in early youth rich, luxurious, fond of pleasure, self-indulgent?" he asked. "I see it all in his early poems—his riot, his adoration of physical beauty, his delight in jewels, in the abandonment of all to pleasure, in wine, and ——" "Stop, stop!" said Palgrave, out of all patience, "as a young man Tennyson was poor—he had little more than £100 a year, his habits were as they still are simple and reserved, he cared then as he cares now for little more than a chat and a pipe, he has never known luxury in your sense; and if his early poems are luxurious in tone, if they are full of beautiful women and pearls and gold and what not, it is because he is a poet and gifted with a poet's imagination." M. Taine bit his lip, thanked him for his information, went home—and when the book came out Tennyson was found still painted as the young voluptuary, the rich profligate, of M. Taine's fancy. The story is really an index to the whole character of his book.

It has been raining all day. This is my second day of utter imprisonment and I don't take kindly to my prison. I think of Capri and the hours among its myrtles and the great reaches of luminous air; and I pace up and down my little room like a caged lion. I have been re-reading George Sand's *Lucrezia Floriani* and its continuation, *Le Château des Déserts*. Do you know the first?—it is one of her greatest works—a description, so Liszt says, of her *liaison* with Chopin. It is at any rate a wonderful study of the two types of loving souls—Lucrezia with her series of lovers, and yet her great and all-embracing love for each in turn —and the Prince with the intensity of his single love. Can you not get the book from a library at Mentone?—

it is so curiously illustrative of other things. I wonder whether you will see what I mean?

. . . . . .

To Miss von Glehn

MACMILLAN AND CO.,
29 & 30 BEDFORD STREET,
COVENT GARDEN, W.C.,
Olga's Birthday.

You see why I write, dear Olga; just to wish you all the good wishes which are always in my heart when I think of you, and above all when I think of your birthday. A great lot of kindness and love was born on that day, dear friend; and I, poor I, with a good many other folk, have a good right to keep it as a Saint's Day and a Holiday!

I never wrote to you on a birthday before, fortunately I remember the day to-day. Sometimes the thought of the years that have gone is a sad and an oppressive one — but yet withal how many sweet memories the thought of them brings with it, and sweetest of all perhaps the thought of real friendships which let the changing years go by unchanged. That is our friendship, dear Olga, and in spite of all my silences and absences my friendship for you never wavers, and the memory of all your kind words and deeds never grows faint.

Good-bye. J. R. G.

To E. A. Freeman

4 BEAUMONT STREET, W.,
January 18, 1874.

[The *Archæology of Rome*, by John Henry Parker (1806-1884), appeared in 11 vols., 1872-1880.]

You were quite right, dear Freeman, in picking me up about Parker. His book hasn't come to me for *S. R.*; but I have been reading at it a little, and in

spite of its marvellous arrangement or no-arrangement it strikes me as by far the most important contribution to early Roman history that has appeared as yet. What P. should have done, I think, was to put aside *all* the documentary evidence, and to show first of all what his ditches and cliffs and stones proved by themselves. They seem to me to prove a good deal. First, they prove the separate towns on the Palatine and the Capitoline. Then their union and the wall round them to the Tiber, then the annexation or union with them of the separate village towns on the hills about them, and their inclusion in a second common wall whose character shows the importance and labour power of the new state. Then within this come the great architectural and drainage works; the buildings of the Ærarium and Record Office in front of the Capitol which must have been coeval with the drainage of the two marshes which became the Circus and the Forum, and which again were coeval with the Pulchrum Littus and the Cloaca Maxima. All this seems to me as clearly made out in point of succession as a proposition in Euclid; but a good deal follows from it. Thus there is the advance in building-art, the difference between the Palatine wall and the (so-called) Servian, and especially the use of iron-clamps in the latter. But of greater importance is the difference of the stone used. The Palatine wall is exclusively of tufa, the stone found at Rome itself. But in the latter wall work one finds "sperone"—which can only have come from Gabii—and intermediate between these comes the case of "peperino" which Parker declares to come "from the quarries of the Alban hills." Now assuming P.'s facts to be true (and about the peperino I doubt—for peperino exists in Rome, as *e.g.* on the "Tarpeian" side of the Capitol, though it may be a different sort of peperino and so P. may be quite right), but assuming the truth of P.'s facts, one does get a sort of date for the reduction or annexation or cession of Gabii and Alba. And when this (and a

good deal more no doubt than this) has been made out of the stones themselves, then I think we may get a sort of test for dealing with the later historic traditions of Varro and this Augustan folk.

The book is such a chaos that I don't think anybody who hasn't a pretty good knowledge both of the ground and the questions at issue will make much out of it—and I suppose on some of the points, such as the Palatine and the Mamertine Prison we are to hear more in Vol. II., as we are to hear about the Forum. But the Capitoline is admirably done, especially the photographs and sections. If the Ærarium and Tabularium as they stand there are of the date P. gives, it tells a great tale about Regal Rome. And certainly to my unlearned eyes his pictures seem to make out his case. However I shall be glad to see your article, and how far you go with the *C. B.* As to the value of his book and his diggings I quite go with you. But some of his points I can't follow—such as the agger he attributes to Tarquinius outside the Servian wall—did he show you any remains of this? As to the blunders, they are wonderful even for the *C. B.* Did you recognise the dear old Jesuit Papebroch in "Papebrochio"?

I wish he had gone more fully and minutely into the subject of "Old Streets" which as it stands is a mere sketch, but an eminently suggestive one. If what he says is true, the "fosses" and so the old village-fortifications of the isolated hill forts left their mark on Rome to the last.

Saturday, January 24.—This letter has tarried long—and this morning brings me a fresh note from you. Thanks for your corrections on the revise—the "Austria" was a silly slip evidently from copying Guizot. Thanks especially for recalling Edward's Parliament and its Scotch members, but the Protector's is the first Parliament like that which now sits at S. Stephen's with Scotch and *Irish* members as

well. Of course in calling Cromwell a "tyrant" I used the word in its strict sense; and in that sense I don't think he is fairly a "tyrant" till he dissolves the 1654 Parliament. My notion of his character is, I am afraid, a new one—I say "afraid" because I hear Stubbs votes the book too "fanciful" already, but I took great pains to avoid being fanciful here, and amongst other things read all his letters and speeches *twice through* to make sure of things. Cromwell seems to me neither the ambitious hypocrite nor the "governing genius" which people on one side or the other try to make him out, but a very right-meaning and able man who got with quite honest intentions into a false position and had not political genius enough to clear out of it. Of administrative genius he had plenty of course. All his later story seems to me very pathetic and mournful in the revolt he shows at his position of tyrant, and yet his inability to free himself from it. I felt bound to speak clearly about "tyranny" because I thought there was a great chance of folk misunderstanding my previous view of the Army and the Rump. The "expulsion" was no doubt an act of rebellion, and it is justifiable simply on the grounds which justify any other act of rebellion. The Bill which the Long Parliament was preparing to pass—reseating all present members without fresh election—seems to me such an act of outrageous misgovernment, depriving half England as it did of the right to elect its governors, as to justify a rebellion. And so far as I can make out from a number of small facts the country at large went with the army in what it did *so far*, but on the distinct understanding that it *was* a rebellion, and that things were at once to fall back into legal shape as soon as a new Parliament could be called. The "Barebones" Convention and the intermediate provisional Government is strictly in parallel with the provisional Government of (1) the Lords of the Council, and (2) the Prince of Orange with (3) the Convention he called together in 1688. That is to say, none of these could

be justified save on the understanding that they were merely provisional till a legal Parliament should be called to do or undo their work and approve or condemn those who did it. And this Parliament, I hold, did come together in 1654, and did distinctly confirm and sanction what had been done.

So that till January 1655 I go with the Army, and believe all done if not legally and in order yet justifiably as against misrule,—in spite of John Bradshaw. But from the moment when C. dissolved that Parliament, before it had passed the measures giving him authority to govern, and with the Council levied taxes and what not, the "tyranny" begins, and goes on to the Parliament of 1656; then after that break it begins again and goes on to C.'s death.

The point on which, as I gather from your Amen, Bradshaw's words, you and I should differ is this. In 1688 it was settled that there was a certain amount of misgovernment and oppression which justifies a country in rising in arms and deposing its King if it can't do so otherwise. I hold that when Parliament has become (as then) the actual Government, there is a certain amount of misgovernment and oppression which justifies a country in deposing it by force if it can do so none otherwise. There was no other way in 1653 of preventing the abominable wrong it was going to do in the Bill for the New Representative but turning it out, and there was nobody to turn it out but the army, as representative of the general rebellion of the country. It was a bad and unhappy business, but the fault really lay with the House, and above all (I quite agree with C.) with Sir Harry Vane. He was a good man, but it seems to me that it is good men who mostly bring about the evil of the world.

. . . . .

So we are to have a dissolution! I think it would be a good thing for Liberalism if we got a good beating this time and had time to form a policy in opposition. The next question which the party must stand

upon must be the Dis-establishment of the Church. The Ritualists have convinced me of its necessity. I can't abide paying money to make England Papist. But don't think me a Bismarck-man, as I am sorry to find Bryce is. I am still an "old Radical," and a worshipper of "Joe Hume." Good-bye. J. R. G.

To E. A. Freeman

[*June* 1874.]

[Prof. Reinhold Pauli (1823-1882), the historian, received an honorary D.C.L. at Oxford in 1874.]

. . . The whole world is hooting at me for not writing to you, dear E. A. F., and my conscience hoots with the world. The fact is, as you know, I have good long "flashes of silence" in the matter of correspondence to make up for the incessant nature of my oral gabble, and this flash has lasted over some quiet months. The saving in postage stamps has enabled me to pay my tailor's bill and look the world again in the face in the matter of "running accounts." But then unhappily it seems to have troubled you much. Pauli pictured you as sitting in the midst of your Peacocks and resting your feet on a Dog with a Black Tongue, and swearing now by the Peacocks and now by the Dog with the Black Tongue to have no more to do with me. The picture was charming, but Pauli is losing his historical accuracy, and blooming into romance and new hats, so that I can't trust it. There was something absolutely rakish in his air after his Doctorate at Oxford, his new cut-a-way coat, his dangling little cane, his well-cut hair,—the whole stamp of Göttingen and Science had disappeared. Besides, if one accepts the statement that you can no longer write without Four Peacocks round your chair, can it be true that precisely at midday the Dog with the Black Tongue rushes from the circle, kills a sheep, and returns with the Farmer? If this is not all Pauli-Legend I see in it the beginning of

Legend. The Dog with the Black Tongue,—and the mid-day slaughter,—and the coming of the dark-browed Farmer,—all these strike one as Solar and Coxey features. I see you in the very process of becoming an Aryan Myth!

How I wish I could have run down to meet you at Oxford and made the historical *quatuor* into a quintette. The walk of the Four up Headington together was killing, as Bryce told it. Pauli must have rejoiced in seeing Stubbs, of whom he spake reverently and sweetly. Did he tell you the curious story of a lot of letters anent Dunstan turning up in Jaffé's papers,—which came into the Pauline hands,—just in time for him to hand them over to William the Great? The said Great one writes to me that he is awfully happy with his Dunstan Lives. I want him to publish the Lectures on the Angevin Kings he is going to give unto the Oxford maidens. Thus may he be subtly lured on to a History of the said A. K.s, and diverted from the Dictionary making whereunto Bat Price calleth him.

T'other day I met a Mage,—a real Black Artist,—a certain Baron Dupaty of Paris who spends his time in luring folk by Animal Magnetism and his leisure on spells. Evidently a good and venerable person, convinced he should get the D——ls well in hand some day, though at present they are a little obstrepalous. For the past year he has let the Black Art alone in consequence of "a leetle accident" as he gently put it. On muttering a new spell which he had found in some "Arabian book," four "blue shapes" came out of a brick wall, the fourth whereof hit the Baron hard on the head and left him senseless on the garden walk,—before returning to his bricky home. He is a little discouraged, but does not despair of finding a spell which will prevent "blue shapes" from indulging in such pugnacious propensities. Anyhow, it is quite clear that we shall have to admit a new branch of study into the Arts-School of Alma Mater.

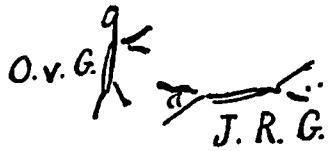
. . . . .

I have done with Little Book; but the printers print not, neither do the Map-makers mapmake, nor the Indexers indicate! Eheu! fugaces.—Ever yours, dear Freeman, J. R. G.

To Miss von Glehn

4 Beaumont Street, W.,
September 4, 1874.

Dearest Olga—



(mathematical diagram of J. R. G. prostrate at O. v. G.'s feet.)

Penitence, Contrition, and generally Dust and Ashes is my present State of Mind! Pilgrimages are recommended just now for sinners of this sort (*vide* Archbishop Manning *passim*). May I make a Pilgrimage to the Hill of Peak?

I have already sent out for the hardest Peas that can be got in the neighbourhood.

Have you a coal-hole (nay, even a coal-scuttle) into which I might creep on Saturday even and find a Sabbath's repose?

And do *you*, in such a case, mean to go to Church *twice?* I put it to you, dear Olga, on Christian grounds. How can Penitence, Contrition, and Dust and Ashes go if the good people trample, yes, trample on the fallen?

But in any case may I come (+ the hard peas) on Saturday?—Yours ever, J. R. Green.

To E. A. Freeman

4 Beaumont Street, W.,
September 5, 1874.

[Professor Earle's *Gloucester Fragments* (1861) contains Anglo-Saxon documents relating to St. Swithun.

William Topley (1841-1894) published a work upon the geology of the world in 1875, and was author of previous papers on geology.]

MY DEAR FREEMAN—Would it bother you to find out from Earle for me *in what* language he believes the Annals of Swithun, as well as the earlier Bishops' Roll of Winchester on which Swithun based them, to have been written?

This is to me the one great difficulty of his invaluable Introduction, which I have read over I fear to say how many times in the vain hope of solving it. So far as I understand it Mr. Earle's general drift is that *Ælfred's Chronicle* or edition of the *Chronicle* was the first *English* work of the sort, and this is clearly Pauli's view, and so far as I could gather in conversation it is Stubbs' view too.

On the other hand Earle traces the work of the Swithun-Editor on the earlier Bishop-Roll by *linguistic* traces (see p. xiv. of Introduct.), which would surely derive their force from the said Swithun-Editor writing in English.

Is it possible that he means *this* — the Swithun-Editor—to be the first English work? Or again is there a chance that the earlier Bishops' Roll of Winton was in English? Of course one would bow to Earle's decision on such a subject, but it would cost me a little struggle to accept the last theory, and to make Winchester an exception among the multitude of similar houses where like Rolls were being kept in Latin.

I own too that to me the "English-prose writing" of Ælfred's time looks like a sudden outburst, which by dint of its suddenness and popularity conquered for a while the tendency of prose literature to take a Latin form. But of course the Swithun-Editor might have been a precursor of this movement.

So again as to the Traditional entries of the English

Conquest which Mr. Earle looks on as having been picked up by the Swithun-Editor (gifted I suppose with an antiquarian turn for such things like the author of the Book of Chronicles), and stuck on to the head of the Bishops' Roll which he was editing with his own tail to it. Were they in English, and if so does any trace of what must be their very archaic English remain, or were they translated by Swithun, or has their archaic character disappeared under the revision of those later editors whom I meet with in the close of the earlier introduction, and who give one the same sort of headaches as the Four Jehovists and Five Elohists of the Pentateuch—according-to-the-Germans?

Earle would really help me by a reply to these unconscionable questions, as I am at work on the early time and want to get my brain clear about authorities. You know I have always "poked" at you for not going into this subject yourself. Do you keep it for Appendix ZZZ in vol. v?

It is very pleasant to have given over mere compiling, and to be able to dip again into the old days for my first vols, which (*pace vestrâ*) I mean to make something more than a "compilation," and in which I dare say you will give me credit for a little acquaintance with "authorities." The worst of it is that as one goes along there are a thousand by-roads which tempt one and which one has to pass by with shut eyes. However if one lives one may return and explore them some day. Then I have a sort of notion that geology, and such considerations of the early physical state of Britain as geology brings might do more for our knowledge of pre-Roman Britain and the boundaries of its tribes, than can the wretched warming up of Camden and his followers. Did you ever see a paper of one Topley on "The Relation of the Parish boundaries in the S.E. of England to Great Physical features"? It is very curious in pointing out a line of inquiry which the author evidently has no notion

of. I wish the dear Dax would "come over and help us."

Good-bye, dear F., I am very busy and fairly well. Do you pass through London on your way to the Two Romes?—Ever yours affectionately, J. R. GREEN.

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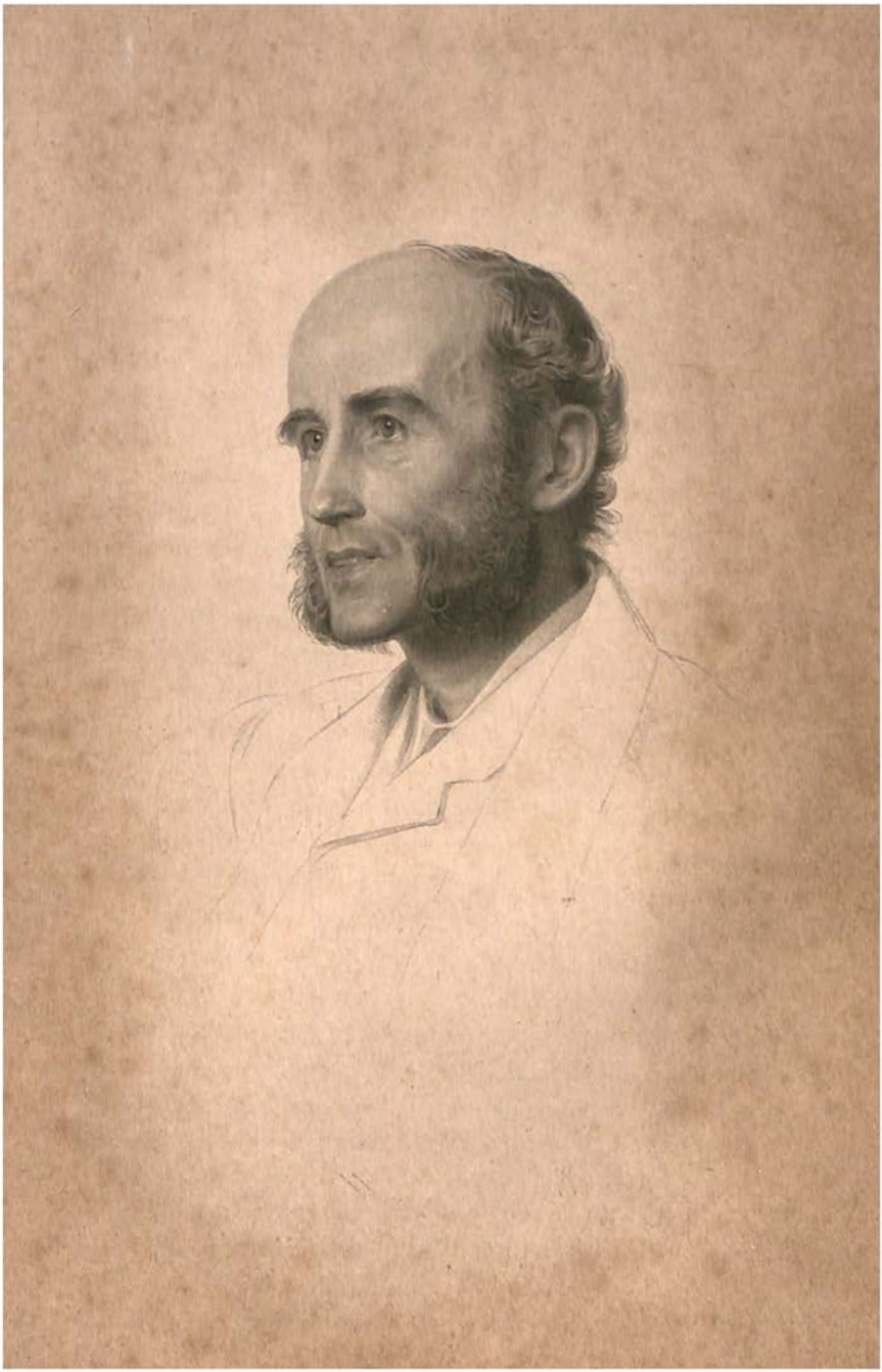
PART IV

LAST YEARS

THE *Short History of the English People* was published at the end of 1874, and immediately made a success, to which few parallels can be found. It recalled that of Macaulay's History which some twenty-five years before had taken the world by storm. Macaulay had the advantage of being already famous; and moreover, as Mr. Bryce remarks, of writing upon a scale which admitted of abundant anecdote and illustration; whereas Green had the difficult problem of combining the greatest possible condensation with undiminished animation of narrative. The success was clearly due, in the first instance, to the literary instinct which enabled him to satisfy the conditions thus imposed. "I am going," he writes in a letter from St. Philip's, "to send Alford the opening of my Angevin chapter dished up on a paper, but substantially the same as I want it in my book. I hope he will take it, as I shall never be able to judge its readability (*the* thing I care about) till I see it in type. Cook thinks that sort of anticipation of oneself bad—but I am wholly French on the question, as I am on most literary questions. It seems to me that on all points of literary art we have to sit at the feet of French Gamaliels." The opinion is, I think, characteristic. Anyhow the clear and graceful style, the skill with which the materials are grouped, and



the singular vivacity which shows the sustained interest of the writer, enabled him to strike out the most effective method of presentation. "The book," says Mr. Bryce, "was philosophical enough for scholars, and popular enough for schoolboys." I shall not intrude any criticism of my own, but it may be well to give a judgment pronounced by the highest authority. "Green," wrote the late Bishop Stubbs, "possessed in no scanty measure all the gifts that contribute to the making of a great historian. He combined, so far as the history of England is concerned, a complete and firm grasp of the subject in its unity and integrity, with a wonderful command of details and a thorough sense of perspective and proportion. All his work was real and original work; few people besides those who knew him well would see, under the charming ease and vivacity of his style, the deep research and sustained industry of the laborious student. But it was so; there was no department of our national records that he had not studied, and I think I may say mastered. Hence, I think, the unity of his dramatic scenes and the cogency of his historical arguments. Like other people, he made mistakes sometimes; but scarcely ever does the correction of his mistakes affect either the essence of the picture or the force of the argument. And in him the desire of stating and pointing the truth of history was as strong as the wish to make both his pictures and his arguments strong and forcible. He never treated an opposing view with intolerance and contumely; his handling of controversial matter was exemplary. And then, to add still more to the debt we owe him, there is the wonderful simplicity and beauty of the way he tells his tale, which more than anything else has served to make English history a popular and, as it ought to be, if not the first at least the

second study of all Englishmen." Critics at the time gave a very cordial welcome to the history, and more or less anticipated this estimate. There was, however, one exception to which some reference will be found in the following letters. Two Articles in *Fraser's Magazine* (September and December 1875) contained a long list of errors. The author inferred that Green was both careless and superficial, and that the chorus of praise came from shallow admirers, or from the "mutual admiration society" constituted, as it was supposed, by Green, Freeman, Stubbs, and their allies. The critic hit real blots, though, as Stubbs says in the above passage, the errors affected the surface and not the structure of the book. Many of them were such as could be remedied in a list of *errata* saying, "read John for William," or "January for December," and Mr. Morley, to whom the article had been offered for the *Fortnightly Review*, told the author that instead of publishing it as a criticism he ought to send it to Green as a useful list of corrections for the next edition. I need only remark that the circumstances under which the book was written made many slips almost inevitable. Green's want of verbal memory and his absence from English libraries made complete accuracy impossible. He took the proper course; corrected the mistakes which had been pointed out, and was more careful in his later work. Mr. Bryce gives a scale in which Green is placed above Milman for accuracy, bracketed as equal with Macaulay, and put a little below Grote. Ranke and Thirlwall, followed by Gibbon and Carlyle, form a first class.

Soon after the publication of the *Short History* Green undertook a corrected and much enlarged edition. This became the *History of the English People*, which appeared in four volumes in 1877, 1878, 1879, and 1880. It gained

in accuracy and solidity, and gives his latest views upon interesting questions. If it loses something in freshness a sufficient explanation is suggested by the labour involved in a thorough rewriting under circumstances which will presently appear. One motive for carrying out this task must be explained. The success of the *Short History* had for the time raised Green above all pecuniary difficulty; but the income derivable from such a source was precarious; he had no other resources, and the state of his health made it important that he should not be dependent upon immediately profitable work. His marriage in 1877 increased the importance of making provision for the future. Now, the *Short History* had made as marked a success in America as in England. It was in the portmanteau of every traveller who came to us across the Atlantic. At this time, however, an English author had no legal copyright in the United States. Messrs. Harper, who had there reprinted the book and had become the sole publishers, did not consider themselves bound to pay any royalty to the author. They promised, however, to pay a royalty if Green would undertake to bring out a revised edition. Green, therefore, accepted the laborious task of going over the whole ground again, a duty which was made imperative by his fastidious desire for thoroughness; and was thus prevented from turning to account the mass of materials already collected for his proposed history of the Angevin Kings. The amount of reading and thought given to this collection surprises even those who know his work well. His notes cover the religious revival, the literature, and a large part of the political history of the time of Henry I. and Stephen, and the lives of the early Counts of Anjou. A number of carefully finished passages, some of the more important written many times over, show the

grandeur of his scheme. One very interesting point is the criticism of early sources which, written without the light of modern French research, anticipates in great measure the conclusions of later editors of the Angevin Chronicles. Unfortunately the state of Green's health forced him to abandon the plan for a revised version of the *Short History*, and no such edition was brought out during his life.

Meanwhile Green had become famous, and during the following years had such satisfaction as could be derived from a general recognition of his services to history.[1] "It was delightful to see," writes Mr. Humphry Ward, "how he took the startling success of the *Short History*. Those who had read the proof-sheets had to some extent prepared him to expect a success, but they were not unanimous, and the actual facts were beyond all that any of us had hoped for. Ill as he was, it was an immense comfort to him to be relieved from anxiety as to ways and means; and he was naturally not insensible to such public recognition as he thus received after fifteen years of obscure work. He was pleased when the committee of the *Athenæum* elected him 'under Rule II.,' and when his own college (where he had been so unhappy) elected him an honorary fellow. But it is certain that his chief pleasure came from the new opportunities for work, and for starting other people in schemes which this first great success had given him. *Now* the world is a little overdone with historical and literary 'series,' 'epochs,' 'primers,' and what not; but in the early seventies it was a new thing, and Green may almost be called the inventor of it. Nay, it was when I was an undergraduate (perhaps in 1868) that

[1] He had been examiner in the History School at Oxford in 1874, and was elected honorary fellow of Jesus in 1877. In 1876 he was made a member of the Athenæum, and a corresponding member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. In 1878 he received the honorary degree of LL.D. at Edinburgh.

he drew up an elaborate scheme for a sort of 'Heroes of the Nations' series, of which I was to write one. Nothing came of it, but it exists now, done by other hands."

His influence upon younger students is described by Mrs. Humphry Ward. "There was in him a perpetual eagerness, an inexhaustible power of knowledge, that were ever putting idler or emptier minds to shame. You brought him the subject of an article, the sketch of a literary paper. He would begin to turn it over, to run through the reading it involved. And as he grew keener and talked faster, as the flow of memory broadened, and the names of books came rattling out as the mere first preliminaries of the subject, one must either fly him at once so as to get the article written at all, or one must yield to the fascination and the stimulus, and go away abashed to begin one's work over again. Well do I remember bringing him the sketch of a literature primer for his criticism, some time, I imagine, in the winter of 1873-74, just before the coming out of the *Short History*. We found him in his bachelor rooms in Beaumont Street; for his most helpful, most happy marriage did not take place till 1877. I can see now the dingy rooms lined with books, and Mr. Green pacing up and down, the great brow dwarfing the small face. He looked at my sketch; he grew indignant with it, he threw it aside. He proceeded to write the book himself, as he walked and talked. As far as I can remember, no more masterly outline of a great subject was ever drawn. Meanwhile the tyro who had brought the sketch sat dumb, with her 'eye on the object' at last. The result for a moment was a deep and wholesome melancholy; but it was one of those discouragements that react, that spur and stimulate.

"But I have many other recollections of Mr. Green's

talk to put beside this somewhat scathing experience,—recollections of pure joy. Once, in Notre Dame,—the dim rose-pierced gloom of Notre Dame,—we stood beside him, while there came from him a history of what the church had seen. He poured it out quite simply,—scenes from the Middle Age, from Louis XIV., from the Revolution,—repeopling the dark space before us by that mingled magic of memory and imagination in which he was unrivalled. And for those who heard him there, his own dear ghost lives henceforward among the older phantoms of the church."

Mrs. Ward, I am sure, will accept a remark suggested by her "scathing experience." Green was always eager to encourage as well as to "spur." So early as 1859 he says in a diary that he has found some unexpected merits in a work which he had been asked to criticise. "I fear," he adds, "I should be too kindly for a critic. As I work out my criticisms, I discover beauties and forget the faults. In fact, the dullest men improve under the culture of the pen. The effort of composition is a net that drags up much mud, but a grain or two of fine gold with it. There is not a mind in the world that has not something worth extraction in it." This eager sympathy with the aspirations of beginners mixed with the bracing criticism which it might occasionally be well to administer.

In 1876 Green took part in the political agitation of the day. He had been keenly interested, as has been seen, in the elections of 1868, and never ceased to watch the course of events. The "Eastern Question Association" was now formed in order to oppose the warlike tendencies of the Conservative ministry. Green was chosen a member of the Executive Committee of the Association, and served also on a literary sub-committee of five, which included William Morris and

Mr. Stopford Brooke. Its function was to draw up a manifesto convoking the conference which met in December 1876. The General Committee continued to meet until the Treaty of Berlin (June 1878), and Green took such part in its proceedings as was consistent with his weak health and frequent absence from England. The intensely patriotic feeling which manifests itself in his history of older England was shown also throughout his life by the closeness with which he followed the evolution of the contemporary history. It was a delight to him to touch English soil after his winters abroad. "We English people," he would say, "live in free human air." During his times of exile he kept up his knowledge of current affairs, and would never open his letters until he had gone through the newspapers. His patriotism, indeed, strengthened instead of weakening opinions repudiated by the party which would arrogate to itself the sole possession of patriotic feeling. He had an especially strong feeling upon the Irish question. "He was the first Home Ruler I ever saw," says Mr. Bryce; "he was a Home Ruler when no one else thought at all about it." He sympathised with the spirit of Irish nationality. "A State," he would say, "is accidental; it can be made or unmade; but a nation is something real which can be neither made nor destroyed." He had once planned a history of Ireland, but abandoned the idea because the continuous record of misery and misgovernment was too painful to contemplate. He held that it would be possible to devise a system which would make the union of the countries compatible with the welfare, and in harmony with the aspirations of the weaker; but he was not satisfied with the policy of the English Liberals of his time. Though in England he was in favour of a secular system of education, he thought that the Irish

Catholics had a right to the religious system which they preferred. He was profoundly affected by the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish (June 1882), thinking that the English might be moved to blind resentment by an act for which the Irish people were not really responsible; and during his last illness he denounced with his old ardour the speech in which W. E. Forster (at the opening of the session of 1883) defended coercion. It would even be better, he held, for both countries that England should grant complete independence to Ireland than hold it by military force. To Green, in short, patriotism seemed to imply the most lively sensibility to the morality of the policy dictated, and he was proportionally indignant at attempts to enlist patriotic sentiment in the cause of what he regarded as oppression of other nations.

I have now to speak briefly of the last period of Green's life. The correspondence becomes scanty; partly because he was unequal to the labour, and partly because he could devolve it upon another. In January 1877 he became engaged to Alice, daughter of E. A. Stopford, Archdeacon of Meath, and their marriage took place in the following June. A biographer who has to record a happy marriage must always, I fancy, be painfully conscious of the utter inadequacy of his language in speaking of its results, even should he possess a far more intimate knowledge of the facts than can often be accessible, and be freed by time and circumstance from obligations to reticence. In the present case my duty is clear. I am bound to give certain facts, knowledge of which is essential to a fair appreciation of Green's life and character. To make any comment upon them would be to insult the intelligence of my readers. I may be permitted, however, to say this much; the story which I have to tell

is that of a brave man's struggle to do his work to the last, carried on with unsurpassable gallantry against the most depressing difficulties, and no one can fail to draw the inevitable inference that he was cheered and supported throughout by a devotion worthy of its object.

At the time of Green's marriage he thought himself rather better, but was aware of the precarious tenure upon which his life must be henceforth held. An attack of hæmorrhage occurred in July; and he and his wife returned to 25 Connaught Street, to which he had moved from Beaumont Street. There they settled for the rest of the year in "four little rooms over a decorator's shop." The first volume of the longer history had been published in January; and he now set to work upon the second. He took constant pleasure in strolls with his wife in Hyde Park, and they occasionally paid visits to Macmillan's house in Streatham, and made more distant flights to friends in the country. They went to the Humphry Wards at Oxford; where Green took his wife round and showed her "all English history from Offa to Newman." He would not take her to his old college, because its associations with the undergraduate days were too painful; but he displayed the beauties of Magdalen, and pointed out the place where as a schoolboy he had dared to interrupt Dr. Mozley's walk by inquiring how it could be lawful for Christians to eat black puddings, a practice apparently forbidden by Apostolic authority. In October they visited Tennyson at Aldworth; and the poet received them with abundant kindliness and sympathy. "You're a jolly, vivid man," he said to Green; "and I'm glad to have known you; you're as vivid as lightning." Green gave some advice as to authorities for "Becket," then in process of composition.

Green finally accomplished the second volume of the history at the end of the year; and then escaped to Capri, which was supposed to have a more favourable climate than the Riviera. The place was cheap and simple. There was only one road and one carriage, and there were four cows kept in Roman cellars. In stormy weather, a pig hanging in a butcher's shop represented the whole stock of provisions for a week, and was converted into "veal cutlets" and "stewed lamb" by the skill of the cook. Green had to live mainly upon biscuits and puddings prepared by Mrs. Green; and the room was bare and without even an easy-chair. The journey had been bitterly cold; he was exhausted by the effort of finishing his volume, and he was ill throughout the spring. There were no other visitors, except one or two invalids, and no doctor available. Green worked steadily at his history, and had brought out a large case of books. He was invariably patient and gentle, and never cooled in his political and historical enthusiasms. When he felt a tendency to depression, he would ask for "a stiff book"; he wanted "something to set his teeth into." Having struggled through the winter, the Greens returned through Rome. There in March he was taken ill and was moved to Florence, where he fortunately met the Macmillans, who nursed him with their usual kindness. For some time he was not expected to live, but by the end of April he was well enough to return to London. In the autumn the Greens moved to 50 Welbeck Street, where they occupied part of the house of Dr. Lauder Brunton, Mrs. Green's brother-in-law. His health so far improved that in this and the following summer he was able to pay a few visits. He went to Edinburgh in 1878 to receive the LL.D. degree, and on the way saw his old friend,

Canon Taylor, at Settrington. Among other friends of those years were Lord Portsmouth, Lord Carnarvon, Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, Lord Selborne, Mr. Goschen, Sir Louis Mallet, Laurence Oliphant, and Matthew Arnold. He enjoyed the company of such friends, and the charm of his conversation secured a warm welcome from every one; but he found the strain upon his strength to be dangerous. He returned therefore to London, where he worked steadily at his book. The life was almost as solitary as at Capri, except an occasional afternoon at the Athenæum. At last the third volume was finished, and in January 1879 the Greens went abroad again and spent the rest of the winter at Mentone, Rapallo, and Florence. At Florence they met and made friends of Mr. and Mrs. John Addington Symonds; and Green was cheered by the news that 5000 copies of the two first volumes had been sold in America, and produced a cheque for £220. They returned to London in the spring, and Green drew up a scheme for the Geography of the British Isles to provide occupation for his wife. The book appeared under their joint names at the end of the year. He was now struggling with the fourth, and happily last, volume of the history. He was afraid to stay in London as long as he had done in previous years, and by a great effort, and in spite of increasing weakness, he managed to finish his task in the autumn. He was able to reach Capri at the beginning of November, having travelled by the Rhine to Verona and Venice, and stayed there till May. The room had been improved by a friend's gift of a plain sofa; but the life was hard. The winter was bitter beyond precedent; snow fell in Capri, the first time for a century; there were violent storms, and the water-supply had given out. The image of the patron saint was put up

in the church, and saluted with crackers. When he had brought rain he was put back in the sacristy. He then stopped the rain, but left a bitter north wind. Green suffered, in spite of all attempts to keep out the draughts. The companionship of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Taylor was a pleasant relief to the solitude, though an attack of scarlet fever, from which their daughter suffered, caused some anxiety and trouble.

The labours of the last few years had at last, in spite of all difficulties, set Green at liberty. The fourth volume of the history appeared in January 1880. He might now take up the schemes for which he had prepared himself by collecting the materials to which his imaginative sympathy would give form and colour. Unhappily, the labours had left their mark; his strength had seriously decreased; and any plan which he adopted must be framed with the knowledge that his time for work was narrowly limited. Nevertheless, he set to work with all his remaining energy. The spring was again one of the worst on record; but Green revived a little, and began his labours upon the earliest period of English history. He had set his wife to work upon a scheme which he had devised for a history of Greece. He was so much pleased with her notes that he promoted her to co-operate in his own task. She read and noted for the histories, and discussed results with him; varying their occupation by strolls in the vineyards in search of Roman antiquities. Towards May they returned to England and settled to work through the summer. He now occupied a house which had been previously taken at 14 Kensington Square. Green was overjoyed to escape at last from the constant discomforts of a life in lodgings or apartments, amidst which his work had hitherto been done. His delight in having at last a house of his own, won

by the strenuous labour of the last years, was pathetic. This house was especially associated with his memory in the minds of many friends. Mrs. Humphry Ward recalls "the afternoons in his later years, when the pretty house in Kensington Square was the centre of a small society such as England produces much more rarely than France. Mr. Lecky came—Sir Henry Maine, Mr. Freeman, Mr. Bryce, Bishop Stubbs sometimes, Mr. Stopford Brooke, and many more. It was the talk of equals, ranging the widest horizons, started and sustained by the energy, the undauntedness of a dying man. There in the corner of the sofa sat the thin wasted form, life flashing from the eyes, breathing from the merry or eloquent lips, beneath the very shadow and seal of death—the eternal protesting life of the intelligence. His talk *gave* perpetually. Much of the previous talk of the world has not been a giving but a gathering and plundering talk. . . . But Mr. Green's was talk of the best kind, abundant, witty, disinterested; and his poet's instinct for the lives and thoughts of others, his quick imagination, his humorous and human curiosity about all sorts and sides of things made pose and pedantry impossible to him. He could be extravagant and provoking; it was always easy to set him on edge, and call up a mood of irritation and paradox. But as he grew happier, as success and fame came to him, he grew gentler and more pliable. . . . Among all that was lost by his early death . . . let us put it on record that we in London, where conversation flourishes so little and so hardly—lost also a great talker, one capable of stirring in his fellows all human and delightful energies, not only by his pen but by his word and smile and bodily self."

It had been suggested that a winter in Egypt might

still raise Green to a better state of health. It was thought best to save fatigue by making the sea voyage. Misfortunes followed. A gale took the ship unprepared in the Bay of Biscay. She was apparently, though not really, in danger for some time; cabins and state-rooms were flooded; luggage swamped; and the passengers exposed to the utmost discomfort. Green was not in a state to bear hardships. When Egypt was reached, Cairo proved to be unhealthy, and the Greens proceeded to Luxor. A guide was trying to exhibit a tomb by help of a Roman candle. It did not go off, and Green took it from his hand. The thing then proved to be a rocket. It exploded, and burnt Green's arm from the elbow to the fingers. He had to ride back three hours in burning heat, and was for long laid up by the shock. He still went on working, though Mrs. Green had to do all the writing. In January 1881 heat became excessive, and the thermometer rose to 115°. The days were cloudless and endless, and the nights were never cool. Green continued to work in the mornings; but any attempt to see sights prostrated him. No escape was possible, till in February some friends returning to Cairo offered a place in their dharbeeyah. The voyage from Luxor lasted five weeks, and was a relief after the dust of Luxor. The Italian ports were reported to be in quarantine, owing to a fear of cholera; and the Greens sailed for Marseilles at the end of March. It became cold, and at Avignon he became very ill. He was impatient to be at home, and reached London in April. His state was then so serious that Andrew Clark one evening told Mrs. Green that he could not live for six weeks. "I have so much work to do!" Green happened to say that night, "if I could only finish my work!" Mrs. Green spent the night in drawing

up a scheme which might relieve his anxiety. The work was to be so arranged that, if completed, it might be separately published; and if broken off, might be incorporated in the previous work. Green, upon seeing this next morning, understood at once why the suggestion was made and began to carry out the plan the same day. For many weeks he could not sit up or take solid food. He was unable to hold a pen, or even to make pencil corrections on a proof. At intervals he could dictate for a short time, or go through references with his wife's help. He dictated as he talked, very rapidly, and with perfect clearness and precision. He knew every book in his library intimately, and could at once tell where to look for the passages required. He would constantly throw aside a chapter, and dictate the substance over again without referring to the discarded matter. The motive for such changes was not the need of altering the wording, but of improving the general arrangement. There are as many as eight or ten different proofs of parts of the book. Much of it was wholly rewritten five times. He was unwearied in correcting, and never sent slips to press till he had seen them three times. By August 500 pages were printed of the work done in Egypt and since his return. When the last proof had been corrected, a discovery was made about a certain Æthelwald. Wearied as he was, Green spent two more days in work rather than leave the incorrect statement. The *Making of England* was finally prepared for publication before the winter. It appeared in January 1882. This extraordinary achievement had tried his strength to the uttermost. For weeks he was unable to leave the house, though occasionally he could take a short drive in the Park. The visits of his friends were his great recreation, but he was only able to see

one at a time. In the autumn he started for a winter at Mentone. His skilful doctor and devoted friend, Dr., now Sir Lauder, Brunton, travelled with him as far as Boulogne, where he rested for a time in order to gather strength for the further journey. He began already to work upon the *Conquest of England*, but could rarely leave his room. Sir Lauder Brunton came back again in October to superintend the journey to Mentone. There he settled the Greens in the Villa S. Nicolas. They returned again to a solitary life. Green read Shakespeare and Scott constantly in these years. In January 1882 he had the pleasure of visits from the Humphry Wards and the Macmillans. Mrs. Humphry Ward had spoken of a scheme for a Spanish history; and Mrs. Green, by her husband's desire, visited every library on the coast as far as Nice to discover books upon the subject. He had devised a scheme for the book by the time of Mrs. Ward's arrival; though, as it turned out, her change of intentions prevented it from being turned to account. Visits, however, exhausted him, and he had to return to solitude. In January 1882 he received the *Making of England*.[1] Some remarks upon it by a friend disheartened him so much that for six weeks he was unable to work. He started again in March; when Mrs. Green was disabled as an amanuensis by an attack of "writer's cramp" in both hands. He could dictate to no one else, and she at last succeeded in doing a little with her left hand. He stopped her one day when she was throwing away a sheet upon which she had drawn up some notes for

[1] In 1882 it was proposed to give him an honorary degree at his own university. For some reason, although the proposal was supported by some of the most distinguished members of the council, it was not carried. His friends understood that it was only postponed till the following year. It was then too late, and he had suffered the disappointment.

his use. "Whenever I think I can do no more," he said, "I look at that and go on." They were in Kensington Square again for a few months during the summer.

The last winter (1882-83) was again spent at the Villa S. Nicolas. The rooms had been made more cheerful by a few little ornaments; and Green met depressing moods by a curiously characteristic device. He could amuse himself by a childlike "make-believe." In the evening, he would pretend solemnly to be "at home," draw up his chair gravely, and warm his toes at the unlighted hearth. He was carrying out an old theory. He records in his early diary how he said to a friend, depressed by painful reflections, "Drill your thoughts—shut out the gloomy, and call in the bright. There is more wisdom in 'shutting one's eyes,' than your copy-book philosophers will allow." He acted upon the principle, and got an extraordinary amount of gaiety from playing at being gay.

The *Conquest of England* still went on. In January 1883, he decided to make a change, in spite of the cost of cancelling 4000 copies of matter already printed by the Macmillans. One morning in January, he had a sudden momentary access of strength. His eagerness to advance was impeded by the inevitable slowness of Mrs. Green's left-hand penmanship. He got a table placed across his sofa, and was able to write several sheets of the first chapter. That was his last piece of work. "Now I am weary," he said, "and can work no more." Enough of the book had been written to enable Mrs. Green to put together the fragments, and bring it out a few months later.

A few friends came to see him,—his brother, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Brooke Lambert, and Mr. Humphry Ward.

On the news of a serious change (February 1st), the Macmillans at once left London, and came to Mentone and stayed till the end. His doctor said that he had never seen a case in which the mind was so clear and active, and the will so resolute under such weakness. He showed marvellous determination in refusing almost all drink for forty-eight hours, because it was supposed to be injurious. A month or two before he had told Mrs. Green that he should make no more inquiries about his condition, but trusted her to speak to him when it should be necessary. On February 25, she had to announce to him that rallying was impossible. Only his courage had enabled him to live so long. "It was good of you to tell me," he replied; and after thinking, he added; "I have something to say in my book still which I know is worth saying. I feel I could do good work. I will make a fight for it. I will do what I can, and I must have sleeping draughts for a week. After that it will not matter if they lose their effect." Then he asked her to go on reading the *Life of Lord Lawrence* to him.

On March 3 he took leave of his friends, and afterwards saw no one except his wife. He died March 7, 1883.

Sir Lauder Brunton said that his force of will, and enthusiasm for his work had kept him alive for two years longer than any doctor would have thought possible. He told his wife that what had kept him alive was his dread of separation from her. Many years before he had said, "I know what men will say of me; they will say, 'he died learning.'" Mr. Humphry Ward adds that they will also say, "he died loving."

To E. A. Freeman

4 Beaumont Street, W.,
January 7, 1875.

[Refers to Mr. T. L. Kington Oliphant's *Sources of Standard English*, 1873. Mr. A. J. Ellis (1814-1890) published some papers upon early English pronunciation in the early English Text Society and the Chaucer Society. Freeman's *Comparative Politics* appeared in 1873.]

Thanks, dear Freeman, for the proof, though it is too late for the present edition. I keep your suggestions that come behind time in the vain hope of some day correcting and enlarging the book. I can't quite go with all your suggestions about style, but they are always useful in recalling me to greater precision and clearness. Where we part most is in the question of "personifying," which makes a great figure in this proof. No doubt such expressions as "the terror of the Irish massacre hung round its leaders" belong to poetry rather than to prose, but if used in moderation the greater English prose-writers have always vindicated their right to employ them. It is quite possible, and I think true, that I don't use it in moderation, and so even if we differ your criticism is useful. By "Presbyterian Churchmen" I meant just what I said —the men of a church which was then by law Presbyterian. Gauden was a Presbyterian and conformed in 1660, having immense trouble by-the-bye to wring his bishopric out of Clarendon. He seems to have done it by threatening to claim the Eikon as his own.

. . . . . .

I too have been reading and like Oliphant's book, but I wish he didn't overdo his case. In the three pieces of English he takes as typical, the last is a mere caricature. He does not do justice too to the value of Latin or other foreign words as alternative words, as in the old instance of "acknowledge and confess"; I don't know whether you will care for this,

as Bryce tells me you say, "we mustn't mind repeating the same word," but I own my ear won't stand repetition. Then too in his very interesting account of the way in which the Friars brought in their outlandish terms, he doesn't tell how many of these actually supplemented living English words, and how many were simply introduced as names for ideas which had had no English names before. In the latter case one would like, too, to know whether the words *could* have been supplied by English, whether it retained its old combinative power, or whether "In-wit," and the like were mere Wardour Street archæologisms. His praise of Morris's poetry as a specimen of good English is fair enough, but then it should be remembered that Morris dealt wholly with outer scenes or definite actions which are easily expressed in common English words. It is when one comes to the finer and more abstract side of things that the pinch comes. But I own the real reason why I stand a little on my guard as to the "English" restoration which is going on is that I am afraid we may lose through it certain elements of beauty in style which the mixed texture of our present speech gives us. In Shakespeare's famous burst about "mercy" in the *Merchant of Venice* line follows line in the simplest English, but when he wishes to heighten his tone at the close it is interesting to see how we get lines full of Latinisms:—

> The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
> It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
> 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
> The throned monarch better than his crown;
> His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
> The attribute to awe and majesty,
> Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
> But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
> It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
> It is an attribute to God himself;
> And earthly power doth then show likest God's
> When mercy seasons justice.

I only quote this because it so exactly expresses, as it seems to me, the musical value of Latinisms in English style, their value as alternatives, and their curious faculty (perhaps from their mere length) of heightening the tone and giving majesty to a sentence. What Old English seems to me to lack is the Greek power of constructing a "long resounding line," and I believe that the musical instinct of people's ears, craving for greater dignity of structure and expression, has had much to do with the introduction of Latinisms.

Moreover Oliphant is wrong, it seems, in following Latham as to Rutland and Huntingdon being the places where spoken English is closest to book English. I am glad of this, for I could not make it square with what one knows of one's Anglian folk-divisions. Ellis has got a book on the Dialects ready, and they fall quite sweetly into the great historic divisions, *e.g.* the Mercian = S. Lancashire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, and Derby; the N. Anglian = W. and S.W. of Yorkshire; Middle Anglian = Leicester, Lincoln, Notts, Warwick, N. Northampton, and N. Beds; E. Anglian = Norfolk, Suffolk, N. Essex, Cambridge, Hunts. This is a real service done by philology to history, because though one knew where the North Angles *must* be yet nobody has ever said from Bæda down where they actually were, and much as I loved my Middle-Angles I should have been shy of fixing their boundaries. Well it seems that it is in the Southern or Central part—Hertford, S. Beds, Bucks, Middlesex, N. Surrey, S. Essex, and the adjoining parts of Kent—that spoken English and Book English be most at one—especially in Hertfordshire.

After all it is simply there, what has taken place everywhere, that the tongue of the capital becomes the book tongue.

I like Comparative Politics—barring the extreme diffuseness and bother of its first sixty pages; but why do you say folk "gird" at it? I thought the P. M. G. very clever and to a great degree sensible—didn't you?

I have gone no whither, but stopped in this London

fog-land. But England in winter is a cussed country, and I can't quite keep aloof from colds. Nevertheless, I am not in any very bad way. Good-bye.—Ever yours,

J. R. GREEN.

Do you mark that *Shakespeare was a Middle-Englishman?*[1]

To Miss von Glehn

4 BEAUMONT STREET, W.,
January 8, 1875.

Why do you make me hate art, dear "sad old woman" (which ain't proper, I know, but it's your own words, it is!) by making Lippo my rival and pitting the National Gallery against "No. 4"? Fresh water indeed, when I am inhaling London fog with a constancy which only lives in realms above where to be wroth with those we love—not that that has anything to do with my being here, but one's mind floats vaguely on the confines of old age, and definiteness glimmers far back in the distance among "the proofs which were printed when I" (not *you*, Olga) "was a guileless child." Louise is coming for tea, muffins, and Old Lang Syne. Will *you* not come at any rate for the Tea and muffins? I am always in at four; but a card would fix me at home *any when*, and I want a talk, for things which I care a good deal about are going to the bad just now in an awful fashion, not to mention that I am sinking back under a dispensation of Clark and Nitric Acid.

Thanks about the Zeller. I will write to the reviewer.

Some day, dear Olga, you must take me to your poor children in Ormond Street. I live among books and friends and am growing hard and selfish. And

[1] The following passage in another letter refers to another of Freeman's crotchets: "I am always luckless enough to be out when Dawkins calls in town. By-the-bye, I find this phrase 'in town' used as I use it here (to your horror) in the Long Parliament time by very distinguished patriots."

yet, do you know, I who have seen so much terrible suffering in my time shrink from seeing a *child* suffer. But you shall take me there.

Good-bye, dear friend. J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

4 BEAUMONT STREET, W.,
January 18, 1875.

[Green says (*Short History*, end of chap. ii.) that John's failure to relieve Château Gaillard forced him into the policy which led to the Great Charter. The ruin at Château Gaillard "represents the ruin of a system as well as of a camp. From its dark donjon we see not merely the pleasant vale of Seine, but the sedgy flats of our own Runnymede."]

I have just seen your review of me in the *Pall Mall*, dear Freeman, and I mustn't delay a moment in thanking you for it. I have never seen a really grander instance of a resolve to look at a book from the author's and not the reviewer's point of view, or a finer appreciation of modes of treatment which may happen to differ from one's own. You are in fact the first who has really pointed out what I wanted to do, and how far I have succeeded in doing it.

On the whole, I go with your criticism. As to the sight of Runnymede from Château Gaillard, indeed I can only say I *did* see it, and if you didn't it was because you went fast to sleep in that pleasant sunshine while I sate beside you "mooning" about the Angevins. I mean this, that as I "mooned" at Château Gaillard I saw for the first time (so far as *I* was concerned) what seemed to me the true bearing of the Angevin reigns on the fortunes of England and the birth of the Charter. It wasn't a metaphor to me then and it isn't now; and why on earth *did* you go to sleep when you might have had such a sight? And so perhaps I should defend the phrase "the New Monarchy," though as Gairdner

has written objecting to it yet more strongly than you do I had better reconsider its propriety.

But what you say about the allusive style, the inversion of events, and the crowd of small blunders is quite true. I have learned many things in my day and some time I suppose I shall learn to revise my proofs. A good many of the smaller matters I can put right in the revision I am making of the book now, but I can only deal with the stereotype plates to a certain extent, and so greater matters must remain for the big edition for which Mac is pressing. When I have got things right, or righter, in *that*, he will perhaps have sold enough of Little Book to let me cancel as I want to do a vast deal that lies between Ælfred's day and Mary's day. That is the weakest part of the book.

As to the general feeling of all the reviewers that I haven't carried out my plan after 1660, it would have been better had I frankly owned in the Preface how this came about. The truth was that when I reached 1660 I had to face the fact that the book must have an end, and that I *must* end it in about 800 pp. Something had to be thrown overboard, and I deliberately chose "Literature," not because Dryden or Pope or Addison or Wordsworth were strange to me, for I knew them better than the earlier men, and have much that I *want* to say about them, but because it seemed to me that after 1660 literature ceased to stand in the forefront of national characteristics, and that Science, Industry, etc., played a much greater part. Now Science I like, but "Industry" is dust and ashes to me; nevertheless for truth's sake I did violence to the natural man and turned away from Sir Roger de Coverley and the "Rape of the Lock" to cotton-spinning and Pitt's finance. It cost me a lot of trouble, and I knew the book wouldn't be as bright and pretty, but still I think I did rightly. However, Belinda and Sir Roger will brighten the pages of the bigger book, and indeed my fingers itch to be at them.

But just now I am fit for very little. I caught cold

a fortnight ago and have been a prisoner ever since with a cough that robbed me of sleep and wore away my strength to nothing. I am going to pick up again, it seems, but as yet I am so terribly weak that the mere writing of this letter has utterly tired me. That dear boy, the Holy Roman, has looked me up twice and cheered me with his pleasant talk. Last night he came in at ten after walking twenty miles "in the rain" with Leslie Stephen! If I had the H. R.'s health and vigour, what wouldn't I do?

I am very wretched, *really* wretched, about Gladstone's retirement. I can't follow him everywhither, but he is my leader, and I don't see any other to lead me on the Liberal benches. And I am cast down by the general ingratitude. Everybody I meet (save the Holy Roman) seems glad he is gone. It makes me want to carry out my notion of writing a history from 1815 to now, if only to say that I for one love and honour Gladstone as I love and honour no other living statesman.

Good-bye, dear Chief. As soon as I can patch up so as to fly safely I must run out of this. I can do two or three little things abroad.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. R. GREEN.

In answer to a fresh remonstrance from Freeman on the view from Château Gaillard Green writes again: "I am afraid that, telescope or no, I *did* see Runnymede from Château Gaillard, so I can't help sticking to it. Do you remember our day there?—it was just one of the great impressions of my life."

To E. A. Freeman

4 BEAUMONT STREET, W.,
February 13, 1875.

Big Book is begun (which is "half-done" always with me), and I see I can make a good book of it. But as I foretold it is taking its own shape in spite of

my wishes to keep it down to four vols., and is pretty certain to run to six of some 500 pp. I am musing much on "references." "Notes" I won't have, and references on a thoroughly full scale (like *Norm. Conq.*) seem to me the right thing when one is examining a special period minutely, but not in such a case as mine, where after all the narrative must keep pretty well to the known and obvious lines. My present notion is to state (as in Little Book, but more minutely and critically) the general authorities for each period at the beginning of it, and to use special references only in cases where they radically differ and I have to choose, or where I am off the general track (in Saints' lives, etc.), or quoting documents like Charters, or in like special cases. This is pretty much Ranke's way, I see, in his "English History" of the Stuart time which I am grinding at now. Its chief value seems to me to be for "foreign relations," which are wonderfully well done; its weakest point the constitutional side. He can't understand, I suppose no foreigner can, an adherence to forms and precedents even in the face of "state necessities," and so he only half sees the meaning of the Parliamentary Contention from 1620 to 1640. Still the book is a very notable book, and well worth reading. I suppose you have got Gardiner's new vols. anent the Duke of Buckingham. They are a little dull, I fear, but they clear up a great lot, especially that great mystery of the war with France in 1627. But I can't on Gardiner's own facts take his estimate of Buckingham. No doubt he was far from being the mere giddy fool Clarendon paints him; he was clever and active enough, but it is the cleverness and activity of a clever restless boy, not of a man, much less of a statesman. What he wanted was to make a noise somehow, and it didn't much matter how. I see he is going to make Charles and Laud the champions of "free inquiry" against the Puritan House of Commons. No doubt Laud's friendship with Chillingworth, etc., shows the Latitudinarians

felt that to a certain extent he was sailing in their boat, but only I think as the "party down" always travels in that boat, or as Liddon and his gang prattle Liberal commonplaces now. Beyond this the view seems to me a mere paradox.

I have settled to go southwards at the opening of March with the Macmillans—rather reluctantly for I am bitten with my Big Book and want to go on with it. But I am better out of England for March, no doubt; it is a long while since I had a holiday, and the run to the dear Italy will quicken me, as it always does, and send me back fresh to do better and larger-tempered work. I shall hurry them to Naples at once, and work back slowly northwards as the sun gets stronger.

. . . . . .

By-the-bye, thank Florence for the "Spring garland" that reached me a while ago. I should like to die hearing music and seeing flowers.

Good-bye. I am fairly well but a little tired with working and thinking just now. Little Book had sold two days ago 5500 copies, and is going off 100 a day, but that won't last. Was I cross and pettish a while ago? Macmillan says you say so. If I was, I am sorry, for I owe you much, and am still as ever, affectionately yours, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

4 BEAUMONT STREET, W.,
March 21, 1875.

I still trust you may be able to meet us before we go over Channel, dear Freeman. Mrs. Macmillan is naturally anxious to be off as early as possible, fearing fevers and what not in May, and insists on our starting on the 27th.

H. has bought a Muratori, happy man, and seems thoroughly Italy-bitten. I pressed him to take up

and do the History of Florence, the finest and most beautiful historic subject in the world, finer I think (take it all round) than Athens itself. But it could only be really written by a man Florentine in feeling—with equal sympathies, that is, for politics, commerce, art, letters, religion, such as those old Alighieri and Cavalcanti had. And then too he must *write*, and not do mere clerk's prose.

When I come back I shall set about the Library edition of Little Book, rewriting much (*e.g.* from Alfred to John, and Edw. III.), revising more, and adding after 1660 literature and art, etc., and continuing in a sort to present day. I think it is *righter* to do this first, though my soul is a-thirst for the bigger book I mean in years to come to supersede it by. I have already done three chapters (or 150 pp. print) of the first volume ("The Old English Kingdom"), *i.e.* a chapter on "The English in Old England," then "The English Conquest," then "The Northumbrian Overlordship." I think you will like the two first, especially the Old England one, in which I have used up *Beowulf*, Maine, and Tylor in the oddest way. How folk can have neglected Beowulf as they have done I can't conceive. Grant the difficulty about the date of the present song, one only needs read it to see that the whole air of the song is of the very earliest, that the picture of manners and feelings it presents is one of an age pre-Christian, etc., and that it really carries us back to a Jutland and England which our fathers dwelled in. One gets out of it a world of knowledge about them, not only about their life and warfare, but their art, their civilization, above all their moral feelings. For instance the love of the sea is the great ever-recurring theme; the land is as yet unloved, the in-land feared. Now this is just a trait which could only come in *very* early days, and yet nobody seems to have noted it one bit. I have indulged myself—in the pride of Little Book—in purchasing Kemble's *Beowulf*, two wee vols. for two

guineas: but it is well worth the money. Do you know *Beowulf?*

Good-bye. Peace be upon your Hacons and Foochows. I curse the day when I consented to examine for the Civil Service and spend this never-to-be-sufficiently detested March in England. Nevertheless I am not much the worse. Whisper "Flowers" in some kind Somerleazian ear for me! Good-bye, but *do come.*—Affectionately yours, J. R. GREEN.

I go and see Motley to-morrow; he sent a pretty message.

To Mrs. Humphry Ward

(1875.)

[Fragments.]

. . . . . .

Siena carried me right away; it ranks with Verona as *the* two Italian towns I love most henceforth. But I am too tired to do *Murray*, so I wait till we can look over my photographs together when I come down to Oxford. As yet the "great" things in my run have been the great circle of snow-mountains which swept round us at Siena and Milan, the fresh beauty of Verona with the snow covering the hills round it, the Emperor-reception at Venice, a crowd of golden gondolas with mediæval gondoliers suddenly flooding the waters of the Grand Canal like a picture of John Bellini or Carpaccio escaped from its frame and gone a little mad; my quiet two hours in the Arena Chapel at Padua, and my quiet hour in the Fra Angelico chapel at the Vatican (after which Raffælle sinks to the vulgar and (*illegible*) level); a great blood-red sunset in the Val d'Arno, a great gold sunset in the Maremma (with a silver lake of olives in the foreground), and a great violet and purple and gold sunset all over the Campagna as we entered Rome; Siena itself, the great temples at Pæstum after which Pericles sinks into a Greek of the Decadence; and *Garibaldi.*

It is ever hideous to see him with a group of fawning fools about him, but all the horrors of the group about him are fading out of my memory, and leaving nothing but the bare, brick-floored room, the camp bed, the worn homely face, so grand in its utter simplicity, the simple chatty address, all softened with the weariness of pain, the quiet kindly look of the small bright eyes, into which a light—such a light—stole once as he recalled a kind act of "you English, who have always been so good to me." I came away so hushed and stilled (the rest were infinitely amused!) from the presence of that greatness, that goodness! Heroem vidi.

Good-bye, dear M. I am very happy here. The À Courts, Halcombe, and other folk are here, so is Mahaffy, full of Greek things and refusing to look at Roman things, to refuse which *in Rome* argues a divine Hellenism. Very happy, but very tired and longing for home and the sight and sound of you all. Knocking about never does me good, but a few weeks' rest will put all straight. Little Book still sells 50 a day, and is in its fourteenth thousand, whereof let us rejoice. Good-bye. Kiss Dolly and give my love to Humphry. In spite of all my misdeeds you must never doubt of my love for you.—Ever yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

ROME, *May* 4, 1875.

I have managed to jog on for a month from Turin to Pæstum with only a couple of letters home, dear Freeman, but I mustn't quit Rome again without a word to you. Our journey has been a delightful one; the weather all through April was perfect, bright sunshine tempered by cool winds from the Apennines and the Alps, where the snow still lay white and deep. Now summer has at last broken, and the heat is driving us all beaten northward. I won't bother you with all

our doings on the regular track; my aim was in part to pick up some places which I had been forced to let go by in former years, such as Pavia, where three Eton masters pronounced themselves "bored beyond measure," but which failed to bore me, oddly enough! I came away with a great Lombard fit on and a great wonder why somebody hasn't writ a good story of the Lombard Conquest and Rule. It isn't near so fine a subject as one which tempted *me* in old days before I came down to humbler ways and "Short Histories," the story of the Goths, but it is easier to manage and full of delightful outlooks. Hen and chicken I mean to pick up going home if I can, as we missed Monza. My great new find has been Siena, which henceforth ranks with Verona in my fond affection, though Verona looked wondrous fair this time with the Alps all a-snow about her. Siena has no S. Zeno, but her Duomo is a grand thing, a really fine Romanesque nave widening out into a low broad dome of the same date, with broad transepts and choirs grouped round it. I never saw an interior more effective, more full of "points of view." In picturesqueness of street architecture Siena beats Verona all to fits; the streets are hill lanes, curving and mounting and falling in the queerest and most delightful way, and tumbling one out in a stage-surprise fashion down break-neck stairs into the grandest Town Square in all Italy, with none but fourteenth and fifteenth century things about it and a great tall Town-Tower springing up into the blue. I say Square, but it isn't a square at all, but an oval dipping in the middle, an old amphitheatre the guide-books say. As for sculptures and pictures I say nought, throwing no pearls before the—well, the black swans of Somerleaze. Likewise more southernly I picked up Pæstum, and poured out a libation to Poseidon that I might be suffered to return in the Bessemer. But the wine was very bad, and I doubt Poseidon, poor old thing, is grown deaf with hearing nothing so long. Oh, how jolly it was to feel in Hellas at last—never mind *which* Hellas—in real Hellas,

though t'other side of the Hadrian Sea! I felt a bit of a glow before even at Pompeii, when I got out of the Brighton-and-Burlington-Arcade streets and lighted on that grand bit of a Doric Temple, the only relics of the old Greek town before the Roman-Philisters turned it into a fashionable watering-place. *My* Hellenism, however, pales before that of Mahaffy whom we found here, here in Rome, refusing with scorn to look at any "Roman thing." He was on his way to Athens, and simply picking up stray bits of Hellenism, sculptures and what not by the road. One of his aims is to verify Greek busts; he doubts "Pericles," and a little doubts Alexander—whereat I wept and fled. Likewise he is seeking to know how Hellenic young women kept their clothes on, a question wrapt in the deepest mystery, and insoluble by the Highest Germany. Perhaps it was too insoluble for the Hellenic young women themselves, as to judge from the later sculptures they seem soon to have dropt the effort to keep their clothes on. Perhaps that is why Mahaffy calls the Periclean time the age of Decadence.

Let us chat about Rome. Old Parker is here and wondrous civil. I met him on Palatine Sunday sunset, and though I was near dropping with fatigue, he trotted me over his walls and wolf-caves till nature could stand no more. But really he is a good old soul and tells one such a lot that one throws him in his Romulus and Remus willingly. The newest thing on Palatine are diggings by the side of the "Steps of Cacus" (Sermone Parkerico), where a set of Augustan baths are turning up + a very early building which P. calls "Temple of Jupiter Feretrius," coolly bringing said Jupiter over from the Capitol for the purpose. In Forum they are creeping nearer to the temple of Antoninus and Faustina, but lighting on none save mediæval remains as yet. They are soon going to dig about the Church of Cosmas and Damian, where Parker puts Hadrian's Temple of Venus and Rome plus two other temples, though (granted the wonderful squashability of Roman buildings,

which all seem singing "We met, 'twas in a crowd!") I don't see where he is to find room for them. Till he does find room I shall still believe in the old site on the top of the Via Sacra. The diggings in Colisæum ruin the look of the building within, but are interesting in themselves. At the bottom of one of the corridors lies a huge "ship's stocks" all perfect though decayed, the stocks from which the galleys were hoisted up into the canals above. I was puzzled about these naumachiæ, but Parker speaketh thus, that two or three great galley canals, some ten feet deep, ran the whole length of the building, that the floor between these was thinly flooded with water so as to look like a great lake, that the naumachiæ consisted not in the galleys poking one another, which in parallel canals would be impossible, but in the crew of one striving to board the other, that when the fight was over the surface water was drawn off by a great sluice (the water in the canals remaining) and the canals boarded over so as to present a great open arena. I think this was fairly borne out by the brick-work he showed. As for "dens for eighty elephants" I pass them by, the sagacity of that wonderful beast being perhaps equal to stowing its form into the dens archæologists provide for it by a series of ingenious contrivances which my unelephantine mind cannot imagine. Likewise I leave the "lifts," unable as I am to conceive eighty elephants hoisted, each in his separate bandage, up to the light, as a ridiculus mus.

This morn at seven stood by my bed the great Parker and said, "Let us see the second wall of Rome." I went and saw. That is to say I saw somewhat and I saw where somewhat else ought to have been to see. P.'s notion is that the wall uniting Palatine and Capitol passed from the (Cœlian) end of the Palatine across or near the site of the present Colisæum, and thence severed the Velian from the Esquiline, and so on till it turns up again at the Forum of Augustus, then round Capitol to river, to Pulchrum Littus and "home again." What I saw of this was certainly the great "digging"

which cuts off the Velian, one of the grandest fosses in the world but not a bit too big for the scale on which builders like the builders of the wall on the Aventine would build. There was certainly a time when this cut the Velian off from the Esquiline, and such a cutting off must have united it somehow with the Palatine, no doubt, and so far Parker's ground seems good. But at the Colosseum end it rests on the number of enormous tufa blocks used in the substructures of that Amphitheatre, tufa being a stone never quarried in late times, and these blocks being simply from the old wall which "lay handy" for Imperial purposes. I own it seems possible to me that in a building hastily built and costing such enormous sums, the builder might quite conceivably quarry tufa for the substructures though it had long ceased to be used for general building purposes. At the other end (Forum of Augustus) we have the same question. Undoubtedly there are the tufa blocks —used-up relics of the old wall, says Parker. But is it not possible to use their presence as a negative of his original postulate—that "tufa is never used later," etc. —and to say "tufa is so used, and you see it used so here by Augustus and in the Colosseum by the Flavians." The strongest thing in favour of his theory is his statement that the base of the Torre de' Conti is of tufa blocks; if so I don't see what it could have been but a bastion-tower of this "Two-Hill" wall; but this base is now hidden. I am going this afternoon to see the Pulchrum Littus, etc., and may perhaps become clearer as to this wall, but I don't see as yet that it is proved. At the same time the fosse of the Velia is a very strong thing, and Parker is at any rate entitled to be listened to very carefully on the whole matter. He is really very sensible on all subjects save Romulus and Remus.

. . . . .

I hope you were comfortable in my lodgings. I bade them prepare much meat and drink.

Good-bye.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To Miss von Glehn

4 Beaumont Street, W.,
Monday, June 21, 1875.

I wish you wouldn't make a point of calling on the very rare occasions when I steal out from very weariness of being in and alone, dear Olga. I am going out this morning after an imprisonment of a couple of days, and a creepy feeling haunts me that on my return I shall find a note taunting me with my absence and continual festivities! If you would only behave like a sensible Mädchen and drop down here bag and baggage, occupy the spare bedroom and my new little back sitting-room and copy honestly for your living, you would banish from your fond fancy this dream-image of a strayed Reveller, and see me as I am, the most steady and stay-at-home of men.

As to copying you could really help me greatly if you would. But the "would" means that you would look on it in a *business* light, dear Olga, and on me as you look on Appleton, if only A. would stump up. Otherwise you doom me to copy for myself. Now come over and talk sensibly, *cara mia amica*, about this matter. With you behind me copying and chivying, and the press in front of me chivying and printing, I should soon stumble into the glory of four or five octavos. I am musing gloomily on the Pirate Copy which has arrived from New York, gorgeous in form, and margin, and type, a fine book, but a Felon! As I look on it my dream of a brougham fades away, and I fall back on the chance of a market-cart to jog through life with.

Don't let *me* fade into a "green mist," though I am always Green and generally missed. Leave that to the Paters. As you know, I shall never be a Pater (unless I adopt an orfin and become a deputy-Pater). Write a pretty postcard and tell me you are coming to tea with me on such and such a day in a business-

like and affectionate frame of mind. *Do*, or I will write to Seymour Haden for one of his wicked works! —Ever affectionately yours, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

4 BEAUMONT STREET, W.,
September 2, 1875.

MY DEAR FREEMAN—I go to Haslemere, the Roundells, on the 15th and we can have talk on many matters. A little perhaps on the *Fraser* article, which I have now seen, and which is a long and very violent attack on me, winding up with a short but more violent attack on *you*. You are a bull-dog, and I know not what. My critics come in for almost harder condemnation than I myself. The writer is a clever man, and clearly a careful and clear-headed man, and in spite of his violence of tone I should really feel grateful to him for pointing out so many blunders which I can correct. But the fact that I can correct them shows that I am not the mere historical Tichborne he paints me. There are slips, careless and discreditable slips, and I am sorry for them. But they are not blunders which affect the book itself; they do not show a real misreading of this period or that period; they are not the sort of errors which betray an unhistoric mode of looking at the course of things as a whole. There is a good deal of truth in what he says about my "incapacity for sustained attention," but as you know much of the book was written in moments of utter weakness and ill-health, when writing at all was distasteful, and nothing seemed worth taking pains about. Now I am so much better and merrier I wonder how in those years of physical pain and despondency I could have written the book at all.

I have but one wish, and that is to get the book right, and I don't like to feel angered at anybody who helps me to do this as this *Fraser* critic does. But, as John Morley who has had correspondence with him

says, his object is not so much to avenge Truth as to avenge Froude, and so he has turned what might have been a useful criticism into a fierce attack of a personal sort. He sums up all the misprints, gathers all the errors which have been pointed out in twenty reviews, and so makes a terrible list in which to work out his own corrections. But these are far from being infallible. In what he laughs at as my height of blundering, the death-scene of Chas. II., I am following the one account by an eye-witness which exists, and he follows clearly only Macaulay's account which is inaccurate. So in Richard III.'s case, as Clements Markham writes to me, my own statement is right and his wrong.

. . . . . .

Anent other matters. I send on your Thierry references by this post to Furnivall. Ranke's use of the word "Anabaptist" is not quite the confusion it seems. No doubt the Independent or Congregationalists had separated from the Anabaptist or Baptist congregation before both returned to England in 1640. But as opposed to the Episcopalians and Presbyterians they were looked on by their opponents, and to some extent by themselves, as one body. The real division was between the two ideas, Church (Episcopalian or Presbyterian) and Congregation (Baptist or Independent). This is the key to the whole period from 1640-1660; and as I have said in my book it only ceased to exist as a radical division when the Act of Nonconformity threw Presbyterian and Independent and Baptist together whether they would or no, and superseded the old distinction by that of Conformity and Nonconformity. During the Civil War the old phraseology "Anabaptist" is commonly used for both Baptist and Independent, always so by the King in his earlier proclamations, if I remember rightly, and to a great extent by the Presbyterians. J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

4 Beaumont Street,
November 11, 1875.

[Professor Stubbs refers to the incident mentioned in this letter in his last Statutory Public Lecture, May 1884. "Some of you I daresay remember a paragraph that went the round of the September papers years ago; and told how two persons, a stout and pompous professor and a bright ascetic young divine, met in a railway-carriage; how the burly professor aired his erudition by a little history lecture (an anticipation of the informal instruction of the Commissioners) on every object of interest that was passed on the road, and how each of his assumptions and assertions was capped by an answer from the ascetic divine which showed that he knew it all and knew it better. The professor at last, exasperated by the rejoinders, broke into a parody of the famous address of Erasmus, 'aut Morus aut diabolus,' substituting for Morus 'Johnny Green.'"]

I am so sorry to have missed you, dear Freeman, through my triplet to Oxford, from which I came back this even. I should like to have heard news from the Hadriatic, especially news with a slight flavour of gunpowder about it. How odd it must feel to have only a mountain chain between one and actual fighting — fighting too which looks like the small beginning of so great an end! Little Evans—son of John Evans the Great—has just come back from the Herzegovina which he reached by way of Lapland, having started from the Schools in excitement at the "first" I wrung for him out of the obdurate Stubbs, and has brought back lots of odd gems, very Greek and very small, with Orphic symbols graven on them, too wee for the naked eye to perceive. Did you pick up any? Anent Stubbs, I found the dear old boy much adown in soul concerning that story of him and

me and the Devil which got into the papers, and which made him out, he saith, "a boaster and a blasphemer." Likewise he was distraught with coveting Deaneries (one of which I see has just gone to Burgon! "*prodit ergo*" from S. Mary's, which they are about to pull down). I think I laughed and comforted him out of his troubles, and he has promised to turn Liberal if Dizzy don't give him Ripon, which Dizzy won't. I went to one of his private lectures, and learnt an awful lot about the politics of Richard II.'s time; but there were only ten folk there beside myself. Is not this abominable? The old chief groans, and says only the Dutchmen over the water appreciate him—they have just put him on the commission for editing the Pertz series, but so long as you and Bryce and I live there will be three Dutchmen *this* side of the water will appreciate him too anyhow!

Stubbs is "quite sure" that the heathen are gathering together against the whole kith and kin of us, and that my Irish friends in *Fraser* and the *Dublin* are only "the first drops of a coming storm," of which Max Müller's pamphlet on Theodoric—Dietrich is a part. I think this is all fancy, but others say the same. Anyhow, if it is to come I hope it will burst over you and me and not worry the dear old Professor who is terribly sensitive to this sort of writing. I dined with Max Müller on Tuesday, and he gave me his pamphlet, but said you and he were "old friends" and you would understand his views. It seems to me a very weak bit of work, and I take it you won't need all the health and vigour you have brought home from Dalmatia to dispose of it. But if you do anything, stick to the Theodoric and Max matter and leave Kingsley to quiet. He was a good fellow if he was a weak Professor, and you remember he told me frankly he gave up his Chair because your criticisms had made him feel he never ought to have taken it. Moreover, "de mortuis."

I met Maine and had a long chat with him about

you and many things. Likewise Fitz-James Stephen, Henry Sidgwick, Venn, Dicey, Lushington, and other nice folk,—all members of an Ad Eundem Club on to which I have been chosen. We dined at Christ Church, and strove after dinner to get out of "the House" by Canterbury Gate. But we were withstood by a proud young porter who would not open save that we produced the card of Harcourt with whom we had dined. Now Harcourt had left Christ Church a quarter of an hour before. So we put three Professors to the front, Maine, Bryce, and Henry Smith; but the proud young porter put to flight the three professors. Then we set in array the Cambridge men, with Fitz-James Stephen at their head; but the proud young porter drove back the Cambridge men. Then we held a Gemot, and I proposed that we should camp out for the night in the midst of Canterbury Mead and renew the fight on the morrow. But Bryce the wily one stole from the Gemot and privily entreated the proud young porter, sending his "Compliments to the Dean," and other wiliness, and so being tangled in his talk the warder let us go free. But see how great a thing it is to get out of "the House"!

I stayed two days with Jowett, who thinks rightly about the History School, and quite went with me in desiring more "book" and less "general views." So as I can't get anything done through our own Board of Studies, I think I shall strive to move the School through Jowett!—Ever affectionately yours, J. R. GREEN.

To Miss von Glehn

4 BEAUMONT STREET, W.,
December 1875.

I am the most luckless and the most lucky of men,—luckless in missing you,—lucky in having such a friend! My birthday is on the 12th,—but I'll shift it to the 9th if you like, only it will give me three days more in this wretched world which is hardly needful.

I like the little picters,—you and I playing with the young lambs in our innocent way in Spring-tide, or walking together in little pinafores under our big umbrella in the snow! How simple and artless it is, how true to our artlessness and simplicity! I vow I'll go and order a green brolly and a pinafore to-morrow!

I met Mrs. A. at the Macmillans t'other night,—she was really nice as she always is when she don't mock. You and I mock, dear Olga, as busy mockers mock,—lightly and gaily,—but there is a terrible something at the bottom of Mrs. A.'s mockery which scares me.

. . . . .

I am going to get up your present, so as to be ready for 1876. I have already committed to memory the dates and particulars of the four eclipses, and begin to-morrow on the Bank holidays and the Law Terms. What shall I not owe you?—Good-bye. J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

4 BEAUMONT STREET, W.,
February 26, 1876.

[Refers to the beginning of the larger history.]

I saw the *Athenæum* attack. When the new book comes out I expect as much of this as I got praise on the appearance of Little Book. There is, for one thing, the natural reaction against success; then there are my own faults, which I strive to correct but of which plenty are sure to remain; then there is the ill-will of the people who identify me with the "Freeman-school"; then there is the inevitable hostility of the "pragmatic historians" as the Germans call them, who comprize pretty well all the really historic men we have. The rest I can bear, but I shall feel keenly the condemnation of these last, such as Gardiner (just as I felt keenly those words of Pauli). I respect the men, and I know and have always owned how good and valuable their work is, nor do I think them at all unjust in denouncing me.

It is very natural that, working as they do to bring out the actual political facts and clear away loose talk, they should look jealously at what is in effect a protest against their whole conception of history, and what must look to many of them an attempt to bring the loose talk back again. I was immensely surprised at their praise of Little Book; it showed me—what I had always held—that no Englishman can ever really sink into the mere "pragmatic" standpoint of Germans like Ranke; but I felt then and I feel still that after all there *is* a contradiction between their notion of history and mine, and I shan't blame them if they fight for their own.

For me, however lonely I feel at times when I think of this, "I can no other," as Luther says. Every word I have written in reviews and essays through the last ten years went to the same point, to a protest, that is, against the tendency to a merely external political view of human affairs, and to a belief that political history to be intelligible and just must be based on social history in its largest sense. I have never wavered from this. Looking, of late, over the notes I made years ago from books like *Orderic* and *M. Paris*, I see in me the same conviction, the same attempt to get at men's lives and thoughts and feelings as a necessary condition of judging their political acts. Well, I may be altogether wrong in my theories, but it is better for me to hold to what I think true and to work it out as I best can, even if I work it out badly, than to win the good word even of some people I respect and of other people I love (for you, dear Freeman, would like it all the better if I wrote in your way and not in mine, which is natural enough). These forthcoming four volumes will do for a rough sketch of what I mean; if I live, I can make them better and better; if not, I shall have said my say, even with "stammering lips."

Two things at any rate, I am certain of,—first, however imperfect my work may be, it goes on the old traditional line of English historians. However

Gibbon may have been misled by Voltaire's habit of massing his social facts in chapters apart; however weak Hume's social attempts may be; however much Macaulay may look on social facts simply as external bits of ornament, all *profess* the faith I hold. Amidst all Palgrave's vague rhetoric, he throughout strives to ground his facts on a realization of the moral and religious temper of the time.

And then, secondly, I see that even those English historians who nowadays strive to be merely external and "pragmatic" (not being High Dutchmen) *can't*. Contrast your tone with Pauli's for instance, or even Gardiner's with Ranke. We English folk live in free human air, and it is impossible to us to sink into mere "paper-chasers." And so I don't doubt that the English ideal of history will in the long run be what Gibbon made it in his day, the first in the world; because it can alone combine the love of accuracy and external facts with the sense that government and outer facts are but the outcome of individual men, and men what body, mind, and spirit make them.—Yours affectionately, J. R. GREEN.

The view of history here put forward may be illustrated by a sentence in which Green on one occasion expressed his feeling as to the history he desired to write. "I shall never be content till I have superseded Hume, and I believe I shall supersede him—not because I am so good a writer, but because, being an adequate writer, I have a larger and grander conception than he had of the organic life of a nation as a whole."

To E. A. Freeman

4 BEAUMONT STREET, W.,
March 18, 1876.

[The *Stray Studies from England and Italy*, here called "Square Book" from its original form, had just appeared, and Freeman had complained of some of the

papers included. In 1875 Green visited Sir M. E. Grant-Duff at Hampden; who thus describes the impression made on him: "Green, whom the more I see of him, the more I think likely to be, if he lives, the greatest English historian who has yet been, with the exception of Gibbon" (*Diary*, i. 116). "I never had it so much brought home to me," he wrote to Green in 1883, "that the real historian is an animal different from and of a superior order to ordinary human beings who possess the power of narration as I did when I saw the effect produced on your mind by the view from Whiteleaf Cross." The passage in the *History* (vol. iii. p. 176) was, as Green told Sir M. E. Grant-Duff in 1877, inspired by his drives through the Hampden country.]

My dear Freeman—Thanks many for your corrections and suggestions on my sheets,—of course your praise was an encouragement just now. I will go over the whole with a view to removing that air of cock-sureness which you notice, and which would certainly be a fault. But substantially I have in no case (at least consciously) gone beyond what Stubbs and Guest have said before me. Only when one puts their conclusions by themselves as facts, and works them up into pictures by help of a study of the geographical and archæological data which one can get hold of, no doubt the result is a bit more positive than one intended. But I think this can be remedied by a few words here and there. I still look on the whole story as one which is a mere outline of what it might be if one could devote oneself to a full and detailed study of the *ground*, and of the remains—roads—inscriptions etc., of Roman Britain. The bit of work I did for myself (having no Guest help) in the campaign against Aylesbury, Newbury, etc. which I was able to study by Grant Duff's driving me about when I stayed at Hampden showed me how much might be done. What did you think of those coincidences of the old Roman Town-boundaries with the modern county-

borders? I own I leapt with joy when I saw for the first time why Oxfordshire was shaped like a double pudding bag.

My own belief is that Engle is the older name of the whole folk. But I have no right to set myself against all you wise people on the point,—and above all in a popular book where I can't give my reasons. So I will change matters as Stubbs and you wish,—for the present.

I took it that most people would say what you say about the lighter papers in Square Book. But I resolved to have one book at least to my own taste when I have to write volume after volume in compliance with other peoples' taste; and as, rightly or wrongly, I think "Children by the Sea" the most perfect literary thing I have ever done, and as I have no sort of sympathy with the feeling which puts social essays below historical volumes, or Addison beneath Gibbon, I told Macmillan he must publish this book for *my* reading, and not for the world's. He has made so much from Little Book that he can afford to drop a couple of hundred on "Square."

I have just looked over your set of Architectural Essays in Italy. They are full of valuable and suggestive matter; is it too late to suggest that you should use them as materials for a book rather than as essays in their present form? At any rate, if you publish them as they are, I think you would greatly increase the value of the book, and further its sale, by putting at the very beginning a paper on early Romanesque, expanding what you have said at the opening of "Romanesque Architecture in Venetia," and pointing clearly out the general conclusions to which your Italian studies in that matter have led you. This should be well illustrated with little drawings of such things as "mid-wall shafts" of which ninety-nine readers out of a hundred know nothing, etc. These little engravings inserted in the page are now done easily and very cheaply, and save a vast deal of "explaining" in words. With this prefatory paper the

readers would have a clue to the thought and purpose of the after essays which would double his interest. I am quite sure that it would have a great effect on the circulation of the book. But I don't think you must expect this to be large, as so few people care about the technical part of architecture. I am afraid, too, that,—in spite of your explanation,—the geographical whirlings about from one part of the world to another, and yet more the chronological backwards and forwards will be much against it. However, I need not bother you with these things as I submitted them to you before, and you were unable to avail yourself of them. But I think you might consider my suggestion about the introduction.

I note a phraze which might be mistaken about the Fondaco dei Turchi at Venice. It belonged not to Turks but to Venetian merchants trading with Turkey, just as an E. India House did not belong to Hindoos!

I have tried three people with "Venetian March," and they all take it for a piece of music. Could you say "Border Land?"

I am still,—as I was years agone,—in amaze at your hatred of Italian names for Italian churches. I could bear every name in English or every name in Latin,—eccentric as the last would be. But why "we have spoken of the Duomo of S. Fredianus, and of S. Michael?" No Lucchese person says S. Fredianus or S. Michael—no person talks of S. Paulus of London or drives to S. Dionysius near Paris. It looks simply as if you had a contempt for Italian as a language which one ought to avoid using even when dealing with Italy. "S. Petronio" at Bologna is known everywhere,—why talk of S. Petronius? I have stayed a month in Verona and never heard of "S. Firmus." At any rate, if you do this to Italy do it to Germany and France. I must say it rather riles me that you should make people think you despise the dear land over the Alps. Good-bye.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

4 Beaumont Street,
March 21, 1876.

My dear Freeman—In working your corrections into my text, I find myself in a difficulty which I must face before I can go on printing, and in which *I should be glad of your help*. As I told you, I made up my mind to yield to you, Stubbs, and Bryce on the "English" question; and I have been going through my proofs resolving the word wherever it occurs into "Jute" or "Saxon" as the case may be. But I find I must have some rule to go by, and as yet I am without one. I find myself without any sort of guide as to the date when it becomes right to speak of a Jute or a Saxon as Englishmen. The old rule was to state that in 800 Ecgberht made Angle and Saxon into Anglo-Saxon; and that in 1066 William made Anglo-Saxon + Norman into Englishmen. Then came the Lappenberg æra which took them as Anglo-Saxon from the beginning till 1066, and then made Anglo-Saxon + Norman into Englishmen. Then came the early-Freeman-and-Guest time in which the Anglo-Saxon was wholly abolished, and Englishmen were held to have been in the beginning, are now, and ever shall be. Now we have reached the late-Freeman-and-Stubbs-and-High-Dutchmen-time in which Englishmen are held not to have been in the beginning, but to have come into being—when?

. . . . . .

I have never seen any way of accounting for the use of the word "English" by a West Saxon or a Jute at any time, save by taking it to have been throughout the general name of the whole people, the older general name which underlay the special designations of Saxon or Jute. On any other theory one has to suppose a taking up of the name at some time or other, for which there is no evidence, and at a time which it is impossible to fix.

But I really don't want to raise the question in general. I am quite ready to give way—only I do want *some sort of rule.* As to the only people I really care about (for you know I was born the right side of the Thames) there is no difficulty. Thank God they always called themselves Englishmen (for with Bæda's "Angli" staring me in the face I will have nothing to do with making imaginary differences between "Engle" and "English," making in other words one people out of a substantive, and another out of an adjective!). It is merely for those wretched Jutes and benighted Saxons that I am concerned. When—on the present theory—am I to take it that God gave them the grace to bear the name of Englishmen?—Ever yours in haste, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

4 BEAUMONT STREET,
March 24, 1876.

Thanks for your explanations of this morning, my dear Freeman. They come to this, I suppose, that Jutes and West-Saxons and East-Saxons can only properly be called English from Ælfred's time; but that by a conventional usage the term may be employed beforehand in *general* cases, so as to express the after-unity of the people at large, and our identity with them. *You* would limit this "beforehand" by the date 449 while *I* carry it further back. But if one is careful to point out that whether on this or that side of 449 the word is used in this conventional and anticipatory way; and if one removes (as I removed a month ago) all phrazes which imply a *real* use of the word by the people themselves, I don't think any one can reasonably object. And this I think I can do without "notes" or "appendices." Of course my only aim is to drive into my readers' heads from the very opening that they are not reading about "furriners," and perhaps what you denounce as over-statements in Little

Book have done good in this way, just by dint of their being over-statements.

But as I said before, speaking simply for myself, and not as a writer, etc., I see only one fact—that at the very first time these people get a chance of telling us about themselves in their own tongue, they call all (Jutes and Saxons alike) English, and the tongue of all English too. Of this being the result of a "process" of change, of their "beginning to feel one people and call themselves by a common name," I see no evidence whatever. . . .

It is odd that I was saying to Bryce two nights back just what you say in your note, that the one difficulty really in the way of the whole matter is the existence and greatness of the Old Saxon.

Pray pat me on the head for my submissiveness and obedience.—Ever yours, J. R. GREEN.

To A. Macmillan

4 BEAUMONT STREET, *June* 15, 1876.

MY DEAR MACMILLAN—I have now given the subject of an *Historical Review* all the consideration I can, and have come to a definite conclusion that none of the projects which have as yet been suggested is likely to command a practical success.

It is necessary at the outset to recall what the original notion of such a review was, and why such an organ was desired. What Ward and Bryce wanted was just what Germany and now France possesses, a purely scientific organ of historical criticism, and means of information as to the progress of historical study at home and abroad. This was a perfectly definite scheme, and one of real utility; one too which would undoubtedly raise sympathy and secure even unpaid support among a certain section of historic scholars. But its character was to be scientific and not popular, and the literary tone of articles was to be entirely subordinate to their critical character.

I recall this because it marks precisely the aim which the projectors of the *Review* had at first, and the aim which, amidst all subsequent changes, they have kept in view. To the purely historic scholars who would form the backbone of its staff, the end of the *Review* would be *this* and no other. If literary treatment or notices of current events or political events were admitted, they would simply be regarded as means of securing the publication of the critical matter which they succeeded in floating. But they would create no interest or next to none among the writers who would undertake the purely historical work. *Their* interest would be wholly with what remained of the original plan.

Such a plan being found impracticable, I suggested the modification of it which has served as a basis of our negotiations. Retaining the strictly historical character of original articles, reviews, and notes of historic progress at home and abroad, I suggested that in these as in all its contents literary excellence should be required; and that a larger circulation might be obtained; (1) by including in each number an elucidation of some pressing subject of the day from a purely historic point of view (*e.g.* in this present state of the Turkish question, a detail of the internal history of Turkey, its reforms, etc., from the close of the Crimean War till now; or should questions affecting the Church come into prominence an examination of the relative weight of the Church and the Non-conformist bodies at each stage in our history from the Reformation); (2) by inserting in each number careful and philosophical biographies of persons of contemporary eminence; (3) by claiming for historic treatment the outer history of literature, science, etc., in their direct relations to national life; and (4) by closing each number with a summary of European events during the quarter, done by some semi-political semi-scientific person like Grant Duff. I still think this plan the best which has been proposed; but the objections to it are grave. It falls, like all schemes of the

kind, between two stools. Such a review would in great part be too scientific for the general reader—not indeed to read, but to take any real interest in. On the other hand, it would be too popular in form to secure any warm or enthusiastic sympathy from those who desire a scientific organ of historical research. Its almost inevitable tendency would be as the desire for "success" pressed on editor and publisher to become more and more popular, and less and less scientific in tone. And this would simply bring the *Review* to the level of those Quarterlies which at present exist—better written, it may be—and with a greater repute for "information" and accuracy, but still hardly distinguishable from a very superior number of the *Edinburgh*, and cut off from resources which the *Edinburgh* possesses,—the resource of a settled political tradition, and above all the ability to secure in each quarter what variety of subjects one likes. Remember what reviews of travels, for instance, or of great scientific works, or of great literary works, have done for our Quarterlies, and consider what would be the chance of a rival review, hardly distinguishable from them in character by the general reader, and cut off from such subjects of general interest as these.

It was, I think, a just sense of these difficulties, and of the chance which such a plan presented of compromising the political character of the review without really securing a popular sale, which made Ward press for a more distinct political line. To this, however, the objections seem to me fatal. It would militate even more against the historical authority which such an organ was intended to possess; it would inevitably cut off from it—if not the whole literary aid—at any rate the warm sympathy of some of our more prominent historical scholars (I am assuming the tone of its politics to be liberal); while the political divisions of the liberal party just now would throw its political direction into the hands of some section of Liberalism, whose support would be of little

value. The more I reflect the less chance of success does there seem to be for either of these two last-named schemes,—my own or Ward's. I am inclined to think that what those who need an historic organ had better do, would be to recur to the original plan of a small and purely scientific publication, counting on a small circulation supported by a list of subscribers, and written without payment. This, however, requires simply a printer not a publisher.

For myself, even independently of these general considerations as to the success of such a review I do not see in any case my way to undertaking the conduct of it. It is better to say plainly that as things stand now I do not possess that confidence of historic scholars which the editor of such an organ *must* possess. I should be looked upon then by the bulk of them as a person imposed on the review by the unhappy necessity of securing a publisher and a popular circulation, and as the representative not of the scientific but of the non-scientific element in it. The justice of this is not to the purpose here; but I must own that for my own part I feel my historic tendencies to be sufficiently at variance with the general tendency of historic research just now to give such sentiments a certain colour of truth. In any case, their existence would be fatal to that warm support which could alone enable an editor to conduct such a review.

I have other and as important work to do, and my health gives me small time to do it in. I own too I shall feel freer in the doing it if I am not placed in an official relation towards a number of historic scholars who sympathise little or not at all with what I want to do in the writing of history, and who would probably feel themselves disagreeably compromised by a connection with the doer of it. I have, therefore, resolved to decline *finally* the post of editor of such a review.

I fear this is a terribly long letter. But I do not wish to return to the subject, unless new and more

likely plans are suggested, and I thought it better to say here all I had to say.—I am, dear Macmillan, faithfully yours, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

4 BEAUMONT STREET, W.,
August 30, 1876.

[Freeman's new works are *Historical and Architectural Sketches*, 1876; and *History and Conquests of the Saracens*, 1856 (new edition in 1876).]

You are responsible for grave excesses last night, dear Freeman; for the arrival of your two new books kept me up to what Clark calls "that Godless hour of midnight." However, I ran through all the *Saracens* and most of the *Sketches* before I got to bed; which shows that you have one devoted reader in the world. The *Saracen* is an old friend, which I found I remembered well though I read it seven years ago, and which I still put in some ways high among your works. That is to say it condescends a good deal more to your readers than your later work does. When you wrote it you had clearly a much closer sense of what people know, and what people don't know, than you have now. Perhaps this is because you were addressing not readers but hearers—for I noted the same characteristics in your Welsh address which has served as accompaniment to my luncheon. By-the-bye, I rejoiced much over "the sacred Tor" of Glastonbury. In this way the book stands wonderfully in contrast with the *Sketches*, which assume in their readers a wondrous knowledge of historical and Italian matters—not to mention "midwall shafts." Of course, I wish you could have found time to put in two or three chapters on "Crusades," "Turks," and "Fall of Mahommedanism" down to Khiva and Bokhara conquests, but you are right not to stop more important work for this. I noted too with a little amusement what I always note in myself, the inevitable effect of Gibbon on one's style after a good reading of

him. "I hasten to account," and a lot of such phrases are absolute Gibbon. By-the-bye, do you really adopt the burning of Alexandrian library by Omar?

. . . . . .

For me—I am just now pretty well, and so working hard. I find myself obliged to let my book take its own way, and so have only got to the eve of the Conquest. It is possible after all that my first volume may not get beyond 1070. What makes it so big is the attempt I am making to take a more European view of matters than I did, and I find that "ultramarine" is a colour which spreads a good way over the canvas. Just now I am wild with excitement at the results which come out if one works English, Norman, and Papal history side by side—say from 1047-53. Of course my conclusions or rather suggestions may turn out very wild hitting; but with me the impulse to try to connect things, to find the "why" of things, is irresistible; and even if I overdo my political guesses, you or some German will punch my head, and put things rightly and unintelligibly again. I can only work in my own way, and when I find facts which wont tell or even hint their "why" I find I lose all pleasure in working and simply take to Miss Braddon.

There is a chance that—if other folks will go—I may go to Algiers for the winter instead of Capri. I should like to touch the East—even if it were but with one little finger—and an East too French-varnished. I fancy too that just as I got a new way of looking at Northern matters from my stay in Italy, I may get a new way of looking at all Christian and European matters by sojourning on African ground a few months. A "nigger-view" of history would be a novelty.

Let us hope you have set somebody writing a History of Wales—even if it starts a bit short of the Flood. One is really all at sea. For instance, I see you make Cadwallon (Hevensfield C.) a Strathclydean leader somewhere. Why? The common books about Wales say "ap-Gwynnedd." Of course Strathclyde is

the likelier for the run of the story, but I did not venture to doubt the Welshmen.

Good-bye.—Ever yours affectionately,

J. R. GREEN.

To Mrs. Humphry Ward

4 BEAUMONT STREET, W.,
October 9, 1876.

I read your I. R. on Spanish chronicles with a good deal of pleasure, dear M. I hope it means you are setting in earnest to the history of early Spain. Every cobbler loves his own last, and you won't quarrel with me for preferring English to Spanish history, or for demurring to your statement about the superiority of Spanish chronicles to those of other lands. Surely a series which begins in the thirteenth century is a very young and pickaninny series. How can it compare in interest with English or Italian or German or French chronicles; and as to the individual chroniclers has Spain any really of the same intellectual level as Villani, Froissart, and Commines, the German historian of Frederick I., or the English historian of Henry III.? However you are quite right to fall in love with your subject,—nobody does any good with any work he does not fall extravagantly in love with. That is why all the cool-headed young Oxford men fail to do any good in the world. And with what you say of the dramatic superiority of Spanish history up to Ferdinand and Isabella, I go wholly. It is great luck to have the Moor always to peg away at; greater luck to have two religions, two civilizations, two social and ecclesiastical developements always face to face. I have but one fear. It is suggested by your own talk about Arabic at the end of the article. Shall you wait to begin till you can read Arabic? Pray do not fix the appearance of the book for the Greek Kalends. It is only the weak people who long for an impossible perfection, and so never reach even the possible imperfect.

Anyhow, dear M., *begin*, and begin your *book*.

Don't do "Studies" and that sort of thing. I see how much time I wasted in that way,—time I can't get back again. Begin your *book* and begin it *at the beginning*. One's book teaches one everything as one writes it; it forbids one to pick and choose; it forces one to face the difficulties; it gradually gets a power of its own over one and makes one think and write better than one could think and write apart from it. Above all, it takes hold of one. It draws one to the desk. It creates a taste for work and for continuous work; it begets a longing to see the thoughts that crowd on one as one works it out,—to see the thing "finished."

To E. A. Freeman

25 CONNAUGHT STREET,
December 1, 1876.

[*Ginx's Baby* (1870), which made a great sensation at the time, was written by Mr. J. E. Jenkins, member for Dundee from 1874 to 1880.]

You see I am in new quarters, dear Freeman,—quarters very nigh to Bryce, with a noisy street afore me, and behind me a quiet graveyard where lieth Laurence Sterne. I have got four rooms, so that I can buy a few more books,—in these days of *Norman Conquests* in five volumes of a thousand pages each books are great space devourers,—and have made them a bit daintier and prettier than the rooms of old. When shall you come and see them?

Possibly you may come to the Conference on Eastern matters. I have been to one Committee meeting, gaining little from it of instruction in Turkic affairs, but getting a sight of "Ginx" without his Baby, whereat I rejoiced. Likewise I rejoiced to see the poet Morris,—whom Oliphant setteth even above you for his un-Latinisms—brought to grief by being prayed to draw up a circular on certain Eastern matters and gravelled to find "English words." I insidiously persuaded him that the literary committee had fixed on him to

write one of a series of pamphlets which Gladstone wants brought out for the public enlightenment, and that the subject assigned him was "The Results of the Incidence of Direct Taxation on the Christian Rayah," but that he was forbidden to speak of the "onfall of straight geld," or other such "English" forms. I left him musing and miserable. I am still loyal to the great man at Hawarden; but why does he set us little folk to speak and himself so resolutely hold his peace? And why does he want us to publish a paper called *The Star in the East?* I suggested that we should ask him if we could get the Magi to edit it. Seriously, I don't think any good thing will come out of the Conference. The people that know anything about the question in it are (save Bryce and one or none else) mere "Christian sympathisers," and the people who would take a really political view seem to know nothing of the facts. I think you will like Bryce's article in the *Fortnightly*. It is a great comfort to me to have him so near, and to find our opinions so at one on these Eastern matters. You know that he brought back a fever from Ararat. *He* says Poti, but Ararat sounds better. Anyhow he is getting all right again now, and we have pretty talks on politics and history.

I am wonderfully well and cheery just now; and so I could not make up my mind to run off to the Nile, and leave my book to gaze on Khedives and hippopotami. But I get on very slowly. I have done all the Godwine and Harold part; but the chapter on the Ethelred time was so bad—such a mere string of facts and battles—that I have cancelled it, and am now musing how to make a better one. I quite see that from Eadred's day, at any rate, the upgrowth of feudalism, and its fight with the monarchy which has just come so strong and great out of the war with the Danelagh, is the true keynote of our history: I see too, that while oversea feudalism was strong enough to get its own way, here it wasn't; and that it was the neutralization of both forces, monarchy and feudalism,

by their almost balanced strife which left England open to the Swegen and Cnut attack. The thing is getting clear to me, but I shall have to sit and moon over the fire a bit more on these winter evenings before I get it quite straight and to my liking. After that, things are pretty manifest: though I hope I haven't gone too far in striving to bring out the relation of England to the European world in Godwine's day. The more and more I study him, the greater he seems. But Harold! I *cannot* feel any interest in *him;* he is *so* dull, so exactly the glorified image of the respectable grocer who wishes to die a vestryman! By-the-bye, imagine my delight on finding t'other day the notes of "Senlac" I made on the ground when we visited Battle together long agone. Likewise I have routed out my notes made on our Norman tour. They brought back such a flood of pleasant recollections.

I have done learning to speak French, being able just to stammer along, and shall begin German in January, cursing much the people who *would* build the tower of Babel. Then, thank God, I don't see that I need learn one language more. I met Sweet t'other day, and talking of Dictionaries he said the only English Dictionary he should care a straw for would be one of spoken, not written, English. He seemed to regard literature as a blot and excrescence upon language which could not be sufficiently abhorred. After all, there was a good deal of truth in his talk. So he wants children taught to conjugate, "I'm going, you're going, he's going," and "I'll go, we'll go," and so on, as people speak, and "aint," "aren't," "shan't" adopted as grammatical forms. To all which I inclined mine ear, loving much the confusion of schoolmasters and grammatici.

Good-bye! How's Ruddy Bill,[1] the real old English gentleman, as you want us to hold him, getting on?

J. R. GREEN.

[1] "William Rufus is my ideal gentleman," Freeman says in a letter to Miss Thompson.—*Life*, ii. p. 80.

To E. A. Freeman

25 CONNAUGHT STREET,
December 21, 1876.

MY DEAR FREEMAN—I am glad Pauli is coming to a righter mind. Just now I am doing William and Harold—it is curious in reading my books over again to see how little time and fresh knowledge have changed the views I took of the house of Godwine ten years ago, as I find them written in my notes and imagination. It is a great comfort to have their side put as thoroughly as it ever can be put in your book; I feel that I know now all that can be said against the views I hold, and the fact that reading and re-reading what you say I still feel their case to be so weak gives me some sort of hope that I am not being misled by mere "fads" and one's natural ingenuity. It certainly does seem to me that the success of William was due mainly to the long-nursed ambition of Godwine and his house. But though I have read and re-read every word of your big volumes and am ever turning back to them, I have made up my mind to make no reference to you in any points where we disagree, but only where we agree. I will give my authorities, but I will take my chance of people's saying, "On this point he has not weighed what Mr. F. has said," rather than enter into controversy with a master and a friend. I tell you this that when you see the book you may understand why I speak and why I don't speak. Generally indeed I think the plan is the right one: it takes away from one's notes that air of controversy and personal conflict which is so odious in itself and so likely to hinder the just consideration of historical facts. I used to be eager for fighting, but as one nears forty one gets peaceful, and forty is only twelve months off from me now. . . .

A. is full of schemes for a Liberal paper; but I take little interest in it, for it seems to me that the Liberalism of the "Academical Liberals" is but half-an-inch in front of that of the Whigs, and that of the Whigs but an

eighth of an inch in front of that of the Tories, and *non curo de minimis*, as Lord Eldon used to say. The only questions I care for are questions fifty years ahead and which I shall never live to see even discussed, such as the entire revolution of our higher education, Oxford and Cambridge having previously been ground into powder and the place thereof sown with salt and left as a place for dragons.

My own Christmas dinner I take for the first time in my life with my family. It is so odd to think of myself as an uncle. I should have laughed at twenty if one had told me that forty would find me wifeless and childless. But so it is, and I shall go and play "Uncle John" at Christmas to the children of wiser and happier folk. . . . Fare thee well.—Affectionately yours, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

25 CONNAUGHT STREET,
February 1877.

MY DEAR FREEMAN—Bismillah! you are a great man: multitudes rise to greet thee and Ex-Premiers visit thee! Humphrey Sandwith—whom I have just met all brown from Servia—tells me he is coming down to you, as if Somerleaze were now the Mecca of the Eastern Question. Ah well! let the sunshine come and the summer-tide, and I will do my pilgrimage to Mecca!

But it is not of the Eastern Question I want to write now, but of another. I have induced Macmillan to follow up my *Short History* with a series of like books—like, I mean, in form and extent; and I am pressing Bryce to do a Short History of Rome. *You* I want to press for a Short History of the Greek Folk. You sketched for me one day your notion of what such a book should be—the story of Hellas the Sporadic in all its geographical and temporal extension—and it has been haunting me ever since. I am sure we should both die the happier were it done. . . . I have no doubt such a book would beat the Smiths and the

Schmitzes out of the field, and yield you a good annual return. Moreover it would do more to get right notions into the heads of the Many-Folk, of Herr Omnes, than a thousand Grotes. Moreover it would put Greek History for the first time *on a right basis*, and we should die with the thought that something had been done for Hellas! . . .—Ever yours, dear F.,

J. R. GREEN.

To Miss Stopford

February 2, 1877.

I am still working fast and well, having at last started fairly on the beginning of my three volumes after dabbling in them at every other point than the beginning. I feel now the enormous difference in point of literary power—power I mean especially of handling my materials—between now and the day when I wrote my *Short History*. I had written heaps of things before, of course, essays and papers and the like; but between these and the writing a *book* there is a great gulf, and in some ways the very excellences I had fancied in writing these small things stood in my way when setting to the larger task. All through the earlier part of "Shorts" I see the indelible mark of the essayist, the "want of long breath," as the French say, the tendency to "little vignettes," the jerkiness, the slurring over the uninteresting parts, above all the want of grasp of the subject as a whole. I learnt my trade as I wrote on; a different sort of work begins with Edward I.: but it is not till I reach the New Learning that I feel a freedom from that fatal "essayism." I think that my new book will be pretty free from it throughout—at least I am striving to make it free—the only dread is lest in my sternness of resolve I make it dry and dull; (certainly, as far as work goes, it will be a far more *thorough* book than "Shorts").

You see I should make a harsher critic of my own work than any of my reviewers. I hope I always shall. But I love it too, though I see its faults.

February 21, 1877.

Last night I met Gladstone—it will always be a memorable night to me; Stubbs was there, and Goldwin Smith and Humphrey Sandwith and Mackenzie Wallace whose great book on Russia is making such a stir, besides a few other nice people; but one forgets everything in Gladstone himself, in his perfect naturalness and grace of manner, his charming abandon of conversation, his unaffected modesty, his warm ardour for all that is noble and good. I felt so proud of my leader—the chief I have always clung to through good report and ill report—because, wise or unwise as he might seem in this or that, he was always noble of soul. He was very pleasant to me, and talked of the new historic school he hoped we were building up as enlisting his warmest sympathy. I wish you could have seen with what a glow he spoke of the Montenegrins and their struggle for freedom; how he called on us who wrote history to write what we could of that long fight for liberty! And all through the evening not a word to recall his greatness amongst us, simple, natural, an equal among his equals, listening to every one, drawing out every one, with a force and a modesty that touched us more than all his power.

February 22, 1877.

To-night I am dining at Dean Stanley's—which is a joke. I used to go there often, but after my review of his *Westminster Abbey* in the *S. R.* Lady Augusta avenged herself by not dining me, and this is a sort of reconciliation dinner, I suppose—though as a matter of fact Stanley and I have always been on very good terms. If it were not for this I should not go out to-night, for I feel a little monition of cold, and somehow I feel tired still.

February 23, 1877.

I see the danger of movement, but I see no chance of the possibility of finally standing still; and as that

is so, I begin to see that there may be a truer wisdom in the "humanitarianism" of Gladstone than in the purely political views of Disraeli. The sympathies of peoples with peoples, the sense of a common humanity between nations, the aspirations of nationalities after freedom and independence, *are* real political forces; and it is just because Gladstone owns them as forces, and Disraeli disowns them that the one has been on the right side, and the other on the wrong in parallel questions such as the upbuilding of Germany or Italy. I think it will be so in this upbuilding of the Sclave.

February 25.—I shall do far better work than Little Book before I die; but there is a fire, an enthusiasm in one's first book that never comes again. I felt as if I were some young knight challenging the world with my new method, and something of the trumpet ring is in passage after passage. But it is full of faults, unequal, careless, freakish, with audacity often instead of a calm power, only rising when the subject caught me, and hurrying over topics I didn't fancy. There is a good deal of *me* in it, but I shall have a nobler, a juster, a calmer *me* to reflect in other books.

. . .

To Mrs. Creighton

RICHMOND HOUSE, CHESTER,
March 4, 1877.

Yes, dear Louise, I am going to be married, but I am not going to carry out any foolish statements I have made about "absorption" or friend-forgetting. So far from it that I was planning with Alice only this morning a wild wandering after our marriage in June, which took us through Westmoreland Lakes and Scotch Lakes round to the Border country, and dropped us for our first visit as wedded folk in Embleton Vicarage! I do intend, however, after this and a few other "episodes" to find my way over the water, and to move slowly to winter quarters at Rome.

Your mention of the old days at Peak Hill brings them back to me with a strange vividness! What an odd circle it was of men with how different destinies! Well, that memory of the earnest, resolute girl who came into the midst of it with her love of knowledge and love of right, "young" certainly but *not* "very foolish," because there is no wiser thing in the world than the love of those two things, that memory is one of the pleasantest of all that time, as it is assuredly one of the *best*. It was a great crisis in my life, Louise, though none of you then knew it; I stood on the very brink of a moral wreck; and if I was saved, perhaps the steady right-mindedness of a certain Louise von Glehn, moving amidst that sceptical self-indulgent circle, with her resolute spirit of love and duty, had more to do with it than she knew. . . .—Yours ever,

J. R. GREEN.

To Miss Kate Norgate

CHESTER, *March* 5, 1877.

. . . It is only by seeing things ourselves that we can make others see them. When criticism has done its work comes the office of the imagination, and we dwell upon these names till they become real to us, real places, real battles, real men and women—and it is only when this reality has struck in upon us and we "see" that we can so describe, so represent that others see too.

Let your own instinct guide you in this. There are certain figures, certain events, figures like that of Fulk the Black for instance, events like the marriage of Geoffrey and Maud, that either in their natural picturesqueness or their immense results strike the imagination at once and raise it to their realization. Take such points as they come home to you, let your mind play on them, write when you feel they are real and life-like to you, do not be afraid of exaggeration or over-rhetoric (that is easily got rid of later on), but just strive after *realization* and you will write

history. The other and dimmer facts will take light and form from the portions that have started into life. My own advice to you is "Go on." Your work is good, and you will do better as you work on.—Yours faithfully, J. R. GREEN.

To Miss Stopford

25 CONNAUGHT STREET,
March 19, 1877.

This "revision" and "cutting down" is weary work; I long for it to be over, and to feel myself free again to find out and tell *new* things. I don't think I *could* do it, but for the thought I am working for you, working to secure you from anxiety about income whatever happens to me.

March 20, 1877.

Shall you think me "cracked" if I talk again of my Primers? They are so much on my mind that I cannot help talking of them. I find by a report I drew up for Macmillan that I have brought out nine, which are selling about 100,000 copies a year; and that I have three more in the press—Miss Yonge's *France*, Dowden's *Shakespeare*, and Wilkins's *Roman Antiquities;* and that eight more are promised, including Primers from Professors Nichol, Jebb, Seeley, Max Müller, from Grove, Brooke, Furnivall, and J. R. G. I felt a little proud to have organized and carried out such a scheme in three years or so; and to have besides projects in my head for at least twenty more little books in the same series. When I gave up my clerical work I felt a little sad that I should find no more sphere for a power of organization which I had discovered in myself while busied with the large parishes I had to take in hand; but life has its resources, and in organising a series like this on principles which must influence the whole course of schoolbooks, and so of education after I am gone, I

don't think I have done much worse than at Stepney or Hoxton.

There is a choice lot of vanity! I am too proud to be vain as a rule, you see, but we must have a little flutter, and cock-crow now and then.

March 24, '77.

. . . I had a pleasant morning at Roundell's house, for he had invited a dozen of our head-mistresses to a sort of conference with one or two of the Council, and nothing could have been more interesting or instructive. I rather grudged giving up my history morning for it, but I should have been sorry to miss it. I was struck with the practical and governmental *sense* of the mistresses; while on the other hand I saw how needful was a general Council such as ours which could look at every detail in the broad light of its bearing on education itself. . . .

Remember my theory of life is no mere indolence theory. I have worked hard and mean to work hard on things which have a worthy end and use. What I protest against is mere asceticism, a blindness to what is really beautiful and pleasurable in life, a preference for the disagreeable as if it were in *itself* better than the agreeable, above all a parting of life into this element and that, and a contempt of half the life we have to live as if it were something which hindered us from living the other half. Mind and soul and body—I would have all harmoniously develope together—neither intellectualism nor spiritualism, nor sensualism, but a broad humanity.

March 26, 1877?

. . . I told him of Lord Houghton chatting with Louis Philippe after 1848, and the ex-king telling him how when he was a boy his tutor stopped him in the street one day, and pointed to a slouching ill-dressed figure

who shuffled along clinging to the wall as he went. "Some day," said the tutor, "you will be glad to have seen Jean Jacques Rousseau." At another time his tutoress, Madame de Genlis, took him into a circle of princes gathered round a very old man, with strange old-fashioned clothes and brilliant eyes. "Ah, you here, M. le Duc," said the old man with surprise, "you among all this Bourbonaille!" It was Voltaire.

. . . . . .

I had a man at breakfast this morning who would have interested you, Norman Moore, one of the surgeons at St. Bartholomew's, but a man of marvellous knowledge in all Irish matters old and new. He came to talk over the translation of an old Irish manuscript he is making; but gradually our talk turned on modern Ireland, and as usual I learned a great deal. Indeed he is the only Irish person from whom I ever learned anything about Ireland. Most Irish people shake their heads and tell me, "Oh, you English can never understand Ireland," but whenever I question them I never find they understand or even try to understand themselves. The Irish Protestants, the gentry, live in their own world, and clearly know as little as we folk do of the Irish Catholic world without them, that is, in effect, of the Irish People. Now Moore through his ardent "nationalism," and above all his knowledge of Irish and Irish history cares only for the Irish People, and looks upon the Protestants and "Englishry," as Swift called them, as mere intruders who must at last be got out of the land. He showed me in how many ways their extrusion is even now going on. For instance I asked him the explanation of the diminution of the Protestant population in places like Kells. Your mother told me it sank in her time from a thousand to two hundred, but her reasons for it were not very enlightening. Moore attributes it to Catholic Emancipation. Before that time all trades and industries were practically in the hands of town guilds, and these were Protestant; hence Pro-

testants concentrated themselves in the towns, whose commerce lay in their hands. When Catholic disabilities were repealed and trades and shops were left open to Catholics, the Catholic farmers of the county round preferred to deal with their own fellow religionists, and so gradually trade has passed out of Protestant hands, and the Protestants have emigrated to America and England. With this change and the growth of a Catholic commercial middle class, who will spend their savings in land-buying, the land itself will gradually pass into purely Irish hands, a process which has been going on steadily for the last thirty years. It is a curious thing that this process of breaking up the Protestant commercial hold on Ireland began with the prohibition of the woollen manufacture by the English Parliament under William III. I want Moore to write the History of this silent revolution and displacement of Protestant by Catholic Ireland.

March 27, 1877.

It was simply one of those sudden breakdowns that I fear I must always remain subject to, and which show that mischief is *there;* but it is strange how in a single night all strength seems to ebb out of me and to leave me next morning helpless and feverish on a sofa. . . .

Yesterday gave me nothing to talk about, for it was a mere blank day of weakness and gloom and sofa. . . . I suppose everybody at Chester is in raptures at Lord Derby's "firmness." For myself I am driven to say much what I said to a man at the Club the other day when he asked a little roughly, "But what are your Eastern politics?" to which I answered, "At present, mainly Russian." Another month will clear away this mist of negotiations, and at the first shot across the Pruth men will rub their eyes and remark whether Lord Derby was such a very wise man after all.

March 30, 1877.

Practically it is impossible—without giving serious offence to people I care for—to wholly refuse all invitations; but I have accepted few, and have been careful whenever I have done so. It is true that my work has been hard and extra business rather oppressive; but this cannot be helped at times, whatever one may wish. You must not picture me as living in a round of pleasures; my common life is very quiet. For instance, the "wild revel" I laughed about last was only a couple of friends dining with me at my rooms in the soberest way. It is true I followed this up with one of my "breakdowns," but I fear that whatever care one takes these must come at times while my chest remains treacherous . . . a man gets very patient with these little ups and downs when he can look back, as I look back, for eight long years before he sees in the past a day of health. . . .

It is a curious instance of my elasticity of temperament that what has done me most good is really a serious trouble which came to me yesterday. I always think a *real* difficulty freshens and braces one up. And this *is* a real difficulty. The Harpers (my publishing house in America) have offered me, as I told you, a percentage on the sale of the *revised* edition of *Short History* in both its one-volume and three-volume form, and this I accepted, Macmillan arranging to forward them the stereotype plates as they are set up in the usual way. They have waited patiently, but now they write that the revised edition *must* be ready in September—which is their publishing season. In a business point of view they have a right to insist on this, as my delay has been excessive, and if I refuse I fear their offer of a percentage may be withdrawn, which would be a serious matter to our income. Macmillan too, as the matter is raised, urges that in fairness to his own house the new edition should be brought out this year, and this he has a perfect right

to urge after waiting so long. But to do this—even if it can be done—I should need every day till the end of August, for to get the work done by the 15th of June is simply impossible. . . . This must be hard work, and *hurried*, disagreeable work. . . .

[After discussing the very serious difficulties at this moment he goes on.]

I own to having been annoyed last night by the news beyond measure, but this morning I found that "dogged does it" had got into my blood, and I knuckled to at my work with a resolve to get it done, sent a lot off to print at once, and did a lot more before luncheon came. . . . Perhaps it is as well we should find some difficulties throw themselves in our way. Practically too, no doubt, *I ought* to finish the revised edition before marriage, as it is this which would be of real value in the settlement I make to you.[1]

March 31, 1877.

My brusque announcement of the all but impossibility of getting away with this new press of work about me may have been too short. It was just because the disappointment was so great that I did not dwell on it—I felt it must be, and hurried from the subject.

I have just finished a chapter on "Angevin England" which is to begin Book III., and go on after tea with "John." But looking over my proofs last night I found my hopes had run ahead of facts, and that there is a good deal to be done even to these. Still it is a very different thing from working entirely *de novo*. I think I am doing well, but I feel more dogged than interested in this work. It will be a great relief when it is done, and I shall enjoy my holiday! Do you know I have not taken one for *three* years!

[1] As will be seen this revision of the *Short History* in one volume, which he began, proved beyond his strength, and had to be abandoned.

April 1.

A quiet Easter-day; rain without, within steady work at my revision, which I have brought up this morning to Henry II. It is pleasant to feel myself going on at last—forced by sheer pressure of printers to give up the pleasant liberty of wandering off into new fields of inquiry as they tempt one to left and right, and driven to go straight on. As yet I am getting along wonderfully on this new system, and making a great hole in the work to be done. When April ends I shall know pretty fairly what prospect really lies before me; as yet I only see that now that I am practically at work I work faster than I had feared, and then the work I do is a great improvement on my former work. I am not so haunted as I was by the fear of "spoiling" my book. I felt that spoil or not spoil I had to rewrite it—that was a question for my historical conscience—but sometimes the dread of a fiasco made obedience to conscience harder than one could fancy.

I am fairly well again, and my nights are sound and refreshing, the feverish feeling has passed away. It is curious how steady work steadies one's physical system as well as one's moral. I feel too already the revival that always comes to me with the breath of spring. It is such a joy to see the trees all breaking into green again—you know my view at the back, well it is getting quite gardenish and rural, there is a cherry-tree close by me that gladdens me every morning as I go out to look at it. Whatever comes to us we will never take a house where we can't get some peep or other of a tree! . . .

I came to-day, among my old papers, on a dirty notebook with all my notes of the reading I did for a Life of Patrick fifteen years ago. It brought back such a flood of memories. I had come to London full of hopes and ideals only to see them foiled, and myself utterly alone and without a friend in all this

Babylon, and then came darkness and misery till I roused myself and fled to the British Museum and steadied myself by working morning after morning in its library at Colgan and Lanigan and all sorts of dull folk in the aim of digging up Patrick. After a year's work I saw that to do it as it ought to be done I should know Irish, so I gave it up, but I had learned a good deal, and had got fairly into my historical reading again, which I had given up in the fit of religious enthusiasm which led me to take orders, and from that moment I never gave it up again. Putting Ireland aside I bought *Bæda* and the *Chronicle*, and for the next ten years read steadily at the materials for English History. Thence came Little Book. It was a strange life, half with Patrick and the great Library, half in the wretched purlieus of Clerkenwell and S. Luke's; but I felt all through that each half helped the other—and so it has turned out.

April 4, 1877.

I had so counted on the happy days after our marriage, that when I found myself baffled in this hope I felt the old feeling of the disappointment of life waking up again, and carrying me back into the old grey dead hopelessness which has vanished of late. And with this came the physical and mental weariness rising out of the new stress of work; and above all of uninteresting work, for I saw that unless I was to keep neck and neck with the printers, which would be a daily pressure, I must make a great fight these early days to get fairly ahead, and this I have done, but only at the cost of long grind every day.

April 5, 1877.

Things look far brighter to me this morning than they looked a day or two ago. That sudden overthrow of all my plans hit me harder than I cared to say. I braced myself to bear and to work, but I felt it keenly

and every nerve shivered and tingled for days. I was irritable, for my nights were wretched which always brings gloomy days; and my temper was none the better for the hard work I set myself to do, indeed the overwork. However it is over now. Yesterday I finished to the end of the chapter on "Foreign Kings," and was looking drearily ahead when Miss R. quietly fetched down a whole bundle of proofs, proofs set up a year ago and which I had wholly forgotten, which carried the book on to the battle of Crécy! Imagine my relief, my change of "mood"! I looked them through; saw there was very little to do to them, that they were nearly ready for press, and went straight off to bed to sleep soundly and rise a fresh creature this morning. Things look less blue and I shall go in for a lighter heart and a better temper!

April 6, 1877.

I did well this morning with my work—I have now sent to press up to p. 100 in my present *Short History*, *i.e.* about a ninth of the new edition; and if I can get on as I am doing now I shall look more hopefully at my work and its prospects at the end of April than I do at the end of March. After all compulsion has its uses; I strive so after an impossible perfection that I should never finish anything if "must" didn't suddenly come in this way from some quarter or other. It was so with "Shorts" itself. I had to huddle up the end of it at last and get the book out because Macmillan's patience fairly broke down. This time I will try not to "huddle up" anything; but I daresay something will look hurried and imperfect.

May 5, 1877.

Imagine my having to figure in a police-court this morning! Last night as I left Stopford Brooke I found a cabman lashing his horse brutally, and after much trouble in following him found a policeman and gave him in charge. So to-day I had to "kiss the

book" and give my evidence, and cabby was fined fifty shillings or prison for a month. It was worth while waiting in the Court to see all the seamy side of London life, its dull vulgar vice—the bored magistrate: "was he on the drink?" coming in as a refrain. . . .

As soon as vol. i. is fairly off my hands I shall plunge into the half of vol. ii. which remains to be done, so that we may get both out before we go over sea. Macmillan looks blue about my doing this more extended work before the revision of "Shorts," and says, what is true, that the last would be far more profitable to me in a money point of view, and that I shall want money now. Well, you and I will know how to be poor, if need be. I *know* that what I am doing is the *righter* thing, and that the "revision" of Shorts will be far more thorough and efficient if I defer it till my larger work is worked through and done. If so doing means not taking a London house just yet, we will wait for our London house.

May 6, 1877.

["Hobart Pasha" (Augustus Charles Hobart-Hampden, 1822-1886) described as an Elizabethan buccaneer born in modern England, was an admiral in the Turkish service during the war of 1877; and his name was for a time struck off the Navy List for commanding against a friendly Power. Freeman, in a letter of March 1877, says that he would rather not go to Greece "if Hobart should be bombarding or even blockading Peiræus, as the scoundrel may be doing"; but I know nothing more of the challenge. Freeman's book was called *The Turks in Europe*.]

I mastered my shyness to-day and "vested" myself, as the Ritualists say, in your watch chain by way of loyalty to the giver. Some day I shall cajole you into giving me a seal ring: indeed all through my life I shall be tricking you into a host of little presents,—studs, eyeglasses, and all sorts of "bijouteries." I have always

set my face against gifts, and with such success that nobody has ever given me anything, not even a pair of slippers—but now I am like Danae—I want you to pour over me in a shower of pretty presents. . .

George Howard wants me to speak at to-morrow's meeting at St. James's Hall, but I have resolved to decline. Liberal folk are much troubled just now. Grant Duff was wild yesterday against Gladstone, "an hysterical old woman with the power of words!" as he irreverently called him, and even Lord Aberdare, the most good-humoured of men, fairly lost his temper in talking to me about the "certain ruin of the Liberal party." For my own part I think ruin is just what the Liberal party wants; and if all this row ends in the formation of a new Liberal party—even if it numbers only eighty members—with Gladstone fairly at its head, I shall see light and hope. But I am pretty well alone in my hopefulness. Bryce and Lecky mourned to me yesterday like sucking doves.

Freeman has bequeathed to his country as he fled from her shores a book on the Ottoman Turks which makes a fearful Bulgarian Massacre of my Lord Beaconsfield, my Lord Derby, and Hobart Pasha. It is the most rattling bit of invective I have read for a good while. Did I tell you that an old admiral, a friend of Hobart's, challenged Freeman to single combat on the sands of Boulogne by way of avenging the Pasha's wrongs? If Hobart resigns his Turkish commission and comes home, I shall expect to hear of murder done at Somerleaze!

May 7, 1877.

I *am* working, but even here fate is cross. I had my brain all aglow with the thought of "doing" a great picture of tenth-century London this morning, when in came Macmillan and pressed me with all his cool Scotch sense to go on with my "revision" of Shorts—the "galley-slave work," as I called it in my wrath. He vanished, scared, but wrath settled down after this

outburst; and I just gave a great gulp and put away my dear London notes and screwed myself down to "revision" and worked at it all the morning. A year ago I would have seen "common sense" at Halifax before I gave up any project I was hot upon; but now after an indignant growl at Macmillan's talk about money I thought, "Well—but for A.'s sake," and screwed myself down to "do the disagreeable." So I worked for you; and bit by bit things got brighter and the yoke pressed more lightly, and I began to feel that duty has its sweetness after all. . .

I called at the Howards' yesterday. In came Burne Jones, half distraught with the red hangings behind his pictures at the New Gallery. He wont go there—"it is the last blow," he says, "and it comes from a friend." He was very desperate and very amusing; while Mr. Howard talked politics and told me the passage at the close of Carlyle's letter meant a plan of Lord Beaconsfield for at once occupying Constantinople! I am afraid we are drifting into war—into war on the side of the Devil and in the cause of Hell. It will be so terrible to have to wish England beaten. People are all shy now of saying in the old-fashioned way that they love their country. Well I am not ashamed to say it. I love England dearly. But I love her too well to wish her triumphant if she fight against human right and human freedom. Pitt longed for her defeat in America, but it killed him when it came. I can understand that double feeling now. . .

I shan't go to the meeting, it will be a Babel of row, and I fear a mere scrimmage. I shrink from hearing a lot of Englishmen clamouring for war, and I fear a great lot of such folk will be there, so I shall stay at home and work.

To Miss von Glehn

May 1877.

Oh would I were a bird, dear Olga—as birds possess (at least in Ireland) the privilege of being in two

places at once! Then would I spend next Saturday and Sunday with the Grant Duffs in Hertfordshire and with you at the Peak! But being a mere featherless thing I fear my Hertfordshire engagement stops the way. But if the *next* Friday, Saturday, and Sunday will suit you I will break a pledge to the Tootingas and spend them with you. Pray let me know. As to my constant absence from home, it is simply the insane jealousy of the Slave! She has marked me for her own, and suffers no rival to enter my door. The very aged and the very hideous are alone permitted to mount my stairs. Meanwhile my position becomes hourly more difficult. I see the ring is already on her finger! Inconceivable impatience! If I am to be her own, could she not wait till I placed the fatal circlet on her fin—Oh, Olga! may you never know what it is to be wedded against your will. Matrimony, once my fondest dream, is now my nightmare. Infant slavies sport in fancy round my bed—they flourish tiny brooms and dustpans, and call me "Father." I wake from horrid visions that *She* is mine, and I cannot give her a month's warning. Pray for me; and when you come again *storm* my stairs whether she will or no. How I would fly into your arms—if it were only proper—and hail you as my Deliverer.—Affectionately yours,

J. R. GREEN.

4 Beaumont Street, W.

Archbishop Tait to J. R. Green

LAMBETH, *May* 11, 1877.

[See next letter.]

MY DEAR GREEN—I have been very much occupied; and this I trust you will accept as an excuse for my not sooner acknowledging your resignation of the Lambeth librarianship.

Let me first thank you heartily for the kind expressions towards myself contained in your note to my

son. I rejoice also in reading what you say to him, that much of what you feared you had lost in belief is again clearer and more real to you. By God's blessing I hope and trust that the supports and comforts of religion will grow more and more real to you as life wears on. You have from health had many trials, but God seems to have brought you safely through them all; and I cannot doubt that He intends you for a useful and honourable life. May His presence be with you in all difficulties of life and of death.

It would be a great pleasure to me at any time to see you.—Yours sincerely, A. C. CANTUAR.

J. R. GREEN.

To Miss Stopford

May 12, 1877.

I send you a letter of Archbishop Tait in answer to a formal resignation of my Lambeth librarianship. I sent to *him* the simple note of resignation, but I accompanied it with a note to his son explaining—as I ought to have explained long ago—my long absence from Lambeth. I said plainly that my opinions had changed to a very great extent, and that I felt I could not fairly act as Librarian or visit at Lambeth without an explanation which would have been embarrassing to the Archbishop, and so while hesitating what to do time slipped away. Now though on some points I had begun again to see light where things had been dark to me, I still saw no chance of resuming my clerical profession, and I therefore begged A. C. T. to accept my resignation of what I had undertaken as, and still held to be, a clerical office. I think nothing could be kinder or more gracious than Tait's reply. . .

I saw my lawyer to "give instructions" about "settlements" yesterday, and left him with the impression that I was an utter idiot. "I think," he said loftily at the close, "I think I had better act entirely

on my own judgment." To which, ignoring the sarcasm, I replied "Oh, do!"

I am going to Knebworth to-day to spend Sunday with the Grant Duffs. I feel I want a breath of fresh air, or my temper will grow insufferable. I even growled at my Phyllis this morning, and had to apologise to that rustic one in deep humility. But she smiled as though she understood.

KNEBWORTH PARK, STEVENAGE,
May 14, 1877.

At Knebworth we found Chamberlain, the member for Birmingham, Lord O'Hagan, and Bywater, a young Oxford tutor, very learned and very witty: a pleasant party. . . . The place is Lord Lytton's, and in a little fishing-lodge beside the ornamental water the "immortal Novelist" wrote his immortal works! Unluckily they bore me more than most works, and I feel a spiteful satisfaction at seeing that Lytton's building was as artificial as his fiction. The house is a mass of costly gimcrackery, gimcrack finials and dragons outside, gimcrack armour and sham family portraits within. The rooms are fine and the whole effect handsome, but everywhere one is jarred with the same air of falsetto.

25 CONNAUGHT STREET,
May 16, 1877.

[There was a small, disused church and graveyard at the back of the house.]

. . . I am making discoveries in the "park" at the back of my rooms. Sterne's grave is in one corner, and I find that the site of Tyburn gallows was in the other! The first was put up by the Freemasons, because—as they explain in the inscription—Sterne lived by four-square-measure, but if so four-square-measure is hardly a good measure to mete out life by. The gallows needs no freemason to explain its moral. The "Park" is really quite pretty now that all the trees are out, and I

shall growl when I have to tear myself from it for Snowdonia.

To-day Snowdonia, Italy, Baths of Caracalla, all seem dreamlike and vague to me. Only rows with printers, and stodgy grind at "revision" have any reality.

May 20, 1877.

I have done less to-day than usual; a little work this morning, and an afternoon at the Athenæum over the week's papers and over a learned article in the *Revue Historique* on Athens and the Greek Colonies in the Black Sea. I came home thinking how a History of Hellas ought to be written—it would be a very different thing if I ever did it from any Greek History that exists.

May 23, 1877.

"Russian sympathies" just now mean sympathies with the getting rid of a state of things which keeps the world always on the brink of war, and with the certain evolution of arrangements more natural and therefore likely to be more peaceful. I like to see the cynics of the clubs and the hard-headed Whigs growling at "sentiment," while "sentiment" is making nations.

May 26, 1877.

I have just been finishing and giving the last touches to the close of vol. i., that is Joan of Arc and the Wars of the Roses. It is a mercy to have really got down so far. This last part from Richard II. to 1460 has been a stiffer job than I counted on. It is so scandalously done in my Little Book that I got no help there and had to work wholly afresh. I think my greatest gain in these last years is a will and capacity to work at periods I don't like as much as periods I do. It wasn't so when I wrote Little Book, and what with that, and what with the wilfulness that came of my wretched health at that time, I did such shameful bits of work

as the page in which I hurried over Henry the Fourth. *This* was the real fault of the book, its inequality of treatment, its fitfulness and waywardness—not the faults the Rowleys were down on.

Sunday, May 27, 1877.

I do not vex myself as I used with questions that I cannot answer. I do not strive to bring my thoughts to rule and measure—but new life brings with it new hopes, new cravings after belief, new faith that we will know what is true. Vague, dim hopes; vague, dim faith it may be—but I am not impatient of vagueness and dimness as I used to be. I see now that to know we must live, that to know the right we must live the right.

May 28, 1877.

[Green was forced by his health to abandon the proposed revision of the *Short History* in one volume. The three volumes here mentioned presently expanded into the *History of the English People* in four volumes.]

To-day I took to Macmillan's my manuscript up to Wolsey, so you see I am getting on. I won't try to clear your mind wholly as to my plans, but (1) I have ceased for the present to go on with the work on *Early England*, which will come out some day and end with the Norman Conquest; (2) I am now putting through the press the three volumes of my revision of the *Short History* in octavo; and (3) I have made such extensive changes, and so wholly altered the plan, etc., and so greatly expanded it in parts, that in the bulk of it the original *Short History* does not help me much.

Athenæum Club,
May 30, 1877.

I am chained here. I *must* get the work I am doing finished up to Elizabeth's day in the next fortnight, because I can't take abroad the huge calendars I need for that period. I always hated people who published in Quartos, and now I hate them more than ever. I

am very tired and weary too, and my work presses on me as it has seldom done, but I go doggedly on. . . . The day has been a peculiarly trying one to-day; I rose weary and depressed, and my morning's work was diplomatic work, which is very difficult and which does not interest me, then I had an afternoon engagement, and then I worked again for a couple of hours till I *could* not work longer. So as the evening was clear and winsome I wandered out into the Park and then down here for a cup of cocoa and a quiet read of a Lecture of Huxley's on University Teaching, and a paper on Florentine Bankers in an old *Revue des deux Mondes*. Voilà my recreations. Then Fitz-James Stephen came in and we had a long and jolly chat about trials and India and what not.

June 1, 1877.

What did you think of Gladstone's speech? I hope you saw his notice of the "New Historical School" and of a certain member of it. It was certainly well worth remarking that every conspicuous historian in England goes with Gladstone in this matter. But I suppose the *Pall Mall* will say that historians know nothing about the present, and V. in the *Standard* will call us "paper-stainers." Just now I am more interested in the Western than in the Eastern results of this Birmingham movement. It *may* end not only in a reconstruction of the Liberal party, but in a new system of political party altogether, with principles gathered from the general opinion of all who belong to it rather than given from above by the knot of oldish gentlemen who sit on the "front bench."

Athenæum Club, *June* 2, 1877.

I have just been having an hour's talk with my Cardinal, and I must have an hour's talk with you to save my Protestantism! Manning is certainly a charming conversationalist, courteous, full of information,

with exquisite felicity of expression, and lending himself with perfect ease to every turn of topic—which I always take to be the essential difference between conversation and dissertation. We talked of Bryce and Colonies and Irish character and Italian scenery and English education and a hundred other matters till "his Eminence" had to rise to go.

My revising yesterday left me headachy and cross this morning, and I was glad to get my proofs done and go out into the Park. But—second of June though Letts assured it to be—I was chilled even in my thick greatcoat by the pitiless rain, and driven in for shelter to the Club for lunch, to read the week's papers, to smile over a letter I found here from Freeman, to run over the magazines at tea, and to wade through a series of papers on Pitt's finance till I was interrupted by my Cardinal.

25 CONNAUGHT STREET,
June 3, 1877.

I am going across the Park to have a chat with Stanley and to hear his sermon on Motley's death. Stanley, whom I met yesterday, said it was just such a death as any one would wish, a stroke of paralysis, and then an unconscious fading away in a few hours. He is to be buried at Kensal Green, but the Dean has offered to have the body brought into the Abbey and the first part of the service read over it there. This is very graceful and becoming whether they accept it or no.

25 CONNAUGHT STREET,
June 4, 1877.

I have just come from Westminster Abbey, where Stanley has been preaching on poor Motley's death. Unhappily he was obliged to devote the bulk of his sermon to St. Margaret's, Westminster, which Farrar, its new rector, is just restoring; and so what he said was short. It was the shorter too that he had to make an eulogy of General Grant, who turned up at the

service: an awkward matter, for Grant and Motley were personal foes. I should have liked Stanley to have pointed out the thing which strikes me most in Motley, that alone of all men past and present he knit together not only America and England, but that Older England which we left on Frisian shores, and which grew into the United Netherlands. A child of America, the historian of Holland, he made England his adopted country, and in England his body rests.

However, what the Dean said was generous and noble, and the phrase—"an historian at once so ardent and so laborious"—struck me as most happy. He asked me to go into the Deanery, to introduce me—as I found—to General Grant, who shook hands and said, "Mr. Green" in a dry voice, and said no more! You know the story of Moltke and the young subaltern who found himself put by error into the same compartment with the Field Marshal. "Pardon, sir," said the subaltern when he entered, and "Pardon, sir!" when the train stopped and he could at last retire. "What an insufferable prater!" said Moltke. I think Grant seems to almost rival the man who "can be silent in eleven languages." By-the-bye, Stanley talked of his "laying down the sceptre," which I thought hardly a Republican phrase, but Lord O'Hagan to whom I repeated it said, "He must have laid down something; he had no crown to lay down, and he certainly wouldn't lay down his pipe!"

Grant is a short, square, bourgeois-looking man, rather like a shy but honest draper. Still he could take a look of dignity when one was "presented," and I didn't forget that he had been a ruler of men.

. . . I have written to L. that I cannot let these rooms in August or September. My work is so behind-hand after all my grind that we must come back here after a little holiday at the end of July, and devote ourselves for a couple of months to getting on with my book.

June 4, 1877.

To-night it is very still, the air is soft and warm. I have been standing out in the "balcony" looking over my death-garden, with its great, shadowy tree masses breaking the square house lines around.

June 5.

. . . But these owls always get between one's soul and the sun—as if sunshine was something dangerous. Ah me, I fear I shall always be more Hellenic than Christian—but life, life in all its energy and brightness and quick movement, life in all its quick interchange of laughter and tears, why do these men fear it so and preach it down? *They* preach it down! They go their way and the sun shines on, and the world laughs for freedom and for joy!

I have had Professor B. here to breakfast—a pleasant fellow with pleasant children, of whose questions and answers he talked much by way of showing how "First Books" should be written. I listened and learned; but the more I theorise about what my Primer of English History should be, the less clearly do I see how it is ever to be done. "Just sit down," says the dear Macmillan, "and you will write a good book which will sell." No doubt—but I want to write something more than "a good book which will sell."[1]

To-day I have been up to my knees in proofs, my "row" with the printers having brought me an avalanche. I have had my "cold fit" about the new book on me of late, but the sense that it will be a failure lightens a little as it gets into type; and I own I brightened a little over the pages of William the Conqueror's character to-day. But what ups and downs of hope and despondency you will have to bear!

[1] The Primer was begun and the first slips printed, but it was never continued.

To Miss Kate Norgate

BETTWS-Y-COED,
June 18, 1877.

. . . Your divisions seem to me quite right and clear. By all means keep to them. But remember all the while that divisions are simply helps to greater clearness of treatment—that they do not exist, at least with *definite edges*, in nature itself—and that all the while you write you must try to hold your story as *one* story, and to carry it across division after division as a continuous whole.

Then again try to vary your point of view as you pass from one division to another. For instance, in the early part it is impossible to get any biographical hold of the *men*. See whether you can make up for this by finding some other "centre" of interest, for instance by taking Anjou itself as the basis of your story, describing it as well as you can, picturing its towns or castles or rivers, as you can find about them, and so on. Of course, all this would be merely tentative; you could only describe the country thoroughly when you have seen it; but in the effort to get at its appearance from books and maps, or at the look of the towns or churches from any collection of pictures or illustrated books, you would prepare yourself to *profit* by the actual sight of it all—you would clear your mind as to the things you specially wanted to see.

Then, clearly, with Fulk the Black you passed to the biographical mode of treatment. *Seize your man.* Try to picture him to yourself in all his fierce greed and activity and ruthlessness and craft. Help yourself by using the legends about him—telling them *as* legends, disproving their historical accuracy, if it be needful, but gathering from them the conception of character which after days formed of him, and using them as *colour* for your picture.

Then again, with the "conquest of Touraine" make

Tours your centre, take its history from early days by way of digression, tell a story or two about St. Martin (look through his life by Sulpitius Severus, if you like), or about the quarrels over his relics, or Count Fulk the Good sitting as canon in the choir, and so on. *Then* its capture will become a living thing to your reader; he will see what importance the town had in those days, and so what new importance its possession gave its Angevin counts.

Remember, these are simply hints to help you, for you will have to work in your own way, as we all have; I only tell you in what way I should probably work out this part of history because it may furnish incidentally some hints for your own treatment of it.—I am faithfully yours, J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

HOTEL DE LILLE, PARIS,
January 22, 1878.

My work is over, dear Freeman, and now for a wild shriek of liberty! In other words I have sent vol. ii. to press and buried Elizabeth, and have now time and thought to bestow on my friends. Most of the new volume is new; and the reign of Elizabeth newer than the rest. Even Shakespeare had to be practically rewritten before I could satisfy a keen critic, yclept my wife. I bore in mind throughout your judgment on "Shorts" that the sixteenth century was the weakest part of it and wanted rethinking and rewriting; and I have done my best to rethink and rewrite it. Now that I look back on "Shorts" and its treatment of the Reformation period, I quite agree with your condemnation. Still it needed courage to set aside work which the bulk of readers liked most of all; so I hope you will praise me for my loyalty to truth, whether I have muddled my book or no. The volume will be out in February. I don't mean to think about English history or England more than I can help for a whole month.

My head is a good servant, but I have been a hard master to it of late, and it needs a holiday. My holiday has opened pleasantly enough. . . .

My last news of you was a cheery letter to Macmillan after you reached Salerno. I hope your health is better with the new air and new rest. Were I you, I would simply rest and leave Turks and Froudes to go the way of Turks and Froudes. . . . Were I a man for notes and controversies I have somewhat to say anent Anthony and Tudor facts and fictions. But I grudge spending moments on Anthony which may be spent on better things. Life is so short and history is so long; and there be volumes three yet to write, and so much to say in them—so I let the Anthonies go their way to their own place. . . .

Before leaving London I set Maine a-moving to see whether Dizzy could be moved to kick Bright upstairs into the Divinity chair, Stubbs upstairs into the Ecc. History chair, and leave the Regius for you. Unluckily he has most influence with Salisbury, and Salisbury little with Dizzy just now. Moreover, Dizzy loveth neither Ritualists nor Anti-Turks. Still the said Dizzy has noble points! He reads and gives away "Shorts." It is delightful to think of W. Gladstone and he being bound in one by that interesting little work! . . .

Messieurs les Grecs have been a shade too clever! "Insurrections in Thessaly," "movements over the border," come a trifle after the fair. Still with all their faults I look on the Greeks as the political nucleus round which the other Eastern Christians must gather; and I wish they could have Constantinople. Oh, if that grand Immobility at the Foreign Office would move in *that* direction, then would Israel not rejoice and Judah would be right sorry; but we should see some settlement of the Eastern question. As it is, if Greece is left out in the cold it only means a new Eastern question from Thessaly instead of Bulgaria.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

HOTEL QUISISANA, CAPRI,
February 17, 1878.

MY DEAR FREEMAN— . . . And I was happy, too, to hear that you are getting really better and stronger. *My* one way of getting right is that of sitting still; and in spite of Hellenic temptations at Agrigentum and elsewhere I hope you will sit all the stiller when you feel a bit stronger than you do now. It is just when people "feel better" that they generally set to and throw away all the good they have gained. For me, I got a good deal shaken by my midwinter journey; and now I am at rest I feel as if no mosaics or tombs of Fredericks could set me a-travelling again. Capri is just about big enough to interest me. My mind wont run beyond some three or four miles either way; and I feel quite comfortable to know that the cliff and my range of interest coincide. I can't meet people at the tomb of the Emperor Frederick; but I can meet them in the palace of Emperor Tiberius; and we can look one way at a Roman camp and another way at a mediæval castle and up at a hermitage in the clouds and down at the sea and across at the snow-rimmed Apennines. What I like best here is the homeliness of our life. The Capri doctor looks in and prescribes for my cold, but waives aside my five franks with a pretty speech about the pleasure he has gained from my conversation. The hotel-keeper sternly refuses to charge any "extras," even if we dine in our own room and give infinite trouble. The head waiter sends to Naples for a magnificent bouquet of camellias, and presents it to my wife, saying: "Mr. Green came here before unmarried; now he comes married; it is right you should have a *regale*" (marriage gift).

. . . . . .

It is odd how I have drifted away from English history in a month! I can hardly believe that thirty days ago my head was full of Philip of Spain and the

two Cecils. Now I care for nothing but strolls in the morning and climbs in the afternoon and hunts after the best violet-beds and the early narcissus bunches. I am in fact getting brighter and stronger in this pure light mountain and sea air, and above all in this perfect rest—so much brighter and stronger that I am thinking of buying a house here to tempt me to spend *every* winter at Capri. It will be charming to sit literally under one's own vine and one's own fig-tree.

Rome seems topsy-turvy by the deaths of Pope and King—imagine the Pantheon blocked up by a "Katafalk," with four colossal ladies in plaster at the corners which *were* Rome, Florence, Milan, and Naples till Pio Nono declared not a mass should be said there so long as they bore those names, on which ingenious Italy turned them into the four Cardinal Virtues. And people fancy it will be turned topsy-turvy by the coming of a new Pope—so I shall stop here till these Papal tyrannies be overpast and peace come again to the Scarlet Woman, which I take it will be about the middle of March.—*Affectionately yours,* J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

50 WELBECK STREET, W.,
September 30, 1878.

MY DEAR FREEMAN—I am exceedingly glad that you can see your way to doing the Primer. It need in no wise clash with your continuation of *Old E. H.* As to the plan I quite go with you in all else; but instead of the central portion, that is to say the bulk of the book, being "Edward, Harold, William," would it not be well to make the *Conquest itself* the central point in the middle of the Primer, and *done in greater relief than the rest*, and to treat Edward and Harold as prefatory, and William's own reign, and parcelling out of England, legal, etc., changes, and the like, as consequential? In other words to carry out on the small the original plan of your big *Norm. Conq.* which I

have always mourned over, as so greatly superior in point of art to the present one; I mean your three-volume scheme in which the central vol. is the *Conquest*, and the vols. before and after its prelude and results. Putting it in the practical way I like myself in these wee books, this would give, I. General Introduction, Normandy and England, and their affairs up to Æthelbert, say pp. 1-13;

II. Thence to Harold's crowning or so, pp. 13-46, thirty-three pages;

III. The Conquest 1066-1071 or so, thirty-three more, pp. 46-79;

IV. The Norman Kings to Tenchebrai or so, including Will's confiscations, settlements, etc., thirty-three more, 79-112;

V. Epilogue on general results, 112-126, fourteen pages.

Will you consider this? What I think we should aim at in these smaller books is to produce in a boy's mind *one definite* impression; and he can only get this by having some one *central event* brought strongly out, much more strongly than we older and more "feelosofical" folk need it, and all other matters grouped round it. Besides, though it's I that say it who shouldn't, *boys like fighting*, and it's through war and the picturesqueness of war that we can best get them to follow out and understand the historical and larger aspects of things. The only difference, in fact, between this plan and yours is the bringing out on a larger and more prominent scale of the central *fight for England*, and this, I fancy, will suit you as well as it suits the boys.

You see I have learnt somewhat since I writ "Shorts" with its fling against "drum and trumpet" history. But I still hold that battles are milk for babes, and that if you could interest a boy in history by banging the big drum, you ought to be able to carry on his interest in it when he groweth to be a man by more peaceful and less noisy instruments.

We are engaged for Wednesday, and I fear shall hardly be able to catch the love-birds on their flight through town, but we will try.

I see, to some extent, your feeling about the Professorship; and quite agree with you that you could not, nor is it in any wise needful that you should, "put yourself *eagerly* forward." You have of course passed out of the stage of "testimonials," etc., save in giving them to others. But it would equally of course be needful that you should offer yourself as a candidate by sending in your name to the electors, and this, as I gather, you are ready to do. They could not as a public body *offer* the post to you without some such indication of your willingness to accept it and discharge its duties. I will send that part of your letter on to Maine, and hear what he suggests next. Nothing, I take it, can be formally done till he resigns the chair at the end of the year. But I will write and tell you.

I fear—as things go—that should Stubbs go to *this* chair your chance of the "Regius" would be small. Brewer or some far worse man would get it. I own I don't think so much of Brewer since I read that last volume of preface of his. His short work is better than his long work; and his theological bias is so pronounced and so perverse as to shake all confidence in his way of looking at things. Neither do I think Gardiner improves as he goes on. He is evidently afraid of not looking at things as Ranke looks at them. Now Ranke looks fairly enough, *for one who is not an Englishman*, and has done good in bringing out the foreign and foreign-policy side of things; but for one who is an Englishman and who sees from his own very boyhood things in a light in which Ranke *could not* see them, the Ranke point of view is a very inadequate and miserable one. Then too the painting Laud as a champion of religious liberty of thought, is almost equal to any paradox of Froude.—Yours ever affectionately, J. R. GREEN.

P.S.—*I* am ready for the Primer whenever you can do it.

To E. A. Freeman

50 WELBECK STREET,
November 20, 1878.

MY DEAR FREEMAN— . . . I am delighted to hear you are so well—and that you won't be torn away from Somerleaze. The foul weather does me no harm; but it *is* foul weather and I long for a sight of the sun. Haply you are luckier in that matter down in the West country. I have done my little "Historical Readers," which gave me just ten times the amount of trouble I expected, and also finished the reign of King Jamie—whom, having now studied all that Gardiner and Ranke can say for him and read a good bit of the things they refer me to, I think worse of than ever. For this no doubt I shall be properly "put down," but in spite of all the Gairdners and "Rollsmen" I shall go on loving freedom and the men who won it for us to the end of the chapter. In an offshoot of the *Times* yesterday I saw some remarks of Bismarck on "despatches" and "State papers," which the Ranke school might weigh to their great profit. *He* looks on such materials as of very little value. "What," he asks, "would all the current despatches tell of my real policy or that of Gladstone or Thiers"? Surely they tell even less of national feeling, of those impulses which (and not the policy of statesmen) really—with my Lord Beaconsfield's and Ranke's good leave—make history. However I am out of fashion in all this, and as the dear Appleton says, "an unscientific writer!" I shan't do much to the Great Rebellion, and thence all is printed to about 1700, so that vol. iii. will soon be ready; vol. iv. will be a different matter, but I shall be glad to get to utterly new work which it will give me, as "Shorts" has nothing for that later time and I am left free.

Good-bye.—Ever yours affectionately,

J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

HOTEL QUISISANA, CAPRI,
February 28, 1880.

. . . My wife has just gone through your *Norman Conquest* and is now deep in Stubbs, having taken Lingard's *Anglo-Saxon Church* by the way. She is helping me amazingly in the work I have now set about—a book on our own history up to your *Norman Conquest*, not of course on your scale, but in modest form. Dear old Stubbs, when I spoke to him of it, said that there was nothing new to be said, and that folk would not read of things before 1066, and perhaps he is right. But I should like to try to make them, before bowing to this doom. As a matter of fact much of our early history is even in point of incident more interesting than many after periods, and though no reviewer save you noticed that part of "Shorts," yet I think most readers liked it as well as any. But what I shall aim at is, not to do much in the directly "political events" way, but rather to bring out what I can of the actual life of early England by the help of laws, etc.; and in spite of Stubbs I find much that has not been told as yet. However I mean to be modest, and I shall fight hard to keep it down to a single volume. I am at work now on the "Conquest," which I hope to tell at some length —but I doubt more and more the *Chronicle* chronology, though the *order* of the Conquests in the *Chronicle*, so far as it goes, is clearly right. The true key, I think, lies in what Kemble pointed out long ago, the number of names of settlement in each district as a test of priority; adding to it the relative size of their hundreds and (with more caution) the patronymic names among the settlements. On the actual dates I find Skene's arguments very hard to meet. As to the Conquest itself I am using *Geography* a good deal as a guide, and I find some of the results very interesting. For instance, I had grounds for thinking that there was little contact between the folk who conquered the Lincoln country

and those who conquered Southern Yorkshire. I thought this odd till I put in on my map the great Axholme tract on the lower Trent, and saw how all but impossible such contact then was.

Of course I am sorely tried by the lack of books, though I sent out a huge box. But still the quiet and sunshine of the place are great helps to work and especially to the "thinking" side of work: and as Rome and Naples are still chilly I don't think I shall leave this warm little nook for awhile. All I am resolved on is to get about a month at Rome and to be in England by the 1st of May. There is a "four hundredth" anniversary of my old Magdalen school later on in May, whither they want me to go; and perhaps I may go and look at the old place again after these five-and-twenty years.

You were very hard (Jan. 29) on "the fools and chatterers of London" for doubting whether the "Liberal reaction" was a fact. Well, a month has gone by, and perhaps you would hardly be so hard on the "fools and chatterers" now. I see no more ground indeed for the depression of Liberals to-day than for their exultation a month ago. I believe that public opinion is still wavering, that there is no general love of the government, but on the contrary there is a steady distaste for its new plans and its big schemes; but that there is no more love for the opposition, and as steady a distrust of the attitude of a Liberal ministry in the coming overturning of Europe. Just now I fancy John Bull's real feeling is "a plague o' both your houses." But as to the coming elections—if things stand as they are—I fancy the Home-rulers will win some Conservative seats in Ireland, the Liberals a few Tory seats in Scotland, and the Tories perhaps a Liberal seat or two in England, and that is all. However, one great mistake or failure on Dizzy's part would swing feeling round with a vengeance, and such a blunder may well come any day.

Here, as elsewhere on the Continent, all other

political questions are dwarfed by the dread of a coming war. Italy believes she holds the key of the situation, that without her the combination of France, Russia, and Turkey is hopeless, that with her these powers will smash up the two German states, and so she haggles for her price with both sides. I think she will get it, and *then*—Good-bye.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. R. GREEN.

To Humphry Ward

HOTEL QUIRINALE, ROME,
April 8, 1880.

. . . Whether Gladstone takes office or no let us never forget that the triumph is *his*. He and he only among the Liberals I met or heard of never despaired. He and he only foresaw what the verdict on this "great trial" would be. When folk talk of "cool-headed statesmen" and "sentimental rhetoricians" again I shall always call to mind that in taking stock of English opinion at this crisis the "sentimental rhetorician" was right and the cool-headed statesmen were wrong. It is just as with political sentiment itself. The Tories hate it, and the Whigs scorn it; and yet the great force which has transformed Europe, which has been the secret of its history ever since 1815, is a political "sentiment"—that of Nationality.

The really notable thing about the elections is the political "cleavage" they denote. It will be an ill day when, as in France, our political lines of division coincide with our social and religious lines. Yet that is what this election points to. Liberalism is becoming more and more coincident with Nonconformity; it is becoming less and less common among men of the higher social class. The bulk of the nobles and the gentry, almost all the parsons, the bulk of the lawyers, I fear an increasing number of doctors, are all Conservative. I see that Liberals have an intellectual work to do as well as a directly political. I mean that they must convert the upper classes as well as organise the lower.

And this perhaps may force on us soon a higher and a more intelligent Liberalism than we have now. Anyhow, we are back in days of reality and not of impostors, and we shall see Englishmen interested in things they do know, in home questions, and not pretending to be wild about things they don't know; and those are foreign questions. For the last few years I have always stopped the mouths of Jingoes by taking them at once into the geography of Central Asia!

J. R. GREEN.

To E. A. Freeman

HOTEL DE LA VILLE DE LYON, FONTAINEBLEAU,
May 8, 1882.

[Villèle was the reactionary minister of Charles X. from 1825 to 1827. Freeman was on a Commission of Inquiry into the Ecclesiastical Courts.]

I cannot set foot in England, dear Freeman, without a word of gratitude for your review. What you say of the close of the book is quite true. I have been trying to remedy its defects by drawing up a long picture of the developement political and social of the country from Eadwine to Offa's day, which may serve as the close of the volume in a new edition, or which I may use to begin another volume if I write one. But that, in spite of Macmillan's announcements, is still a big "If." The truth is the subject tempts me less and less the more I work at it. The more I study the two centuries before Ecgberht, the more I can see the old free constitution crushed out by the political consolidation, the old Folk-moot dying with the folk themselves into local shire and shire-moot; and by the extinction of the old Ætheling class and the upgrowth of the big kingdoms transformed into a small royal council. After Ecgberht things only grew worse; and closer study of the law and administrative acts convinces me that the conquest was continuous from Hengest to William,

that in spite of all the West Saxon brag the Danelagh remained virtually independent even from Ælfred to Edward's day, that the successes of those "glorious" and "unconquered" gentlemen only went on so long as the Northern peoples were busy at home, and that when the kingdoms there were really formed Sweyn could take up the work of conquest just where it had stopped at the Frith of Wedmore, and finish the job with the Danelagh to back him. As I read it, the story isn't a pretty one, and the people are not pretty people to write about.

However you will say this only proves that I am still a poor weak body, apt to take "blue" views of things past or present. And no doubt this is in somewise true. Mentone and its glorious winter has done me good in more than one way, but I am still weak in body, unable to walk much, tired with a little sitting up or a good talk, and I fear there is small radical improvement in the state of my lung which is the root of all the evil. There is nothing for it but patience and good humour; but it is sometimes hard to feel one's brain as active as ever and yet doomed to inaction from being chained to this "body of death," as Paul called it long ago. What has cheered me most under it has been the reception of the "Making." I don't mean its sale and the praise of it, but the cessation at last of that attempt, which has been so steadily carried on for the last ten years, to drum me out of the world of historical scholars and set me among the "picturesque compilers." It cost me many a bitter hour, but I suppose it is over now. . . .

I can hardly write of other matters for thinking of the terrible news of this morning—the murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. The first I have met and talked to more than once; and his quiet, kindly nature makes the thought of such a doom yet more horrible. What is worse, I fear the murderers will succeed in their real end,—that England will be panic-struck and call for "strong measures" and most

probably a new ministry. Still I have a lingering hope that people may keep their heads, and ask who did the deed and why? . . . Our course (hard as it is) is plain—to hold to the new policy in spite of this murder, or rather all the more in consequence of it. . . . But in the presence of popular passion statesmanship is helpless; and I fear Gladstone will fall as Chateaubriand said Villèle fell—*il a glissé dans le sang*.

. . . . . .

Good-bye, dear Freeman. I hope your work on Church Rags will bring you soon to London, and let me see you. Till then, with kindest regards from my wife—secretary, librarian, translator.—I am affectionately yours, J. R. GREEN.

To Humphry Ward

[Probably his last letter. About January 15, 1883.]

I need not tell you, dear Humphry, what your warm-hearted letter was to me. It came at a moment of extreme depression, and did me more good than all the doctors. Whatever my unruly tongue may say or do, my love for those I love never falters, and I live in their love for me.

I am better and stronger, but progress is so slow and broken that I can't feel much of the betterness. It worries me above all that I have so little vigour for the reconstruction of my book, which I have resolved on and begun; helped much by some good historical talks with Bryce and Lord Acton. Creighton's is a remarkable book, both in its learning and its vigour of execution; but it would have been better had he written in his own person and not in the person of old Ranke. "A poor thing, sir, but my own," is true of literature above all. Still the book shows great power, and sets Creighton among real historians.

Love to dear M. and the children.—Affectionately yours, J. R. GREEN.

APPENDIX

THE LIFE EVERLASTING

A SERMON preached on Sunday, July 13, 1862, in the Church of St. Barnabas, King's Square, London, by the Rev. J. R. GREEN, M.A., in memory of JANE, wife of the Rev. HENRY WARD, M.A., incumbent, obiit July 2, 1862, aged forty-two years.

A PRAYER

Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh are in joy and felicity; we give Thee hearty thanks that it hath pleased Thee to deliver this our sister out of the miseries of this sinful world, beseeching Thee that it may please Thee of Thy gracious goodness shortly to accomplish the number of Thine elect and to hasten Thy kingdom, that we with all those that are departed in the true faith of Thy holy name may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren."—1 JOHN iii. 14.

EIGHT years ago the bravest of England's sons marched past their Queen to the war. "To how many,"—the question came sadly back when the shouts of the people were hushed, and the joyous music had died away,—"to how many had that royal hand waved a last farewell?" Day after day a mightier host rolls past the Christian preacher to a surer doom; no question rises

as they pass, careless and grave, beauty, and wit, and fame, the unknown, the sordid, the commonplace, old and young, foe and friend; to each, to all, the preacher bids farewell; he too descends to march with them, and joins their solemn progress to the grave.

It is the grave that parts the one from the other the two hosts that march mingled in that vast company; Death himself is the judge who severs the world's army from the army of God. The one has ended its course; this earthly life, bounded by the cradle and the tomb, is its all, and death is the end of it; the other sees in these few chequered years but a fragment of existence, of a Being that looks back for its fount to a love before time began, and forward for its future to a life that shall endure when time and the things of time shall pass away.

To the first it is not I that speak to-day, it is a greater than I. One night in the year, says the Breton peasant, the inhabitants of the countless tombs that strew the field of Carnac, rise from their graves and flit in ghostly troops across the plain, to the little chapel from whose pulpit Death in the garb of a preacher preaches his sermon to the dead. Listen, ye dead of to-day; listen, ye to whom this world is all; listen to the preacher Death. From this grave which we contemplate he points to the life which it ends; look where you will, it is not life but death; look where you may, man, traversing as his all that space between the cradle and the tomb, "walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain." Everywhere is the incompleteness of Death. The secrets of the wisest die with the brain that wove them; the hopes of the noblest sleep with the heart that conceived them; the riches of the meanest drop from the hand that gathered them. All is limited, broken, fragmentary; a little earth parts us from the friend that we loved, ere we had tasted but the first sweetness of friendship; and the home that we gather around us breaks into vacant seats and memories which linger in closets of the heart that we dare not open. Life, that ends in Death, is but one long disen-

chantment, a riddle without meaning, a maze without a plan, where sitting amid the ruins of aim, and hope, and love, in the kingdom of Death, man reads graven on every monument of his rule, the sermon of that terrible preacher, "Vanity of Vanities! all is Vanity!"

Triumph, O Grave, over the world, and the world's children! but where is thy victory over the children of God? He who but a few months since stood knocking at the gate of kings, knocks now at our own. Enter, O Death, take that is thine, the still, passionless face, the cold, motionless form. But she whom it enshrined is the charge of a stronger than thou; she hath passed from Death unto life; she is not here, she is risen. For if indeed to the dead in sins, the death of the body is the seal and sacrament of the death of the soul, to them that have risen with Christ, it is but the perfecting of their resurrection, but the last victory over the sin that yet clung to and harrassed its conqueror. And so it is that for the redeemed while yet on earth, the contemplation of Death passes evermore into a solemn longing for the life that it sets free. For Death is to them but the angel at whose touch the world's subtle veil is rent to reveal an eternity of which this earthly life is but a fragment, the Heavens open, and lo! Christ sitting at the right hand of God; for them too Death is a preacher to tell how, in that eternity, a love incomprehensible created and chose for eternal bliss the soul that it had made; a love patient with the rebel, seeking after the lost, winning back the estranged; a love to reveal which to man the only begotten leaves the Throne of His Father, conquers in dying the death of sin, and in rising again gives man the life eternal. The life that He gives is His own; the soul that has groped its way to the foot of the Cross becomes one with Him that hangeth thereon; He dwells in the redeemed; of His fulness they receive; He gives them the spirit of adoption and shares with them His Sonship; He prays but that the love wherewith the Father loves Him may be in them, that they may be one in His unity with

the Father, heirs with Him of the Divine kingdom, partakers of the Divine Nature.

The life then of the Christian becomes but the life of Christ; the problems of a narrower existence vanish with the shadow of its hopes and fears; old things have passed away, and a new life, eternal as the Lord from whom it springs; a life, in the light of whose eternity we see this passing life to be but death, fills the heart of the Christian. It is a life hid from the world's blind scrutiny, with Christ in God. There in ever-deepening communion with the love that passeth understanding, struggling and suffering in the sufferings of its Lord, bearing His Cross, enduring oftentimes His shame, entering through Cross and shame more and more into the mind of its Christ; there beneath the everlasting wings, and in the realized presence of God, the soul of the redeemed marches in the strength of his grace from victory to victory over the sin that yet clings to it, rises daily with Christ to nobler self-conquest and a higher life, and waits patiently for the death of the body to enter into the perfect liberty of the children of God. Nor is it only in this onward progress, these longings after God, that Christ is the life of the Christian soul. The life that rises evermore with Him in His love of God, falls evermore back with Him to earth in His love of man. Our very affections for one another, the natural ties that link brother to brother, friend to friend, become deepened, widened, transfigured, in the glory of His love, "as I have loved you, so do ye also love one another." Nay, more; to these sanctified affections He has given His own especial office, they become judges of the soul; "he that loveth not his brother abideth in death"; "we *know* that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren."

It is from the memory of such a double life as this, a life so quickened, so hallowed, so hid in God, that I would draw to-day some faint consolation for the bitter grief of a bereaved husband, the tears of a desolated home. Sad privilege of Death, that for the first time

reveals to us the greatness that is gone! We move among the pleasant fields, and catch broken glimpses of beauty down glade and avenue, but not till we pause on the hill-top for a last gaze on the scene that we are quitting for ever, does it burst on us in its completeness, in its harmony. And yet, when I would recall "the tender grace of a day that is dead" it is this very unity and completeness that baffles me. Little by little harmonious characters break upon us in memories of patience and love, of consolation and encouragement; but the moment we would grasp them we fall back perplexed before that inexplicable contrast of a serene and holy calm with quick sensibilities, where as we search emotions seem ever more delicate and peace more deep. And here, if anywhere, were fused in an admirable unity qualities and gifts the most various and opposed. Around an intellect singularly broad and massive, flickered the gentler lights of a taste subtle, fastidious, and refined; the imagination that soared without an effort to the noblest spheres of genius or inspiration, or played with a graceful flexibility over the pathetic and the fanciful, co-existed with a love of order, a natural faculty for organisation, a mind eminently practical. So, too, a quick and acute apprehension, a rare versatility and aptitude for the appreciation of new ideas, a singular freshness and vigour of thought that loved to catch even from a distance a glimpse of the march of knowledge, or to investigate the social and religious problems of the hour, submitted in her to the sway of a quiet common sense, of a judgment passionless and calm. For hers was a mind of no common order, a rare nature, and a rarer grace. Little indeed was revealed to the outer world save a temper serene and self-contained, a simple unaffected courtesy, a wise and steady will; over all, like the silver haze of dawn, brooded the reserve of a gentle melancholy, broken indeed by gleams of child-like playfulness, a sunny humour that ever ranged within the bounds of reverence and love, the natural blitheness

of a heart chastened but not darkened by the sad discipline of her life. It was a joyousness that never failed to meet the glad influences of external nature; there, like the Patriarchs of old, she loved to commune with her God; through field and copse she moved as in her Father's home, and lulled her cares with the sweet songs that from every tree discoursed to her of her Father's love.[1] For beneath the serene calm of the outer surface lay a heart on which cares bore heavily, a heart sensitive to misunderstanding and wrong, living in the very life of those she loved, rejoicing in their joy, grieving in their grief. Hers was a matchless tenderness, yet it was the tenderness not of a weak nature but of a strong; a tenderness that blended with quick decision, great force of will, unflinching steadiness of purpose, a noble courage, a nobler endurance. Nobleness was the characteristic of her life, the nobleness of high longings, of a sublime reaching forward to all that was lofty and true, an instinctive scorn for all that was base and mean, a quiet indifference to the pettiness of the world's common converse, a resolute aversion for the trivial gossip that eats away truthfulness and charity.

It was the nobleness of one who lived as in the very presence of God, whose being was but one deep communion with the Invisible. Who but the Spirit of God knows the depths of the souls of his own? The world sneers or wonders at its own fancies and ideals, not at the real lives that God keepeth in His Tabernacle from the strife of tongues. Even earthly affection can but stand afar off and guess from broken gleams and stray flashes at the glory of the light within, yet none but felt that in this realisation of God's presence lay the secret of her faith, a faith so simple, so complete, that some viewing it from a distance deemed

[1] "It is marvellous the joy I feel simply from the exhilarating influence of nature around me. The simplest wild flowers suggest happy thoughts of the Invisible Hand which clothed them with their grace and loveliness, and the birds with their warbling melodies and blithe free movements discourse to me of God the Father and lull many an anxious care."—(From a Letter to a Friend.)

it fatalism. But fatalism is the mere blind submission to an irresistible power, and hers was a surrender without reserve, a frank self-abandonment to a wisdom which she knew was love. With that wisdom she communed in meditation and prayer, its voice was her supreme law. She was "a wonderful Bible reader"; no memories recall her more vividly than those that group themselves round her favourite portions of Holy Writ, the Psalms and the Gospel of St. John. So resting upon God she marched heavenward with a step unfaltering and sublime. But the light that revealed her strength revealed also her weakness, it was a light not of faith only but of the humility in which faith must have its root. She learnt the lesson of lowliness in the school of the Cross. Early to her came the bidding that comes soon or late to all, "take up thy Cross, and follow me." Pressed even in childhood with the anxieties of riper years; at the first blush of womanhood a wife and mother; bereavement leaving graves here and there along her path, and yet hardly lightening the oppressive burthen of her cares,[1]—such a life drank deep of the bitterness of the Cross, and it drank deeply of its consolations. Beneath its load she learnt to know the depth and tenderness of the love that laid it on her; "touched in its tenderest part, troubled in its sweetest and purest affections, that soul, unable to support itself, escapes from its weakness and goes to God"; the words of her death-bed unfold the mystery of her life. "O, the love of God! what a large-hearted love is the love of God, to suffer me to love Him so."

The soul that thus soared with its Lord to the love of heaven fell with Him to earth to become the servant of all. A natural expansiveness of heart, an innate capacity for affection was glorified and transfigured into the charity that is of God. She moved

[1] She had lost five children; four were taken in comparative infancy,—and for them her tears were dried and her heart was comforted. But her eldest and most treasured child reached seventeen years before she was taken away; and this was the cloud which more or less shrouded the six remaining years of the mother's life.—H. W.

among her fellows, calm, noble, serene; but her nobleness blended with a tenderness for all around her, worthy of the Friend of the Magdalene. She weighed their embarrassments, their temptations, she drew from her own failings extenuation of their faults; with a noble humility she even exaggerated her own weakness to palliate their infirmity. Her victories were victories of patience; petulance and provocation fell abashed before the sweet charity of her silence. Something of that large-heartedness which she adored in God, God had bestowed upon her; room was found in that large warm heart for all, from the friend of her closest converse to the poor women, so lately gathered round her,[1] who hung tearfully on the varying rumours which reached them from that bed of death. But wide as was her affection it centred in her home. Home is the world of woman, nor need she sigh like the victor of old for other worlds to conquer. Souls, destined for immortality, gather round the table and the hearth at a time when souls are most impressible for good or ill, and she to whom each instinctively clings has among them her Apostleship. Nor is that all; our social needs gather another circle round this inner one, to take from it its character and impression. Still, peaceful, deep-hearted, speaking little, bearing much, loving more, she whom we mourn laboured among both in the very spirit of an Apostle. The tears of her domestics fell not so much for the mistress, considerate and gentle even when most firm, as for the wisest of guides, the truest and most patient of friends. Nor has the husband whom she has left, only to learn in the absence of a thousand little attentions, too unobtrusive to be noted till lost, the care and assiduity of her affection; days of loneliness must recall the calm and judicious counseller, the noble-hearted partner of his cares, the great and simple soul that in the

[1] In her "Mothers' Meetings," held once a fortnight for the poor married women of the parish, some of whom long since declared that they looked forward to that evening as the happiest of their existence, and that as soon as one meeting was over they counted the days to the next.

daily ministrations of his life was ever raising, ever supporting, ever lifting him heavenward. But you, children of her love, in whose young hearts must live for ever the tearful memories of the days that are gone; you, cradled in her tears and in her prayers, environed evermore by a tenderness too unselfish for weakness, gather up, while they are still fresh in your ears, those golden words, those lessons of wisdom, of piety, of benevolence, of true greatness which fell from that rich one's table; gather up those hourly proofs of an unwearied love, of patience, of unselfishness which ever illustrated the lessons which she taught. For she lured you towards heaven by going before; she tempted you to the love of piety by showing it lovely in herself; she led you through daily instances of her own self-sacrifice upward to the self-sacrifice of her Lord.

Meet and right it is to bow before the inscrutable wisdom that has interrupted thus a work ended with none of her children, with most hardly begun. Young and old, they rest alike beneath the Fatherhood of God; and faith brings the little children to their Lord that, as of old, He may take them up in His arms, lay His hands upon them, and bless them. Faith echoes for us the words that comforted the mother of Augustine,—"the children of so many tears cannot be lost."

Faith such as this was hers who now drinks of the fulness of that love to which she trusted all. Death came as no strange visitant to one who stood on the very verge of Time looking out into eternity. Vainly we linger by the grave of our blind desires, that in the after-time love might render back some recompense for love, that

> All the train of bounteous hours,
> Might lead by paths of growing powers
> To reverence, and the silver hair.

Vainly we linger by that grave which is but the scene of her latest triumph, where the life that cannot die

laid aside for ever the last vestiges of mortality. Freed from the sensual fetters that clogged its heavenly aspirations, the soul sprang thence to the fulness of the life in Christ, to a growth and development in harmony with the Divine laws whose sway had hitherto been partial and interrupted. The stream, that while a rivulet, chafed and bent before a thousand obstacles, now deepened to a mighty flood, sweeps silently to the sea. A course never ceasing,—a deepening and widening that never ends! The cry of the Church triumphant is the cry of the Church militant, "lift us up for ever." Never perfect, the soul is ever being perfected; never God, it is ever drawing nearer to the Divine nature; never exhausting the love of Christ, it is ever knowing more of it, ever discovering in it fresh depths and heights. It is a constant growth, a vivid activity; no passive rest like the heaven of the Moslem, but an activity which is rest, because perfect love hath cast out fear whether of receding to the past, or of failure in the future. Fear and sorrow have no place in the eternal joy. She who hath risen, who riseth evermore to higher knowledge and higher love, and nobler praise, hath "obtained joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing have fled away." The Cross has become the Crown; and for the tears and prayers of her earthly pilgrimage her voice springs evermore from the sabbath of her rest to mingle with the music of golden harps, and the praise that, like the noise of mighty waters, rolls evermore around the throne of the Lamb.

And we, why stand we thus gazing up into heaven? life grants but a short respite for sorrow; even now it calls us hence. By memories that can never die, the dead in Christ still surround us with ministries of the love that seems to have passed away. Those spirit hands that reach from forth the veil of the Holiest lift up the hands that grasp them, and the heart that still throbs at their touch. Our loves, our friendships here have a tinge of earthly passion, of

selfishness, that sullies their nobleness. But no touch of self or passion mingles with our love for the dead. Cherish the love of the dead. Welcome the companionship of the dead. We, who hushed the ignoble word upon our lips from reverence for the nobleness beside us,—will not that reverence for eyes which now read our hearts quench the ignoble thought that rises there? Henceforth we live in the communion and fellowship of the Saints. They are beside us, they are among us—those holy ones whom we mourn—to comfort, to lift us up for ever to the heaven in which they dwell. Turn then to the life that this presence hallows, O bereaved children! O desolate spouse! Prayer shall rise for you from lips unworthy as ours, that upon you may descend the consolations of Him "who comforteth us in all our afflictions,"—prayer for you, and for ourselves also, that in our hearts may abide that divine peacefulness, that lowliness, that unselfishness, which in her threw a glory over the commonest details of her daily life; above all, that we too may drink of that Divine charity that leaves us now mourners, but mourners of a hope that cannot fail, for "we *know* that she hath passed from Death unto Life, because she loved the brethren."

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